

Vol. 1, No. 4, Toronto, June, 1928

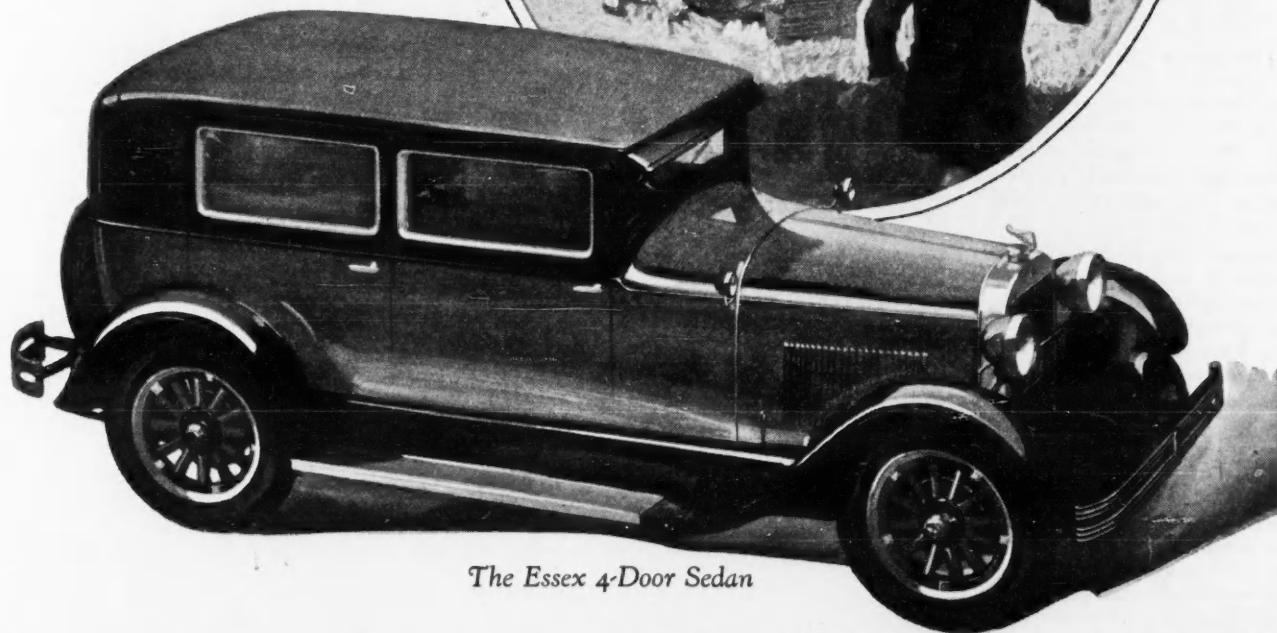
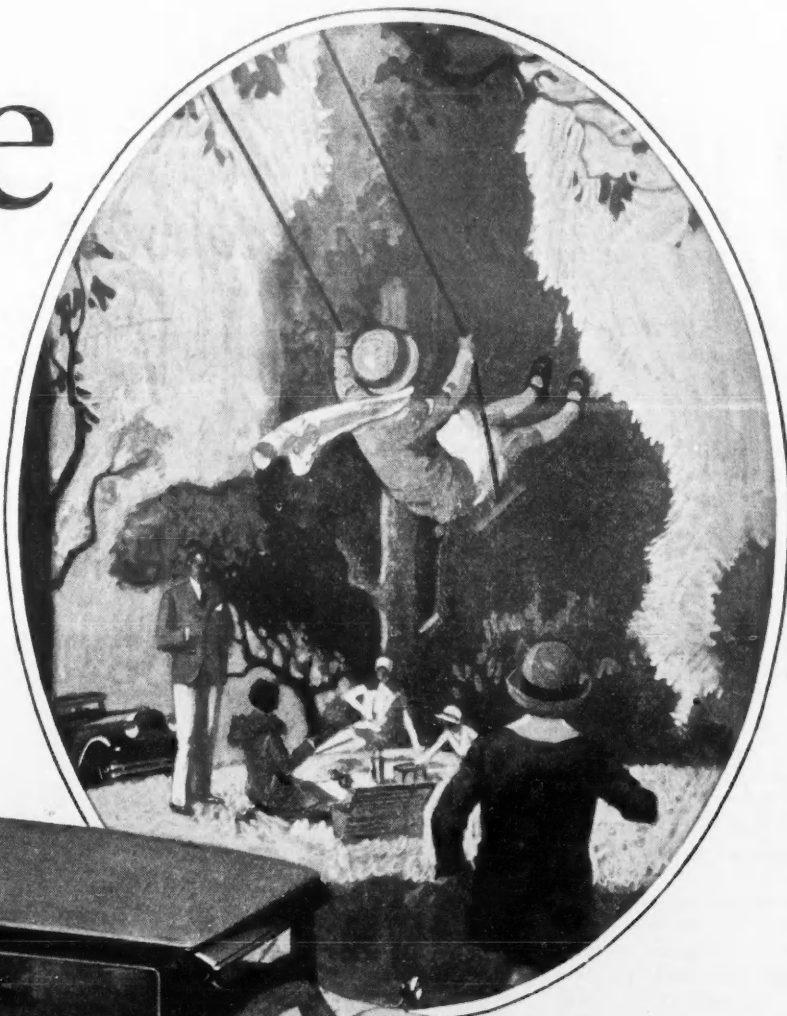
The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women



Beginning: Valentine's Brightest Novel: "One Good Turn"

So Fine a Car *and at such a price*



The Essex 4-Door Sedan

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women.

The stunning exterior grace and finish which bears closest examination with the honors of true beauty and workmanship, is carried on and heightened by the interior details of comfort, convenience and appearance.

The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor is patented and exclusive, and is so far as we know the most powerful of its size in the world.

The four-wheel brakes used on Essex are the same type used on costly cars and assure the maximum brake safety as well as the softness of control that you associate only with high-priced cars.

In these and such things as the black rubber, steel-core steering wheel, the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see. •

4-Door Sedan \$960

Coupe \$900 (Rumble Seat \$35 extra)
All prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

Coach \$885

ESSEX SUPER
SIX

Six Breakfast Suggestions for JUNE that offer the Charm of Variety

Cereal foods different from any other known that combine food energy with deliciousness and prove food that's "good" for you can also be enticing



For that change at breakfast that keeps appetites prime, give him Puffed Grains in these suggested new ways.

A CHANGE is one thing every person needs; change of environment, change of amusement, and, above all things, according to modern-day authorities, a change in food.

Particularly does that apply to breakfast, too often a dull and colorless meal; yet tremendously important to the success of the day. The breakfast appetite, more than any other, demands the stimulus of variety.

Thus thousands are turning to Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grain foods that taste different, look different, are different from all others.

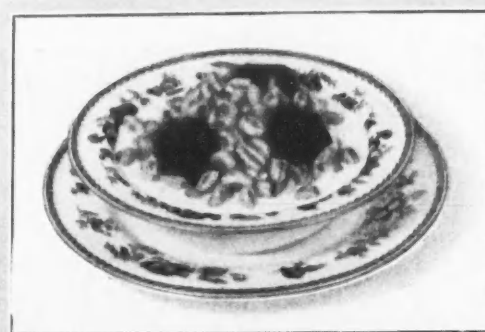
Imagine, if you can, flavory, crunchy grains steam puffed to eight times their normal size; then crisped like toast—made as enticing and brittle as a French Marguerite.

They taste like toasted nutmeats—only richer. You'll find them as tempting as confections. Children who ordinarily don't "take" to cereals revel in their richness.

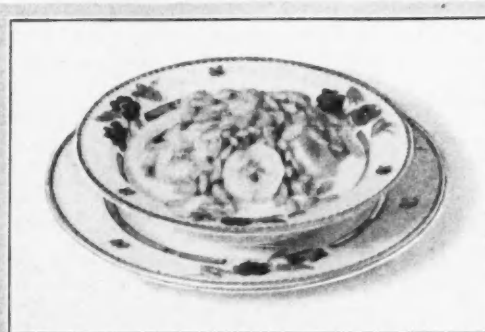
Their food value is that of wholesome grain foods. The Puffed Wheat contains over 20% of bran, but you would never guess it. Steam puffing makes them easy to digest, for every food cell is broken in this process, and quick digestion fostered.

Thus they meet, in a delightful way, the modern idea in diet, which starts by tempting the appetite with delicious and enticing foods, that you eat because you love them—not merely "because they're good for you."

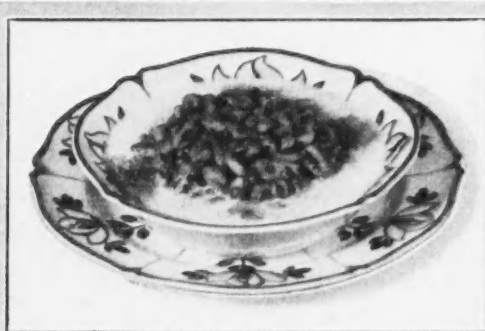
Give to the children every day in every way you can. As a between meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. With melted butter and salt like nuts. With bowls of milk as an ideal supper dish.



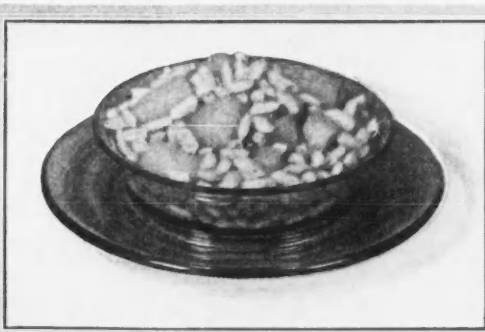
Prunes take on a new allure when served with crisp Puffed Wheat and rich milk, or half and half.



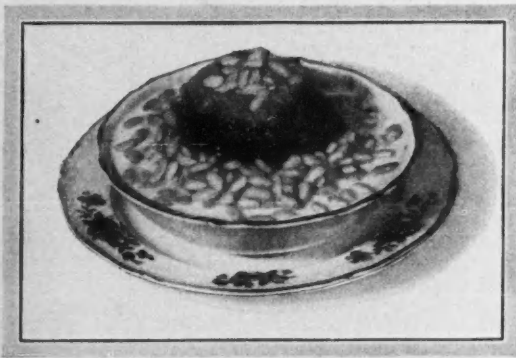
A breakfast joy for the children—sliced banana, crunchy Puffed Rice and half and half, or milk.



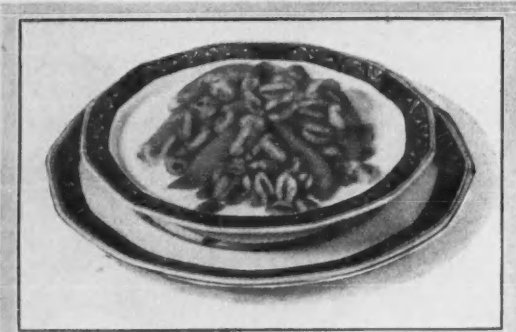
Another change: Sprinkle cinnamon on Puffed Wheat, then toast in the oven. Serve with rich milk.



Serve sliced or cubed pineapple with Puffed Rice, add milk or cream to the rich juice. It's delicious!



A delightful way to serve Puffed Rice is with a baked apple with all its juice, and cream or milk.



Try a half peach in its rich syrup with Puffed Wheat and pour cream or half and half over it. A tempting change.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Volume I.

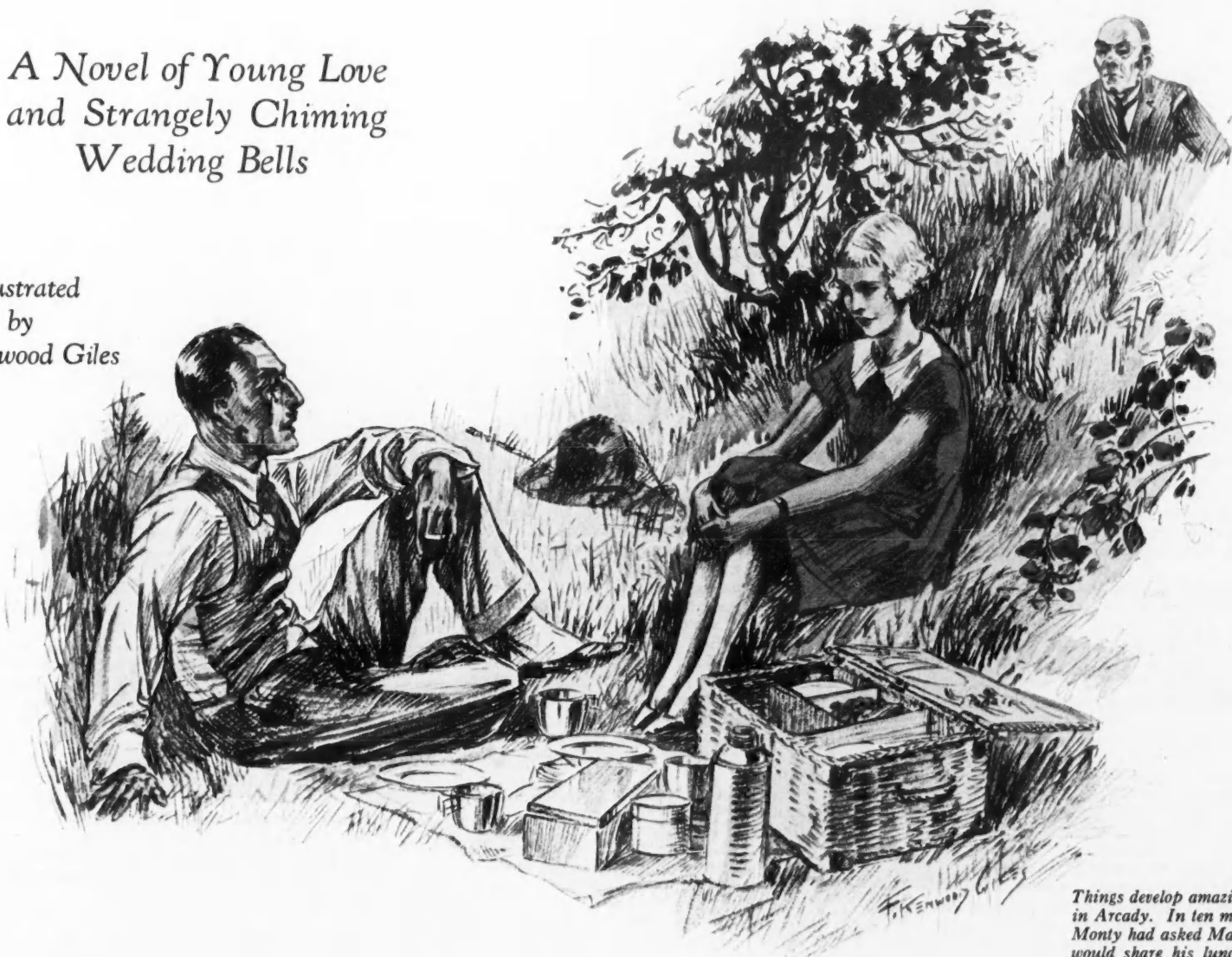
JUNE, 1928

Number 4.

A Novel of Young Love and Strangely Chiming Wedding Bells

Illustrated
by

F. Kenwood Giles



Things develop amazingly quickly in Arcady. In ten minute's time Monty had asked Marjorie if she would share his lunch. In ten minutes, one second she had accepted it.

ONE GOOD TURN

A Serial in Four Parts By Valentine

MONTY, at his breakfast, read the paragraph without a flicker of an eyeglass.

"A financial cataclysm I'm afraid," he murmured thoughtfully, and trisected a sausage with extreme deliberation. Then he stretched out his hand lazily and prodded the electric bell on the table. A manservant appeared, an eminently respectable, morning-coated, striped-trousered, manservant, who stood in the doorway with a face and bearing as impassive as the Sphinx.

"You rang, sir?"

"Intelligence Department," replied Monty. "Sit down, Cripps."

"Thank you, sir."

The valet sat down in a respectful attitude on the edge of a chair and waited for his master. The latter, with his hands deep in the pockets of his silk dressing gown, tilted back his chair and gazed thoughtfully around the room.

It was a nice room, too. Only unlimited wealth or a pro-

found knowledge of the Bankruptcy Laws could have afforded a room like this. Furnished with unerring taste and all those subtle little suggestions of feminine hands that, when wedded to perfect comfort, are never found outside a bachelor's flat. There were large and hospitable looking cushioned chairs, obviously based on the Byronic theory that happiness was born a twin. There were delicate etchings on the walls. Scattered all around were silver-framed photographs of smiling girlhood. And, lastly, there was our hero himself, seated at a small table in front of the window, flirting with his breakfast, but obviously with his mind deeper on far more strenuous problems.

"Cripps!" he said presently. "We're in trouble."

The valet, knowing his master's ways, merely inclined his head.

"Are we, sir? I'm sorry to hear it. May I venture to ask her name?"

"You're not in the first three," answered Monty calmly. "Listen!"

Screwing his eyeglass into his eye he read as follows: albeit with a certain air of forced nonchalance.

"Montague Charles Anstruther Barrett of 175 Duke Chambers, W. independent means . . . was charged at Bow Street yesterday with drivin' a car to the common danger."

"And this, Cripps, is the fourth time of askin'—as the Magistrate said, when he fined me."

Once more the valet inclined his head gravely.

"I understood from you, sir, that the papers had promised not to report the case, sir."

"And you understood right, Cripps. And it's pretty



*J*ane went to town with a twenty dollar bill
 [JUST AS YOU MIGHT]

And purchased twice the silverplate she expected
 [JUST AS YOU CAN]

WHAT a surprise!

What a very pleasant surprise. To find (like Jane) that your money will buy twice as much silverplate as you thought. The famous Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate, too!

The set shown here, for instance (and isn't it good looking?), contains twenty-six pieces. And it costs (you'd probably guess twice as much) only \$20.

For the difference between what you thought it would cost, and what it actually does cost, you can add salad forks, butter spreaders, iced-tea spoons, servers—all the pieces you have ever wanted—the extra pieces that are so essential. The set and the extra pieces for what you'd expect to pay for the set alone—that is good news, isn't it?

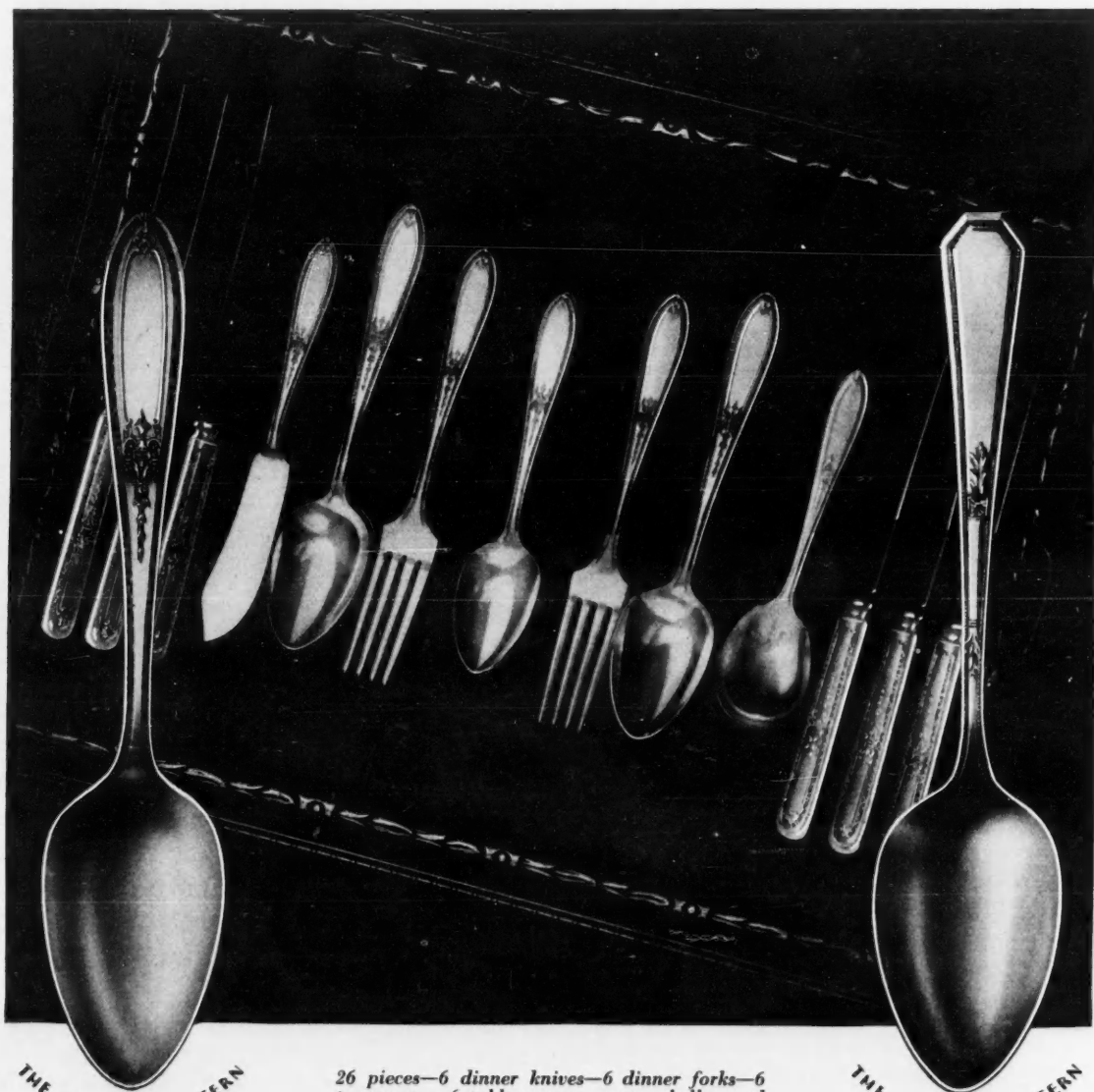
And the quality of this silver (if you know plate) will amaze you. Each piece is heavily plated with pure silver, and the pieces you use most are reinforced with extra silver where the hardest wear comes. Each piece carries an unlimited guarantee of satisfaction. Think of it! If, at any time (that is, as long as you have it) you are dissatisfied with the service this silverplate gives, it will be replaced. Amazingly fine silverplate—and you can have twice as much of it.

Now, a last word—about the patterns! They're the smartest things you ever looked at—Triumph and Mayfair.

See them both at your jeweler's. See them in sets of from 26 to 86 pieces. (Open stock, too, of course). Compare the prices with what you thought you would have to pay for similar sets. Compare the quality with your own ideas of what really good silverplate should be. Then (like Jane) go happily home, carrying twice as much silverplate as you thought you could buy. And by the way, when you ask to see this silver...

—don't say "Rogers"—say
 "Wm. Rogers & Son!"

Won't you write for our booklet "How to select twice as much silverplate"? It shows every possible assortment that can be bought with from \$10.00 to \$96.00. Address Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.



THE TRIUMPH PATTERN
 A dozen teaspoons
 \$4.00

26 pieces—6 dinner knives—6 dinner forks—6
 teaspoons—6 tablespoons—sugar shell—and
 butter knife—complete with tray... only \$20.00

THE MAYFAIR PATTERN
 A dozen teaspoons
 \$4.00

WM. ROGERS & SON
Silverplate

The plate with the unlimited guarantee of satisfaction

WM. ROGERS MFG. CO. LTD. NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

And around him, up and down the room, a dressing-gowned hurricane furiously massaging its hair with a bath towel, raged and stormed.

At length, it came to rest in front of Monty, feet widely planted apart, fists clenched, whiskers trembling with rage. "And this is the finish!" it raved. "The finish—d'you hear, my lad? I'll pay no more money to idle loafers—get me?"

"You needn't talk so loud," murmured Monty, "unless, of course, you want to."

"Well, I do want to, and I'm going to want to, what's more! I'll, I'll, I'll—"

He stopped, almost choking with rage.

"You were goin' to say, when you interrupted yourself?" queried Monty imperturbably.

The other glared, swallowed hard like a cat with a fish-bone in its throat. Then he gave tongue again.

"If you want any more money of mine, my lad," he said. "I'll—I'll—I'll make you work for it!"

Monty's eyebrows lifted, as if he had been suddenly confronted by a new and hitherto unconsidered problem.

"Work," he murmured thoughtfully. "Let me see, that's the stuff they sell in aid of churches, isn't it?"

Uncle Ebenezer fixed him with fiercely exulting eyes . . . the eyes of a cannibal chief regarding his victim while he deliberates on respective merits of roasted and boiled.

"You shall work for your money," he repeated slowly, rubbing his hands. "You shall do . . . One Good Turn a Day . . . in front of accredited witnesses. You shall report each one to me . . . and you shall be paid accordingly. Good turns—good money! No good turns—no money. Now you can go."

He flopped into a chair and Monty got up yawning slightly.

"I suppose the Boy Scouts won't sue me for infringement of copyright, will they?" he suggested.

"Bah!" retorted his uncle.

Monty adjusted his tie.

"Hate runnin' away, old thing," he said pleasantly, "but we workers can't afford to hang around."

"Bah!" snorted his uncle.

Monty strolled to the door.

"Letters, telegrams and registered parcels, C-o the Embankment," he said. "They'll be forwarded!"

LATER on that day, seated in his favorite chair, Monty, with Cripps before him, reviewed the situation at leisurely length.

"First of all, Cripps, how are we at the bank?"

"Slightly anaemic, sir, I'm afraid."

"Then, Cripps," resolutely, "we must dash off a few good turns—real fruity ones—and restore our circulation."

"And how would you suggest setting about our task, sir?" enquired the valet.

"Not by goin' out and definitely choosin' it, Cripps," replied his master definitely. "Rather by pursuin' the unbroken tenor of our way. You see I'm all against the vulgar habit of rushin' round tryin' to beat up work. Besides, applied to Good Turns, it would be a silly business. If you buttonholed the first man you met and said, 'I say, I want to do you a good turn,' he'd be dead certain to say, 'Dear old chap, come right along—they're just open.' While a girl would either tell you she was nothing of the sort, or else call a policeman. Therefore, what we've got to do

is just to keep pushin' about among the proletariat, and hope they'll take us for bigger mugs than we really are."

"I have a longin' for the countryside, to-day, Cripps. Pack a luncheon basket, and we'll take the old 'bus and do a spot of butterflies. Good Turns may be lyin' in wait for us behind every blade of grass."

NEARLY every man at some time or another during his life has a passion for collecting things. With some it is china, old furniture or postage stamps. With others, it is money, careers, wives and other articles of fluctuating value. Monty, however, collected butterflies.

Monty enjoyed his entomological rambles. He worshipped the country—as all young men do who live in expensive flats in town. He would potter about for hours at a time in the luxuriant clearings of leafy woods or the purple slopes of heather-clad hills, revelling in the boiling sun.

Cripps, however, walking patiently by his master's side, was hardly as emphatic in his revelling. He admitted the merits of the sun. But he inclined to the belief that a couple of spare nets, two cyanide bottles, a satchel and a well-filled luncheon basket, were a little apt to warp one's clarity of judgment upon a shade temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Yet, he never complained. For true friendship between master and servant—when it exists—is one of those rare and holy things that it is impossible to understand.

So Cripps followed Monty without a word, while Monty followed the butterflies, and Fate, cunning little jade, followed them both . . . leading them eventually to a spot beneath a huge elm where the grass was long and green and very soft, and the wood-pigeons overhead were busily engaged in making dates with each other.

"Marvellous, this, you know, Cripps," exclaimed Monty, pulling up and gazing around, "One could go on for ever!"

Cripps being hardly so sure, removed a few pints of perspiration from his neck and forehead.

"We'll garage over there, I think," went on his master. "You must be hot, Cripps!"

The valet admitted the startling discovery, and ambled gracefully toward the chosen place, like an overloaded pantechon on a bumpy road. "A day in the country like this," went on Monty, as he threw himself down on the grass, "is my idea of Heaven."

Cripps said nothing.

"What's that over there?" queried Monty suddenly raising himself on one elbow, and reaching for his net. "There's something hovering over the grass that looks new to science."

He jumped to his feet, net in hand, and crept forward—

This is Marjorie Harrington. I think you'll like her. For Marjorie, let me tell you, is so pretty that when she goes out in the woods in autumn, all the leaves turn. She is one of those slim, cuddlesome-looking little girls whom you only see on magazine covers or in the company of the other fellow. She has eyes like

harebells after a summer shower, and when she smiles young men make up their minds to lead better lives, while old ones wonder vaguely if there is such a thing as rejuvenation.

BUT, to-day, Marjorie wasn't smiling as she walked slowly through the woods. For Marjorie was unhappy and lonely, and had a feeling on her that nobody loved her, which, to her, was obviously wrong. She had discussed the problem with her mirror an hour or so before, and the mirror had helped in every way to endorse her own opinion. It had assured her that her small, black hat set off to perfection the lovely, little face it framed. Added to that, a pale blue linen frock with a Peter Pan collar was dangerous enough on such a slender little figure as to warrant its adoption. While if her skirt ended somewhat early, that which lay below it not only justified the proceeding but highly commended it.

Yet, despite all this, Marjorie was unhappy and lonely. And it was for this reason that she had decided that afternoon to go for a tramp in the woods. Then, after wandering about for an hour she found a comfortable-looking grassy bank, where, having taken off her hat and placed it carefully above her, she decided to rest for exactly fifteen minutes. So she promptly lay down and fell fast asleep.

She woke up with a start and a confused idea that the Tunney-Dempsey fight and the Miami hurricane were taking place in front of her. Then, scrambling in alarm to her knees, she found herself confronted by a nicely-ugly looking young man, also on his knees. And the nicely-ugly looking young man was smiling pleasantly. In his right hand he held a butterfly net, and in the net was a small, black hat on the top of which was a gauzy butterfly.

"My hat, I think," said Marjorie.

"I'm so sorry!" said Monty. "I mistook it for a butterfly. And I fell over the bank as I caught it."

"Fraid you're not adding it to your collection," smiled Marjorie.

Things develop amazingly quickly in Arcady. In ten minutes time, Monty had asked Marjorie if she would share his lunch. In ten minutes, one second, she had accepted it. By the time they had reached the sweet stage they knew each other's Christian names, pet dances, favorite screen stars, West End restaurants and home addresses. And it was at this last that Marjorie handed out a wistful little six cylinder sigh, which Monty fielded with the rapidity of an Australian cricketer.

"You're in trouble," he said. "Won't you tell me what it is?"

Marjorie plucked at the grass with slim fingers.

"I don't know that I ought to," she said a little hesitatingly, for this is the way girls always begin when they intend to broadcast a secret.

"I think you can trust me," replied Monty who had met this opening before.

"Oh, I'm sure I can," quickly. "But—well—you see—I'm engaged to be married."

Monty took out his eyeglass, polished it, returned it to its emplacement. It struck him now for the first time that the immediate repeal of the marriage laws was far more necessary than ever he had deemed it to be.

"Er—exactly," he said a little lamely, "You've—er—got a nice day for it."

"Oh, I'm not being married to-day," she smiled. "But it's coming on soon, I'm afraid. I'm sort of sickening for it."

"You must take somethin' for it," said Monty firmly. "There's much too much of this sort of thing about. If you once give way to it you never know what it'll lead to."

Now, in Arcady, a friendship that has once started between a man and a girl grows as rapidly as a company promoter's income after his first bankruptcy. And, sitting there on the grass, slim hands clasped round shapely silken knees, and a "Love-locked-out" expression on her pretty face, Marjorie told Monty everything.

"I happened to find out the other day," she began, "that my Daddy, whom incidentally I adore—there's never been another like him in the world—is up to his neck in it. He's an extravagant old darling, bless him, and we've been living over the speed-limit apparently for quite a while. The whole place is mortgaged six feet deep, and the mortgagee's going to foreclose next month."

"I see!" replied Monty in a kind of voice that the stage hero uses when he bids farewell to his ancestral home at the end of Act I. "And in order to save the dear old place, you are nobly sacrificing yourself to a man you don't love who holds your father in the hollow of his hand."

"No, no, no!" replied Marjorie rounding her blue eyes. "You've got the chorus all right, but you're miles out in the tune. You see it's like this. My grandfather's will says that I'm to come into thirty thousand pounds on the day I marry. But I've never wanted to marry up to now. 'Marriage,' with the ingenuousness of nineteen, 'is one of those things like golf and drink. You can't get

Continued on page 49

And then, through the window of the overturned car, subsiding now gradually beneath the weeds, a Something appeared—a Something that was plastered with mud and weeds and streaming with water.





This is Marjorie Harrington. I think you'll like her. For Marjorie, let me tell you, is so pretty that when she goes out in the woods in autumn, all the leaves turn.

disgustin' to think that I'd squared them heavily to no purpose. I don't know where the world's honesty has gone to."

"I'm afraid, sir," after a slight pause, "that your uncle will be a little annoyed."

"I'm afraid you're a hopeless optimist, Cripps. My uncle will be like an infuriated—er—caterpillar robbed of its young."

Cripps looked a little pained.

"If I may venture to correct, sir, caterpillars don't have young."

"I know, Cripps," airily, "that's what makes 'em so infuriated."

"Don't you think it would be wise, sir," suggested the valet presently, "if you were to go 'round and see your uncle?"

Monty deliberated on the problem, and his eyes wandered round his luxurious room. A little sigh escaped him.

"I'm afraid it's necessary, Cripps," he said. "If the old boy takes it into his head to cut off supplies, I shall soon be carryin' a banner in Trafalgar Square, and you'll be rattlin' the dear old collectin' box."

Cripps got up from his chair.

"What suit will you wear, sir?" he asked.

"Why, let's be cheerful, Cripps . . . little-ray-of-sunshine business. That last new tweed of mine."

But the valet shook his head respectfully.

"I wouldn't if I were you, sir," he said. "Something, I should suggest, a little—er—less likely to inflame the gentleman's feelings. Something—"

"I'll leave it to you," interrupted Monty. "And ring up for the car while you're about it."

MONTAGUE CHARLES ANSTRUTHER BARRETT for your information and necessary action, was twenty-nine years old, well set-up, and as decently ugly as any nice minded man desires to be. Yet, when he smiled there was that about him that made little dogs suddenly wag their tails and young girls change their minds. For that smile disarmed suspicion. It showed a keen sense of humor allied to a nice sense of proportion. And the man who possesses these two can look the world in the face—unafraid.

For the rest, he lived in a flat in the West End surrounded by every luxury that credit could buy. He professed a deep antipathy to anything in the shape of work, and if he had been asked what were his principal assets, he would, without a second's hesitation, have told you that they were a Sackville Street tailor, his Uncle's cheque book, his gold-rimmed eyeglass, and Cripps.

As for the latter, he was a puzzle which no one had ever been able to solve. Though one and all agreed that his devotion to Monty was wonderful to see, one of those silent dog-like devotions that are only inspired by life-long friendship or successful blackmail. A silent man was Cripps, and frugal of words; neither had he been ever known to smile. His bearing was dignified, his demeanour perfect. He was always at Monty's elbow when wanted—never when not wanted. He waited on him hand and foot, accompanied him in his car, carried his impedimenta when on his entomological expeditions, advised him on the condition of his

overdraft, and lied with unerring tact to his creditors. In all things he was the perfect valet.

Now, he followed Monty down the staircase and into the street, where Monty's racing car, glittering in the sun with scarlet and silver, stood at the pavement edge. Yet not a muscle of his face moved as he took his seat by the side of his master, though actually he was suffering more internal terrors than any martyr of the Inquisition. For Cripps was not fond of motoring. He held to the theory that an angle of forty-five degrees is not the correct angle for a car when you go 'round a bend. He also disputed Monty's theory that there are only two classes of pedestrians—the quick and the dead.

Monty, however, was a disciple of Jehu. He had a passion for speeding—when he had something to do for him. He would lie back negligently in the driver's seat, one hand on the wheel, and smile as the speedometer pattered up. He said it fascinated him to see other people working.

"We must be very careful this mornin', Cripps," he murmured, as he let in the clutch and the car leaped forward with a bound, skidded into St. James' Street, throwing Cripps against one side, and crashed into Piccadilly with the speedometer flickering around forty.

"We m—m—must, sir," chattered the valet, lips moving in silent prayer.

A sudden grinding of brakes . . . Cripps shot forward into the wind screen. Six inches in front of the radiator the big policeman looked round with that arctic expression which policemen, stationary in mid-street, assume when they condescend to turn.

"In a hurry, ain't you?" he remarked laconically.

Monty's disarming smile took the stage.

"No—no!" he murmured cheerfully, "I thought you'd like somethin' to lean against—that's all."

The other grinned.

"You'll be leanin' against the dock-rail, sir, if you try much more of that," he ejaculated.

MONTY was not the only one who had read that insidious little police-court report. His uncle, Ebenezer Hoddinott, had read it too . . . and his butler had come running hurriedly into the dining-room, wondering whether there had been an outbreak of fire. He found his master prancing the room like an infuriated scorpion, crimson in the face, whiskers vertical with rage, chair upset on the floor and the morning's newspaper in a ball beside it.

"I beg your pardon, sir," murmured the butler, for Uncle Ebenezer had stopped suddenly and was glaring at him as a bull glares at a matador when he enters the ring, "but I thought something was the matter."

"Thought something was the matter?" screamed his master, "Something is the matter. My—my—my—" then as words seemed to fail him, "Order my car at once."

The butler withdrew hurriedly, rang up the garage . . . stood waiting in the hall. Then the car purred up to the front door and down the staircase puffed Uncle Ebenezer snorting like a steam tug coming out of harbor under heavy freight.

"I shall be in to lunch," he snapped as the butler closed the car door. "Where's my book?"

"In your hand, sir," said the butler and signed to the chauffeur to start. The latter's finger hovered over the self-starter, but at that moment his eye chanced on the oil gauge . . .

On such tiny things hang the destinies of mortal man.

"Well, what is it now?" snarled Uncle Ebenezer without looking up from his book. For the chauffeur had appeared at the window.

"Beg pardon, sir, but we're short of oil. If you don't mind, sir—"

"Fool!" snapped his master, and turned over another page.

Books were Uncle Ebenezer's one hobby. He wallowed in books. Nothing delighted him so much as to grub about in second-hand shops for first editions. If they were there, he went to them with the unerring instinct of a pig to truffles. And having got them, he gloated over them as a theatrical manager gloats over a flaw in someone else's contract.

Now, he was deep in his latest find, which was an early edition of one of the Spanish historians which Uncle Ebenezer had dug out from an old book-stall in Holborn the previous day, and knowing it to be worth at least fifty pounds, he had bid the proprietor one shilling for it—it being labelled two and six. After half-an-hour's haggling he had managed to secure it for one and three. For Uncle Ebenezer's motto was

"Whomsoever thy hand findeth to do, do him with

thy might." So now he sat, buried in his treasure to the exclusion of all the world and recalcitrant nephews. And in the meanwhile a perspiring chauffeur searched the garage feverishly for a can of motor oil that wasn't there, and wondered vaguely if the shortage of jobs in England was really as acute as it was made out to be.

This then was the exact position of affairs at ten minutes past twelve when Monty made his usual two-wheeled entry into the drive of Greylands with the speedometer trembling at fifty, and Cripps trembling all over. Taking a flower bed or two en route, Monty's car bounded up the gravel and came to an abrupt rest one foot behind the chauffeurless car in which sat Uncle Ebenezer deeply immersed in his book.

It was a nice house, Uncle Ebenezer's. Like its owner, it was one of those heavy-looking overgrown, highly respectable affairs—something between a public library and a Pall Mall club. It belonged to that deathless period of history which gave to the world crinolines, side-whiskers and the Albert Memorial.

Monty, however, sitting in his racing car outside, was conscious of no such soul-tearing thoughts. All he saw at the moment was a fat Rolls Royce taking up the place where he would be, i.e. directly in front of the pillared entrance to the front door. And it annoyed his sense of justice. It meant exactly twenty-five feet of unnecessary walking. With a frown, he snapped twice at his electric hooter. The fact that the car in front of him might be his uncle's never even crossed his mind. Bloated-looking cars of this description were strewn all over Monty's daily path.

"Why that fool chauffeur should take up all the fairway," he exclaimed viciously, "I'm hanged if I can see. He must let me through." Again the hooter screamed, but to Uncle Ebenezer wandering happily through old Castile it was merely the soft humming of a troubador's guitar.

"Of course, this is rudeness," murmured Monty. "I'll just show him what sort of chap he's monkeying with!"

Now directly in front of Uncle Ebenezer's car the gravel drive bifurcated. Bearing round to the left, one road led to the lodge gates. Immediately, in front, however, lay a gradual descent to a grassy lawn which ended in a large ornamental lake fringed with stately rushes.

Monty let in his clutch—

"Steady Nixon!" growled Uncle Ebenezer, far too intent on his book even to look up as the big limousine jerked forward and threw him suddenly into the opposite seat. "That is not the way to start a car, you idiot!"

Then, in a slightly mollified tone, as the car slid smoothly over the grass towards ducks and destruction—

"That's better—that's better!"

Monty got leisurely out of his racing car with the satisfied air of a man who has put the finishing touches to a difficult piece of work, and, standing on the pillared steps of the house, stood watching his uncle's property as it retreated. There was a slightly puzzled expression in his eyes.

"That chauffeur's taken the wrong turnin', Cripps," he said. "If he doesn't pull up he'll be in the fish-pond in a minute."

Followed a tremendous splash as the huge limousine flopped into the water like a brontosaurus in a hurry, and slowly turned over on its side.

Monty turned complacently to his valet.

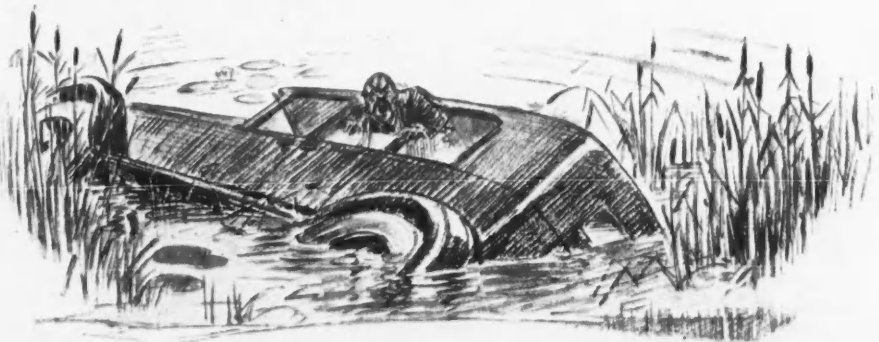
"You see, I told him so. Someone's goin' to get into trouble over this!"

And then, through the window of the overturned car, subsiding now gradually beneath the weeds, a Something appeared . . . a Something that was plastered with mud and weeds and streaming with water, and from whose mouth flowed a stream of profanity so appalling that even the moorhens fled in abject terror.

Monty's eyeglass clattered down over his waistcoat buttons.

"Cripps," he said thoughtfully. "His Uncle's Voice!"

CERTAINLY, it was truthfully said of Monty that nothing could ever disturb his equanimity. He sat in his uncle's library now utterly unruffled, seemingly entirely at his ease. The Great Pyramid itself couldn't have been calmer.





BRIDE'S PROGRESS

The bride-to-be learns the fundamentals of housekeeping

By RUTH DAVISON REID

THE door bell rang with an insistent buzz in Ann Malcolm's sunny kitchen. Who could be calling at such an early hour on this wonderful June morning? Ann hurried to answer the summons and found Peggy, a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, fairly dancing with excitement on the porch.

"Well, Peggy, this is a happy surprise—do come in and tell me why you are making early morning calls instead of speeding to your office."

"Oh, Ann—it's simply too wonderful. Bob and I are to be married in two months and we are buying that pretty, white bungalow on Elm Street; you know the one with the green shutters and flagstone walk. But what *shall* I do—I don't know a thing about housekeeping and I've *never* cooked, and everyone knows that Bob's mother is the best cook in this whole town. If I feed him heavy biscuits and burned steaks it will spoil everything."

By this time, Peggy's excitement had changed almost to tears. Ann drew her into the living room and said:

"Well, let's not be so tragic; I'm sure a little bride-to-be shouldn't be so worried. After all, cooking can be fun if it's done in the right way. Now, can't we think of some plan that will make you a good cook by the time you move into the new bungalow?"

Ann thought for a moment.

"I have the very plan—why don't you come to live with me for a few weeks and I'll conduct a very practical and short course in 'Cooking for the Bride-to-be?' I'm going to

be alone in this house for the summer and if you'd come here I could show you all the practical points, let you market, prepare the meals and learn just how much time, energy and money is needed to keep house for two. You may have forgotten, but years ago I was a teacher of household science and since then I've been my own housekeeper, so perhaps I could teach you what you'd like to learn."

The outcome of this plan was that Peggy and Ann started what they laughingly called "The Bride's School for One." While Peggy had had no experience in home-making she had the well trained business mind which readily absorbs new ideas, so Ann decided to teach her rather more quickly than would be the custom in a school.

They began their work on a Monday morning—both looking very businesslike in their white tailored smocks.

Ann's well planned, well equipped kitchen was a revela-

tion to Peggy. "Does everyone need *all* this equipment to keep house for two?"

"No, it isn't strictly necessary, but I do think you and Bob would be wise to allow a generous amount of your household budget to furnish your kitchen thoroughly. A carpenter wouldn't undertake his work without good tools, nor would any other workman. You might better do without an extra bridge lamp or chair in the living room, and have everything you need in the kitchen."

"You'll have to choose between gas and electric stoves; you can use either in this city, and both have their good points. Then, refrigerators—they can be chilled by ice, gas or electricity, but it certainly won't pay you to buy a cheap, poorly insulated one for it will waste so much ice that it will be expensive in the long run. These two pieces of equipment will use up a good share of the money set aside for the kitchen, unless already furnished with your first home."

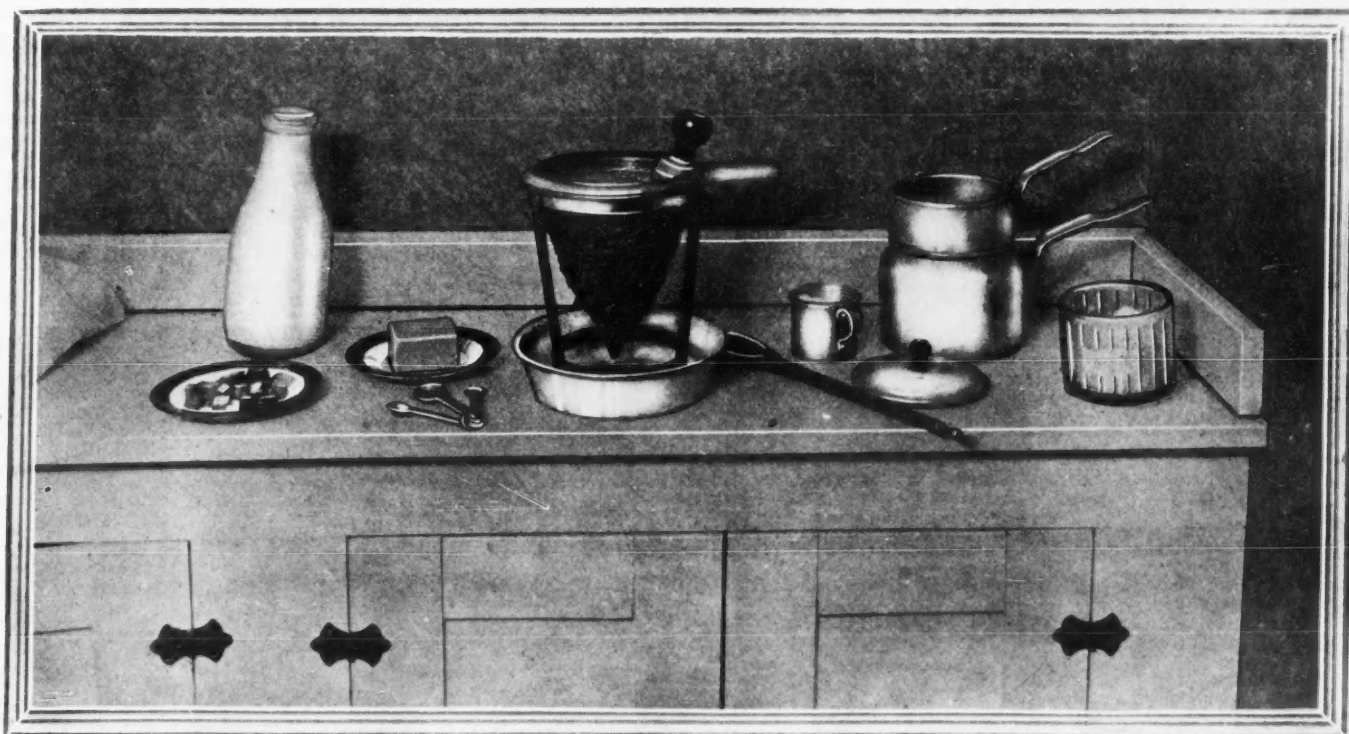
"If you buy a kitchen cabinet, you will save many steps by having your foods and utensils grouped and close at hand, but in many small kitchens, built-in cupboards will fit in better and you can still have your equipment efficiently arranged."

"I hope the sink in your new bungalow has been built high enough so that you will not need to bend over to work at it; it should be at least thirty-three inches from the floor—and a window above it is an excellent means of lighting the kitchen."

Continued on page 68



In making cream soups I use one of my favorite pieces of equipment, the vegetable sieve.



It is a quick and easy matter to press vegetables and fruits through it with a wooden pestle.

Women Begin to Speak Their Minds



By

ANNE ANDERSON PERRY



The First Great Political Convention for Women

The Hon. Mary Ellen Smith, M.L.A., of Vancouver, B.C., the first president of the newly-formed National Federation of Liberal Women of Canada. Mrs. Smith, who is the widow of the late Hon. Ralph Smith, a former Minister of Finance in the Laurier Government, besides being a member of the British Columbia legislature for several years past, also holds Cabinet office with the present government.

Below, at centre, Mrs. Charles H. Thorburn, of Ottawa, one of the three presiding officers and one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the First National Assembly of Liberal Women. She recently represented Canada at Wembley and at Geneva.

At right, Mme. P. F. Casgrain, of Montreal, an outstanding figure among liberal women of Quebec, who served very ably as one of the three presiding officers at the First National Assembly of Liberal Women. Official proceedings were conducted in both French and English.



At left, Mrs. W. R. Motherwell, of Melville, Saskatchewan, wife of the Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, who served as one of the three presiding officers. Mrs. Motherwell was formerly a well-known worker and teacher among the Indians in the mission fields of western Canada.

HAVING regard to the evolution now going on in the minds of our Canadian women in connection with not only party politics, but the whole matter of political expression, it may be stated that two main features emerged very clearly from the first national convention of Liberal women which was held in Ottawa in the middle of April last, and that these two features are probably as applicable to Conservative as to Liberal women.

The first is, that it was made abundantly clear throughout all the proceedings that our women are, at last, attaining some measure of political consciousness, with a corresponding desire to use their political power as adequately as possible.

The second is that experience in practical politics has shown in the past ten years in all the provinces of Canada, as it has shown in all parts of the United States, that this political consciousness can best express itself and most effectively operate in separate organizations of women within the party folds, even though the ultimate ideal of women and men working side by side in the political arena, be strongly held.

This conference, the first of its kind, undoubtedly marks a new era in so far as Canadian women in politics are concerned. It has been in the air a long time, was indeed long overdue, and will undoubtedly be followed by some such gathering of the women of the Conservative party to effect a similar national organization.

It was unique in several ways. It was the first political convention to be called by women for women. It was free almost entirely from the influence of the "hidden hand" of

the male party organizers which has so grievously afflicted feminine voters since the granting of the franchise to women almost a decade ago. It heralds, indeed, the real coming of age of the woman voter, who has belatedly discovered that it is not through a Ladies' Aid to men's political organizations that she can best function, but in autonomous groups where she can use to the fullest advantage those highly successful methods of agitation, education and activity which have been found to work so effectively in other than political clubs of women in the past.

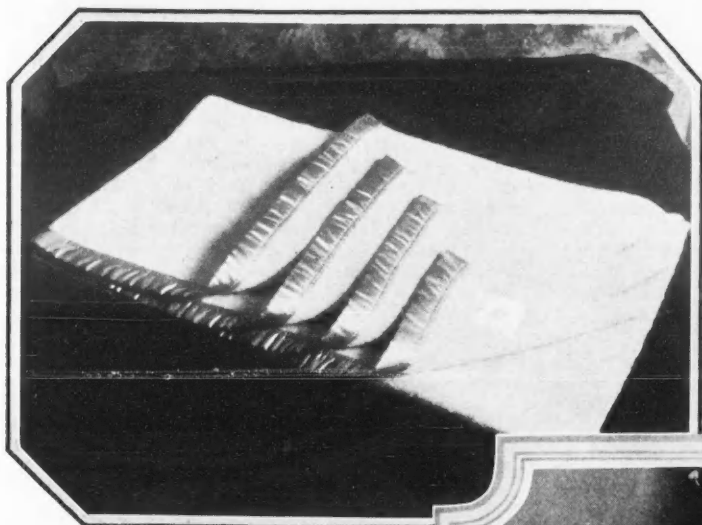
A national convention of Liberal women was projected as long ago as 1923, in the days when Miss Isabel Armstrong was their national organizer, but for some reason, not disclosed, the Provisional Committee then formed for the purpose of calling it together, felt that the time was not propitious. Then came the federal elections of 1925 and 1926, with the need of campaign work. Nothing was done about the convention until this year, when a greatly enlarged Provisional Committee, acting under the joint chairmanship of Mrs. C. H. Thorburn, of Ottawa; Madame P. F. Casgrain, Montreal, and Mrs. W. R. Motherwell, of Saskatchewan, representing the eastern, western and French sections respectively, called their sub-committees into

action and, after months of strenuous effort, covering all provinces, achieved on April 17th and 18th this historic and highly significant congress of Liberal women.

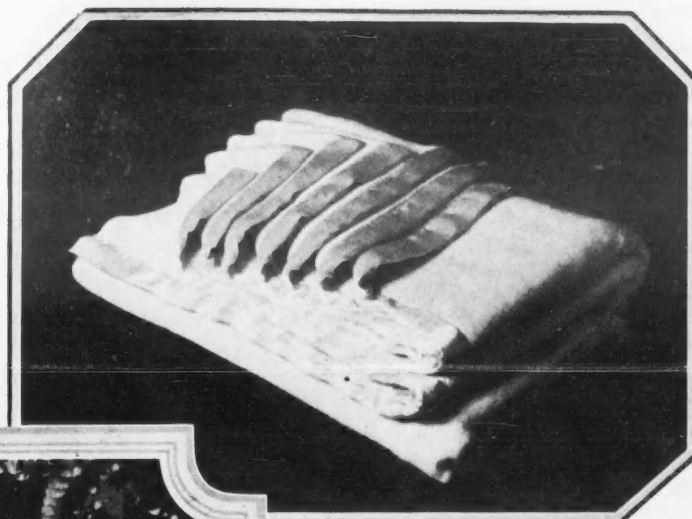
That interest was very general in all parts of Canada and among many classes of women was evidenced by both the quantity and the quality of the delegates, who travelled in such numbers to the capital that the management and billeting committees under the patient Miss Florence Edwards, of Carleton Place, were at their wits' end to find hotel or private roofs to cover them.

This was the more remarkable when it is understood that, except in a few cases of the far western women, whose expenses were very generously met by the eastern women, all persons attending the conference had to meet their own costs of transportation and their hotel bills. Yet from the province of Quebec, whose women, Premier Taschereau is reported to have said recently, were "not really interested in the vote," came over three hundred delegates. Seventy of these were from the City of Montreal, alone. A good showing for a province which has recently been refused the franchise! From Nova Scotia, always a politically-minded province, there arrived over fifty; from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, thirty and thirteen respectively; from Saskatchewan and Manitoba, about twenty each; from Alberta and British Columbia, a half dozen each, while Ontario made up the rest of the thousand women who attended, either through the many hundreds of accredited delegates from Toronto, London, Hamilton, Stratford or

Continued on page 61



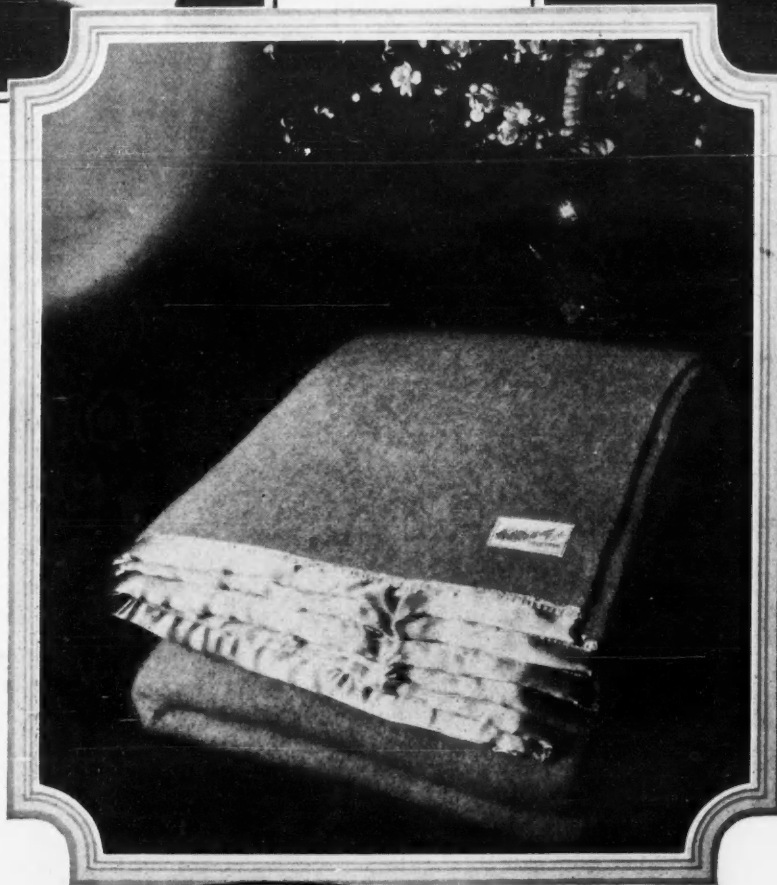
At left, a light blue pin-check "comfortable" blanket, 60" x 80", edged with self-colored satin. This delightfully soft blanket has the appearance of one made on the hand-loom. Ayres Limited, Lachute Mills, Quebec.



Above, for the double bed, a fine pair of white bleached blankets with stripes and broad satin binding in color, are a standard choice. Ayres Limited, Lachute Mills, Quebec.

Hope Chest to Go in It

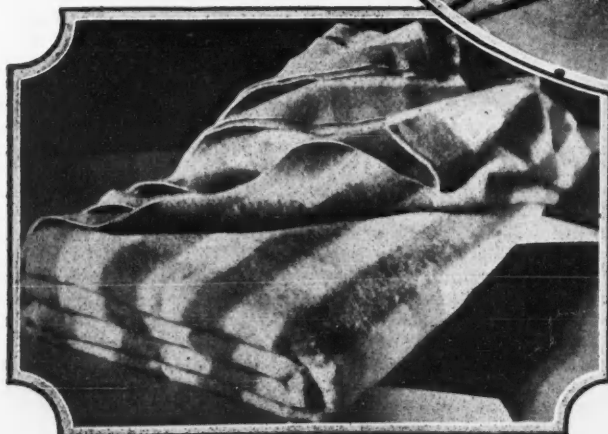
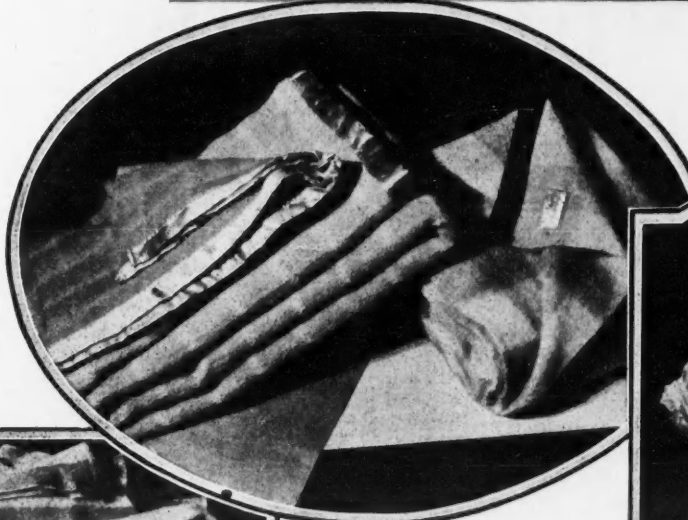
The purchase of blankets and bedspreads is one of the first pieces of practical selection the new house-keeper must make. It is well for every Canadian head of a house, to know the fine brands of bedding which are available in this country. A varied selection is given here.



At left, a Brante Forde brand blanket, 60" x 80", in an exquisite shade of lavender, bound with satin. A lovely note of color for the guest room. Slingsby Manufacturing Company, Limited, Brantford, Ont.

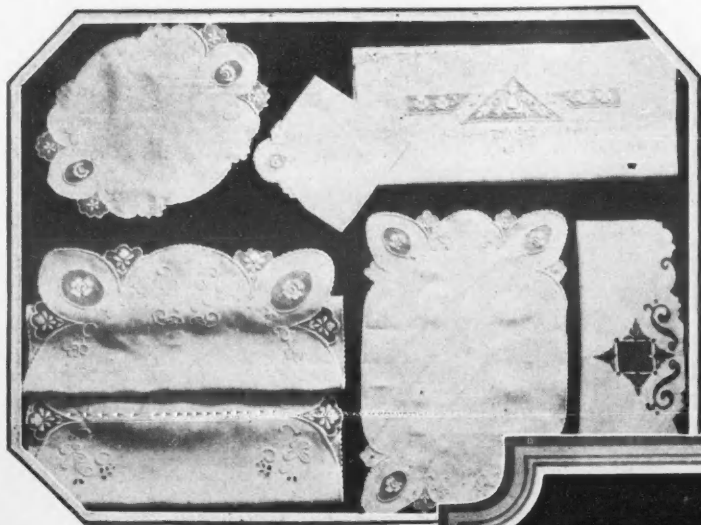
Below, centre, at left, rose and white check "Mossfield" comforter, Porritts & Spencer (Canada) Limited, Hamilton, Ont. Beside it, a comforter in broad rose and white checks. Slingsby Manufacturing Company, Brantford, Ont. Both are satin-bound, and are a splendid choice for guest room or child's room.

A pair of fine utility "Mossfield" blankets, wool-bound in blanket stitch, figured in broad checks in rose and white. Such a pair of blankets is an essential for the linen chest reserves. Porritts & Spencer (Canada) Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

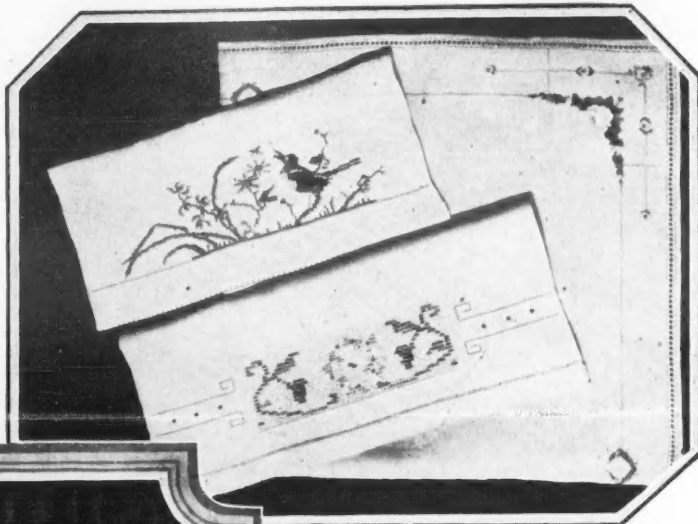


At right, one of the most delightful developments of the last few years has been the manufacture of bedspreads of all pastel colors in glossy rayon patterns. A butterfly design in a Silkalo Bedspread from Stauffer-Dobbie, Limited, Galt, Ont.

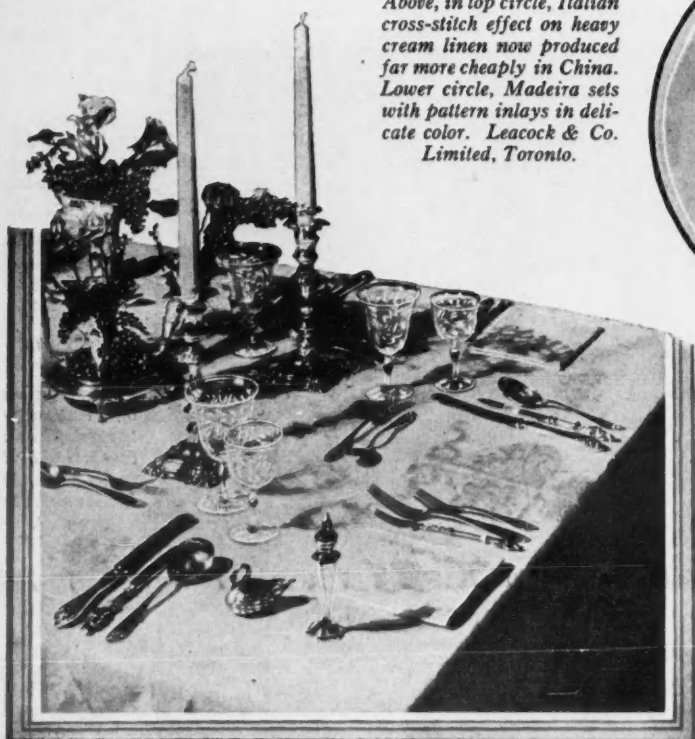




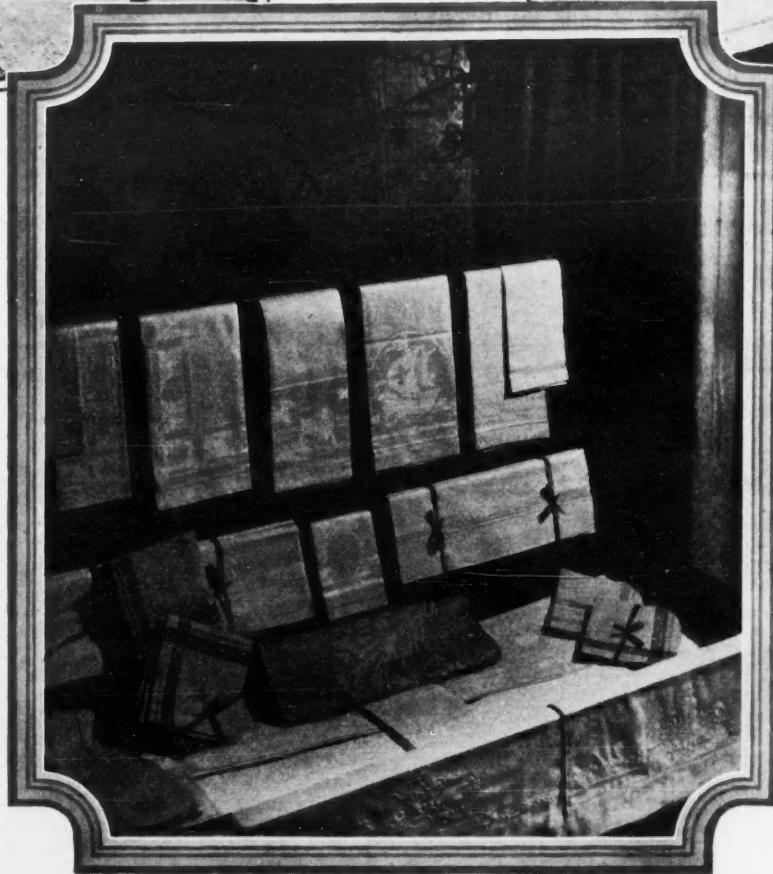
At left, luncheon set and towels of the new Spanish appliqué in rich colors on heavy white linen. At right bridge cloth in colored petit point on linen, towel in cross-stitch and second towel decorated with colored darning on punch-work. Leacock & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



Above, in top circle, Italian cross-stitch effect on heavy cream linen now produced far more cheaply in China. Lower circle, Madeira sets with pattern inlays in delicate color. Leacock & Co. Limited, Toronto.

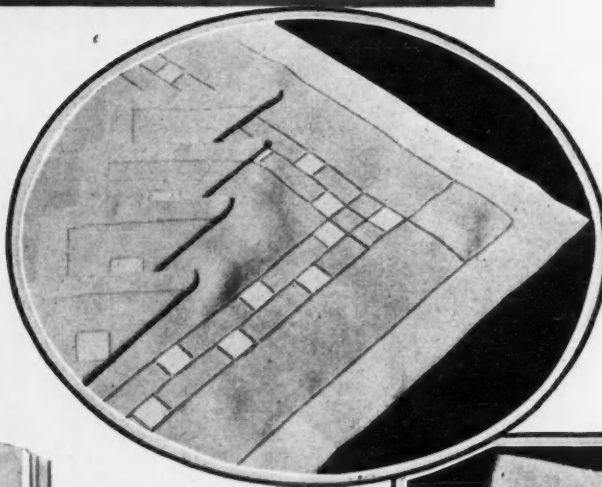


At left, the fine damask dinner cloth which should be one of the first requisites of the well-planned chest. From John S. Brown & Sons (Canada) Ltd. Variations in all-over pastel colors and delicate pattern motifs in color are now also to be seen in damask.

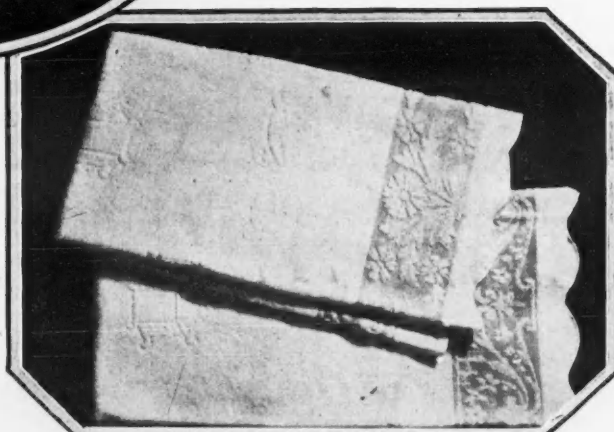


The Bride's And Things

At left, Irish linen in damask towels, hemstitched and embroidered sheets and pillow cases, an unbleached damask breakfast or luncheon cloth, and some informal color-bordered breakfast or bridge sets—a lesson in variety for the bridal coffer. John S. Brown & Sons (Canada) Limited, Toronto. Percale sheets are now obtainable in all delicate colors.



At left, colored French handkerchief linen bridge or breakfast set, appliquéd in white. From Campbell Metzger and Jacobson, Toronto. Below, bath towels with color borders in any shade, from Stauffer-Dobbie Limited, Galt, Ontario.



for I'm off to the mountains in a day or so . . . " Very gay; very impersonal . . .

A hard little smile twitched at her lips as she pictured Tony's amazement, and his mother's hostility evaporating in a wave of relief.

Just a year ago this day they had met. The circumstance was still vivid in every smallest detail. Lorraine had come downstairs to find two strangers on the verandah, and strangers were conspicuous in that community. Into Tony's eyes there flashed instant appreciation, and a warmth that promised friendliness. Mrs. Gilbert's appraisal showed appreciation, too—Lorraine thanked heaven she had worn her adorable mauve crêpe with its demure little collar and cuffs—but it was tempered with hostility; clever hostility that Tony was never allowed to suspect.

He was forever telling her of his mother's admiration and affectionate regard, and it would have astounded him to know that supplementing this gratifying information, Mrs. Gilbert tirelessly translated to her the platonic character of her son's attentions. She cultivated Lorraine, apparently, for no other purpose.

"The artistic temperament," she would sigh, as they strolled along the beach, "is always misunderstood. Impulsive friendships that include every Tom, Dick and Harry—or Lettie, Joan and Eunice, which is worse—are eternally getting the wretched boy into hot water. Really, it's too awful for me to watch him breaking the all-too brittle hearts of silly girls who simply won't realize that he's just being agreeable in his peculiarly appealing way! Tony has no more idea of marrying than I have. He can't afford to—financially or artistically. A wife would be a ruinous handicap; she would be the death of his career. He would begin to paint house-rent, furnace coal, food and clothes for her instead of the expressions of his soul. His inspirations would be smothered under an ever-mounting load of pot-boilers. Of course, he doesn't even *think* of marrying, yet. After he's been hung in the Academy, perhaps—"

And again and again, she thanked high heaven for finding

a sane, well-balanced girl like Lorraine for him to play around with, instead of a scatter-brained flapper, or female head-hunter who would disturb him by the pertinacity of her attentions.

"You can't know my relief!" Mrs. Gilbert would cry. "I'm so tired of seeing women fling themselves at him, and hearing his confidential opinion of them, afterward!"

If Lorraine could not quite see Tony through his mother's eyes, she gave no sign. The truth that underlay Mrs. Gilbert's inaccuracies, the motive beneath her jealous guardianship were obvious and to Lorraine, forgivable. Tony's career was all that really mattered. She rambled about the country with him, reading while he painted, and she continually searched the landscape for "pictures" which might be effectively translated to canvas. It was she who stimulated his desire to paint the interiors of the quaint homes of the little village, and it was she, who usually contrived to hunt up excuses for invading these same houses, where they found a veritable paradise of homespun, hand-loom, candle-moulds, inlaid furniture of native manufacture, patch-work and wrought iron in the midst of which more often than not, sat an incredibly ancient *gran'mere* engaged in teaching the youngest boy to knit! Sprained ankles and sunstrokes provided them with infallible cards of admission when they suspected, by the appearance of the tight-shut doors, that requests for direction and drinks of water might fail.

BUT from the first, Lorraine made it clear that her intention was to play and any other attitude on his part was met with rebuffs which he declared were positively maternal in their austerity.

She smiled to recall a sparkling morning when they set out in a boat for the southern shore of the Bay. Although the hour was not early, the blinds of every house were drawn.

"What's the idea?" Tony had demanded. "Are we preparing for a general exodus, or has someone died or what?"

"An outbreak of carpets, I think," said Lorraine. "Sunshine, streaks on the Brussels squares . . . you know."

"Which reminds me," he observed, "that I can't paint in any more homes as respectable as the one you drove me into yesterday."

"Why?"

"Too conservative, as most respectable people are. Shut off by themselves, you know . . . not enough contact with the out-of-doors and that sort of thing. Didn't it strike you that those fur coats and rugs, not to mention the stuffed animals, had been a very long time dead?"

"Lorraine had objected that if he was not willing to sacrifice his nose for art, she would not bother with him further.

"Not another sprained ankle or sunstroke will I have," she declared. "You're not worth the ruining of a splendid constitution. Already I suffer from the effect of mind over matter. In the middle of the night, I can imagine a fit of dizziness coming on, and I'm never sure that a hill may not be too much for me. In view of your attitude toward the furs, my sacrifice is too great. I'm finished with you."

That had been the memorable day when she had seen the little white house, and Tony had asked her to marry him. It was also the day upon which she had said definitely, no!

The house stood on the gentle slope of a hill overlooking the Bay. Behind it and to one side, a cluster of trees threw its lines into sharp relief. Its gables were outlined against the sky.

"Isn't it perfect?" breathed Lorraine, leaning on the gate and drinking in its simple beauty with her eyes. "No wonder somebody said that architecture was frozen music. Look at the sloping roof, Tony! Don't you hear its little song? It is like a song, don't you think—a song of the home. Who owns it and how could they close it up and go away?"

Tony mumbled behind the sketch he was making.

"It hasn't been vacant long," Lorraine continued, "for the garden is quite free from weeds and the windows have a recently-washed air. Are you getting that lilac bush

in your picture? It looks rather like a child nestling against its mother's shoulder—the way it snuggles up against the wall. And don't miss the shadow of the apple tree . . ."

For a space the song of the insects was the only sound in that sun-drenched world. Then Lorraine sighed.

"I almost wish I'd never seen it. No other house will ever satisfy me, now. I want it . . . and I feel that it wants me. I'd marry anything that lived there, if it would let me—anything save an imbecile or—"

"Marry me," cried Tony suddenly. "You know I adore you, my dear."

For an instant Lorraine was taken off her guard. She was scarcely conscious of having spoken out loud, but Tony's voice recalled her. His face was so white, his eyes were so black and he spoke in so strange a way that some secret chord of her being was set throbbing . . . throbbing . . .

But Mrs. Gilbert's words hammered on her heart like blows from a merciless hand. "A wife would be a ruinous handicap . . . He would begin to paint house-rent, furnace coal, food, clothes for her . . . pot boilers . . ."

She laughed as gently as she could. "Thanks awfully for taking the hint," she said. "You are a gallant spirit Tony, and some day when you write R.A. after your name, I'll tell my children—or maybe they'll be my grandchildren by then—'Once, my dears, that man offered me his house and hand.' Of course, I won't be telling quite the truth, but then no women tell the exact truth about the proposals they have had."

"Can't you ever take me seriously?" cried Gilbert. "Lorraine, don't joke in that brutal way. I love you."

"And I love you, too," she returned with calculated fraternalism. "So now that's settled, we can go on as before."

Their parting took place before a large and interested audience. Lorraine had arranged it so.

"You will write?" pleaded Tony, in a whisper.

"Were you speaking to me?" she asked, pretending not to hear.

Continued on page 58



Sprained ankles and sunstrokes provided them with infallible cards of admission when they suspected, by the appearance of the tight-shut doors, that requests for direction and drinks of water might fail.

Illustrated
by
Henry
Davis



How poignantly insistent were the memories that lurked in the secluded little Quebec hamlet and its vine-clad inn! Stepping from the conveyance termed by native patrons "our local," she could scarcely distinguish the bitter and the sweet in the tangle of her emotions.

SPRAINED ANKLES

*Dangerous for the unsure of foot but
safe for the sure of heart*

By MADGE MACBETH

LORRAINE returned to Mer Bleu with an ache in her heart that was almost intolerable. How poignantly insistent were the memories that lurked in the secluded little Quebec hamlet and its vine-clad inn! Stepping from the conveyance termed by native patrons "our local," she could scarcely distinguish between the bitter and the sweet in the tangle of her emotions.

"Bon jour, mademoiselle," cried the versatile tenant of the station residence. He was ticket agent, baggage master, telegraph operator, postal censor (self-appointed), and chief of police. He belonged to the Happy Home Club (by correspondence), Knights of Columbus and was an exemplary member of the Bigger Canada Club. "I am glad you are back again," he welcomed.

"And I am glad, too, Xavier," replied the girl. "How is the baby?"

Xavier grinned. "I have two since las' summer," he boasted. "W'at you call de—"

"Twins?"

"Oui. Dat mak' fifteen, not counting Cecile who is dead. Pretty good, hein?"

"Excellent," murmured Lorraine, feebly. "You must be very proud."

"Oh, it is not 'ing," deprecated the other. "Dere is plenty of fish . . . one need not be hungry, you see."

Madame Brisson received her guest in an embrace that suggested new-baked bread and summer apples. The hint of codfish was too pervasive and general to warrant mention. Lorraine was ushered into her old room to the accompaniment of neighborhood gossip that concerned such significant items as an outbreak of infant mortality among the spring

chickens, the postmaster's visit to his daughter in Quebec, the purchase (by catalogue) of new furniture by the extravagant Turcots. Imagine!

Lorraine inserted a question regarding business for the summer.

Madame closed a sagacious eye. "I do not wish the tourist to be wearing out my good chairs," she replied. "It would discompose me to find my house the property of indifferent strangers. But the old friends like you and Monsieur Gilbert—and, of course, madame, his mother—" she added with too-deliberate politeness—that makes the good business for me."

"The Gilberts?" Lorraine echoed, faintly. "You don't mean to say they are here?"

Madame's expression suggested maternal reproach. Patently, she was not deceived by the girl's astonishment. Had not the romance blossomed last summer under her very eye? But certainly! And had not Monsieur Tony Gilbert written to make sure—most definitely sure—that mademoiselle expected to return? Positively! She had kept the letter in the kitchen. However, the ways of lovers are strange and if it pleased mademoiselle to feign ignorance of monsieur's plans, to withhold information of a tender and confidential nature, there was nothing but to humor her.

"Not here already," said the hostess, as patiently as possible, "but they arrive by our local at five o'clock. Monsieur Tony must paint the south side of the Bay. He has sold all the

pictures he made last summer, which is only natural considering the beauty of our country." Madame could not resist a parting shot as she sidled through the doorway. "You are surprised, hein?"

"Thunderstruck," breathed the other, conscious that her cheeks had turned a furious crimson.

TONY coming! How wonderful . . . how terrible! She was overjoyed . . . she was dismayed! Of all the impossible situations that make life possible, this surely was the most grotesque!

She dropped into a chair by the window and tried to think. Leaving before the Gilberts came was out of the question; there was no train. And to rush away in the morning would be the undignified act of a coward—like acknowledging defeat before the battle had fairly begun. After all, she had no more reason to be uncomfortable than they!

"I must stay a little while," she said to herself, "a week, perhaps, or would three days be long enough?"

The turquoise waters of the Bay compelled her attention. Far out to sea, an obelisk-like pink cliff supported a capital of screaming gulls. Three fishing boats with brown lateen sails quivered in the cloudless space, and a fugitive little breeze, salt-heavy, drove frothy ripples almost to the inn door. It would be hard to leave Mer Bleu in three days.

Lorraine rehearsed her greeting . . . "Why, what a delightful surprise! I had no idea you would be here again! My own coming was very sudden—a rather foolish whim,

frothy lightness, or cut in fanciful shapes, is a very popular form of garnishing at present. It is not only effective, but practical and easily prepared, and is a flavorful addition to the dish. Clear meat stock, well-seasoned, to which gelatine has been added in proper proportions, is the basis. It may be colored artificially as well as flavored with various extracts, such as mint or wine flavorings. For cutting in fancy shapes, allow to cool in a greased shallow pan. For cutting up to form a frothy bed for meat or salad, allow to cool after straining, in the pot, and break up as needed with knives or a sharp open potato masher.

Poitrine de Capon Suprême
(Breasts of Chicken) with Suprême Sauce

THIS is another high-sounding but easily managed dish. The breast is removed from several boiled chickens and cut into slices or fillets. A stuffing or force meat, finely ground, is then made of the dark meat of the chicken with equal portions of *pâté de foie gras*. (Mild liverwurst or Brunswick sausage is equally good.) This is seasoned with onion juice, salt and a very little cayenne, to taste, and mashed to a creamy, firm paste. This mixture is then reformed in the natural shape over the breast bone and the drumsticks. What is left is moulded into some suitable shape to form a mound or basis on which to lay the slices of breast and on which to set the covered breastbone and drumsticks. Arrange these something after the fashion shown in the picture, which is in reality not as complicated as it appears, when its fundamental structure is understood. The whole is glazed with suprême sauce and decorated with truffles cut into tiny hearts and arranged artistically on each piece. A slice of stuffing and garnishing jelly accompany each service, as does also a salad composed of Jerusalem artichokes, apples and julienne of truffles.

Suprême Sauce

This sauce should be made very carefully and mixed with a wire whip. A quarter of a cupful of butter should first be melted and bubbling, to which should be added a quarter of a cupful of flour well seasoned with salt and pepper. Then while beating, add carefully one and a half cupfuls of hot chicken stock, one half cupful of hot cream, one tablespoonful of mushroom liquor and three-quarters of a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat until smooth and glossy. For glazing purposes, a small amount of gelatine is added.

Mousse de Jambon en Truffes
Creamed Ham with Truffles

THE art of simulation is applied to this dish, for here, apparently, is a ham with an elaborate dressing. As a matter of fact, the ham has been boiled, boned, and made

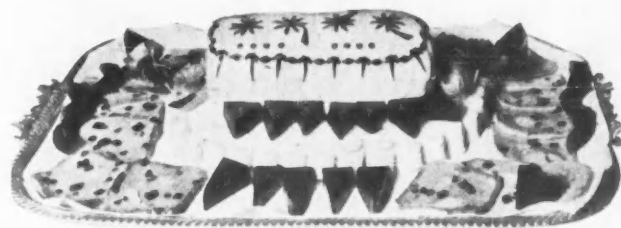


Ham Mousse simulates the real "jambon."

into force meat (ground and crushed to a paste) and mixed with cream and chopped jelly, sherry extract or wine, and paprika, much after the fashion of a soufflé. It was then remoulded into the shape of a ham and covered with seasoned whipped cream mixed with gelatine. Truffles were cut and applied in a pattern and the whole finished with a coating of clear gelatine, and fancifully decorated with a mutton tallow border. The little hams that surround the parent are made by filling slices of ham with the mousse and rolling in the desired shape. The five frilly petticoats on the bone help to carry out the illusion.

Gelantine de Volaille "Souvaroff"
(Chicken Mould)

JUST as an artist signs his name to his picture, so some special dishes are known by the name of their creators. This delectable mould was originated by a M. Souvaroff. It is a mixture of force meat made of chicken and tongue highly seasoned (even to a soupcon of garlic), to which is added truffles cut in dice, and green pistachio nuts. It is



This mould is a force meat of chicken, tongue, pistachio, nuts and truffles.

plete success. It is always made with meat stock, into a quart of which (brown stock in this case) two tablespoonfuls each of finely cut carrots, onions and celery should be put. Two sprigs each of parsley and thyme and one of savory, two cloves, a bay leaf, pepper and half cupful of white wine should also be added. This mixture should be cooked for about ten minutes and strained through a jelly bag. To the liquid add the beaten whites of three eggs which should be first mixed with two tablespoonfuls of wine and some of the hot mixture. The whole should be brought again to the boiling point, then set aside for thirty minutes in a warm place and finally strained.

The food to be jellied is placed in the last container for the jelly, where it is allowed to cool and form around it. In the case of the tongues, they would be set upright in the pot, in order to be evenly coated with jelly on all sides. Their roots would be carefully skewered, and the two "horns" brought upright, resting against the sides of the pot, or propped from beneath. When jellied they would be further secured by steel skewers, upright and across, which would be decorated to form the lyre effect. This arrangement of the tongues, however, is exceedingly elaborate and although a spectacular dish, is no more really appetizing than if the tongues were rolled in a round or oblong mould, jellied with aspic and served beautifully.

Jellied tongue is a cold meat stand-by at all times.

Cornstarch Blanc Mange

The use of cornstarch blanc mange for a garnishing bed is very effective, and, of course, utterly simple. Poured in a shallow pan and left to cool, this mixture makes a splendid medium for cutting into fancy shapes, and forming a sort of edible doily for dishes of all kinds. Garnishing should always be an appetizing part of the dish when eaten as well as when seen, and for this reason, the cornstarch mixture should be well seasoned with salt and onion juice.

Tallow Decoration

Decorating with white or colored mutton tallow is a common form of the garnisher's art, although beef dripping is equally effective if kept cold. Mutton tallow is preferred, however, for it is a very solid and opaque fat, and does not easily lose its body by "turning clear" if in a warm room. The ordinary forcing bag is used for this decorating in fat or tallow. The fat will soften sufficiently to use, as a rule, from the warmth of the hand, or the full bag may be laid for a few moments in a warm place. The fat should at all times, however, be fairly firm, and only softened enough to be "workable."

Aspic Jelly

The making of aspic jelly is a rather complicated affair, and has to be done very carefully to be a com-

Breast of chicken with suprême sauce, is a foundation of force meat overlaid with chicken breast, and glazed.

covered with the same type of encasement as is used for the ham described above. Slices of the mould are displayed to show the wonders that lie within, and are at the same time a form of decoration.

Langue de Boeuf en Aspic
(Tongue in Aspic)

THIS interesting dish is really a very simple one, but cleverly carried out. The lyre is made of two boiled beef tongues, skinned, carefully trimmed and fastened base to base with the tops sharply pointed, giving the effect of horns as well as of part of a musical instrument. The structure of the lyre is further decorated with vegetables, and jellied. Later, the whole is glazed with clear gelatine. The daisy design around the glazed tongues is made of white of egg. The white mounds on the inside of the platter are of cornstarch blanc mange topped with assorted and dressed vegetables. Mutton tallow is used as decoration, and the whole is surrounded with slices of tongue dressed with parsley and other greens. A salad of celery, apples and assorted vegetables with a rich mayonnaise is a correct accompaniment for the tongue.

In many cases food that "looks like a million dollars" is really only Judy O'Grady dressed up to resemble the Colonel's Lady



Tongue in aspic, jellied in a spectacular manner. This dish may be prepared equally deliciously in simpler moulds, for the fundamental recipe is the same, however presented.

Catering for the Wedding at Home

SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO ASSIST YOUR LOCAL CATERER

ARE you hoping to have something for the wedding breakfast, with a little more character than the usual caterer's fare? If so, it is not necessary to send to the nearest large town for the requisites, for with a certain amount of ingenuity in your own kitchen, or with the assistance of the caterer or cateress in a small way who usually assists at your local celebrations, it is possible to evolve as interesting and different menus as the great city chefs. Beautifully garnished dishes and surprising and wonderful effects are not always the most difficult to prepare. Their rarity lies in the lack of imagination and the routine formulas which we so often submit to when consulting a caterer.

The French understand the mystery and wizardry of food preparation and the dishes given here are examples of that art. They may be reproduced in any kitchen, however with as equally delicious results, and in most cases the effective garnishing may be duplicated if time and patience permit. In any case, individual portions are easily prepared, and make an equally attractive method of serving, though the sumptuous effect of the reception table is not so enhanced.

In many cases food that "looks like a million dollars" is really only Judy O'Grady dressed up to resemble the Col-

onel's lady. Do not let a foreign name and an elaborate exterior deter you from reproducing or adapting the dishes illustrated. They are particularly well suited to a wedding breakfast or the luncheon and supper parties which usually presage the happy event. In addition, to their attractiveness from an artistic and culinary standpoint, they are particularly desirable for wedding collations because they can be prepared a day or two in advance of the Great Day. Let us take, for instance, the most unusual one here shown, the open fan. It is a delightful buffet dish and may, of course, be prepared in individual portions as well, or for that matter, in addition.

Filets de Sole Anglaise en Gelée
(Filets of Sole with Jelly)

THIS is made of fillets of sole (flounder), stuffed with devilled lobster, baked and glazed, and arranged to represent a fan. The sections of the fan are delicately emphasized by means of an artistic decoration applied by hand. This decoration is put on before the final glazing of clear gelatine, and may be of finely cut truffles, colored mayonnaise or jelly. Cubes of jelly form a border around the base and finely chopped jelly is also used as a garnish. The sticks of the fan are made of wax and conform very well with the outline.

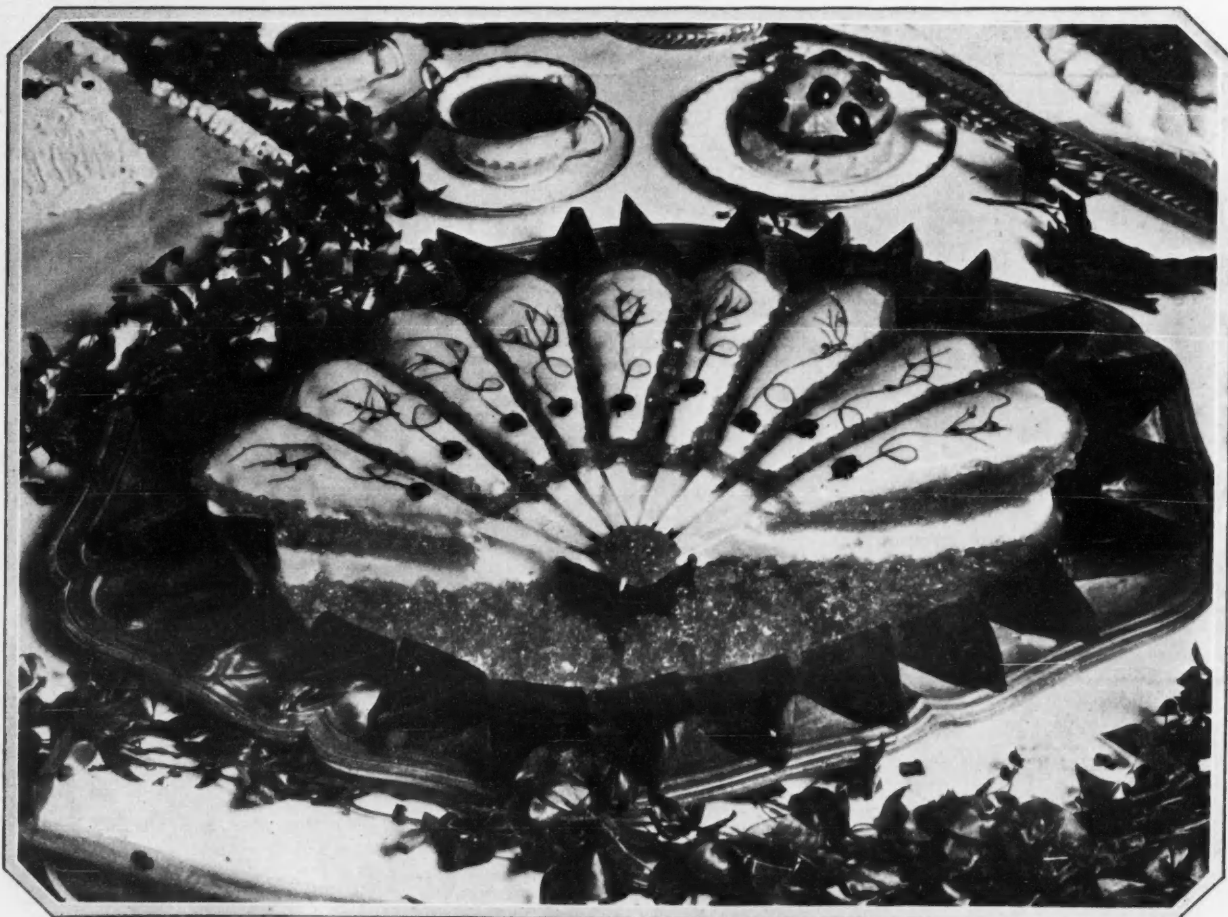
They could, of course be formed of other material which might be more easily available. Tiny tomatoes and tips of asparagus are served with this dish accompanied with a highly seasoned French dressing.

Devilled Lobster

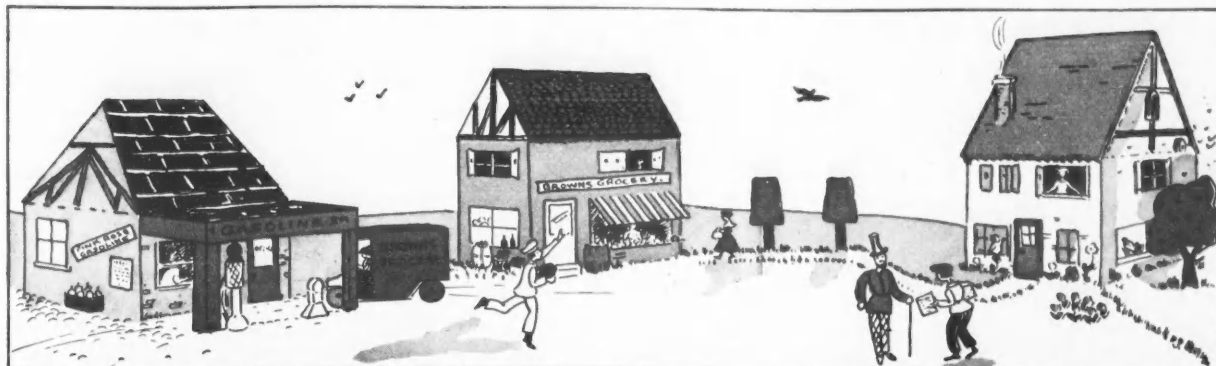
Pick out the meat from a boiled lobster, reserving the coral, and season with salt, mustard cayenne, and mushroom catsup. Put into a buttered saucepan and heat thoroughly, adding enough hot water to keep the mixture from burning. Rub the coral smooth with the liquor, mix with a tablespoonful of melted butter, and add to the lobster.

Garnishing Jelly

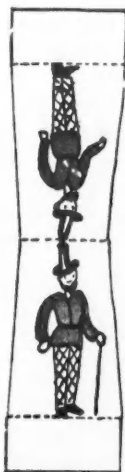
The use of jelly, chopped to a fine



Filets of sole (flounder) stuffed with devilled lobster, are served in this beautifully decorative manner.



This is part of Sunnyville Town as it looks when built with the cut-outs given here. Soon there will be other cut-outs of Sunnyville given in The Chatelaine, so that by-and-by you will have the whole village.



THIS IS MR GROUCHY CUT FOR A WALK

cloth in his bucket and began washing the very window where Blue Eyes had so often watched for him.

Mr. Brown had not been working very long, however, when just as he was about to polish one of the up-stairs windows, who should he see looking out through the glass at him but Blue Eyes. She was so beautiful he almost fell off the stepladder, and quite lost the use of his tongue. All he could do was to smile at her, and stretch out his arms, forgetting that he was so disguised that even Blue Eyes could not recognize him. But the poor girl was so frightened at the sight of this strange man that she started to run away. No sooner did Mr. Brown see Blue Eyes running than you may be sure he found his tongue and called out gently, "Blue Eyes!" In a moment she was at the window again, and so delighted was she to recognize him, that she couldn't help jumping up and down and clapping her hands. It was very foolish of her, for Mrs. Grouchy was just that moment tending the flowers at the window below, and looked up to see what all the noise was about. Fortunately, Mr. Brown was a very good actor and just went right on cleaning the windows as though nothing had happened.

You may be certain that just as soon as Mr. Brown and Blue Eyes were left alone they opened the window and started to tell one another how much in love they were. Finally, Mr. Brown said, "Blue Eyes, if you don't marry me, I shall die."

And Blue Eyes said, "Dear Mr. Brown, I can't marry you because you are not rich, and I could not disobey my father. You must never ask me again."

At this they both could not help crying, and Mr. Brown said that if he could not marry her, he would simply not see her again.

So he went home, mumbling all the way to himself, "Nobody loves me; I'm going into the garden to eat worms." And taking up his spade he went into the garden, and he dug, and he dug, and he dug, but he could not find a single worm.

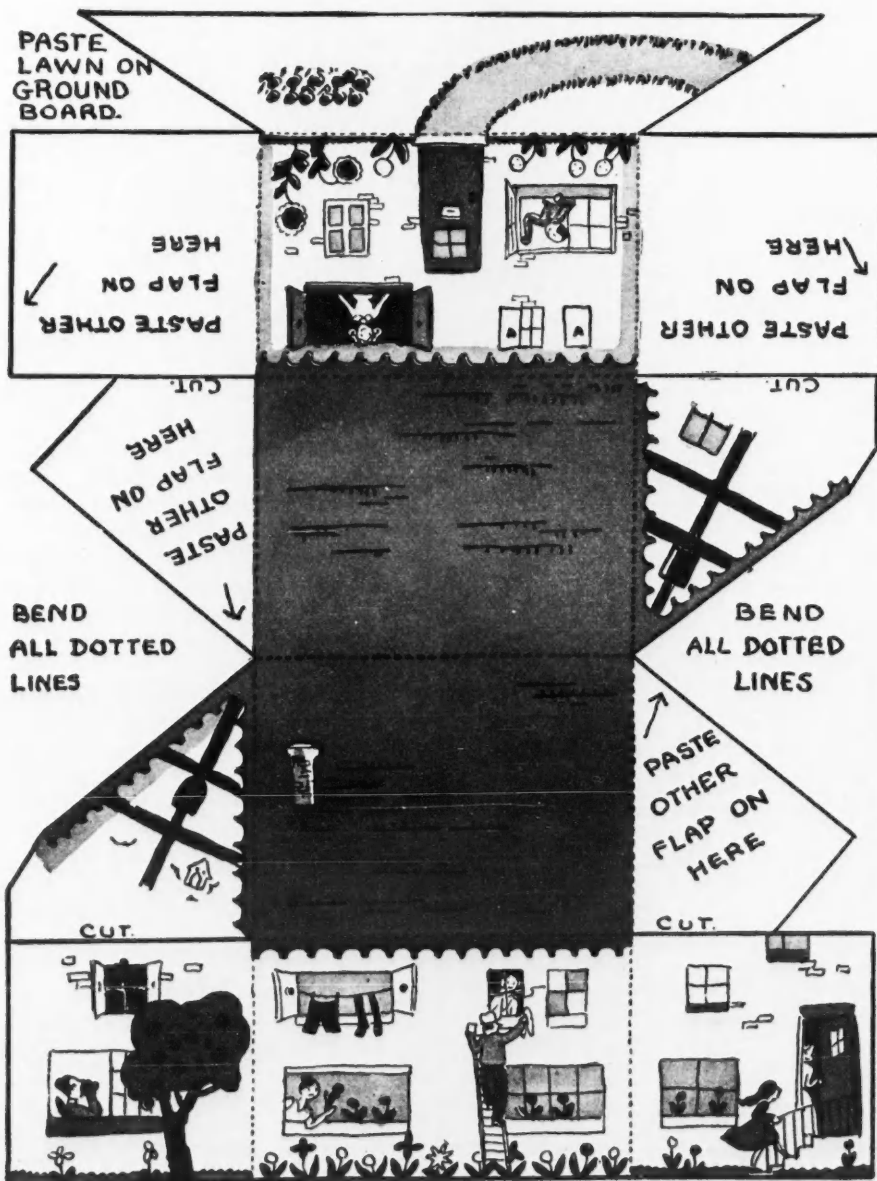
At last he said, "Even the worms don't love me; what a miserable man I am!" Just at that very moment, however, his spade struck something hard. Stooping down dismally, he picked up an iron box. After much work, he managed to undo the rusted old lock. Of course, it sounds like a story, but there was actually gold in it!

Clasping the box in his arms, he ran to tell Blue Eyes of his great

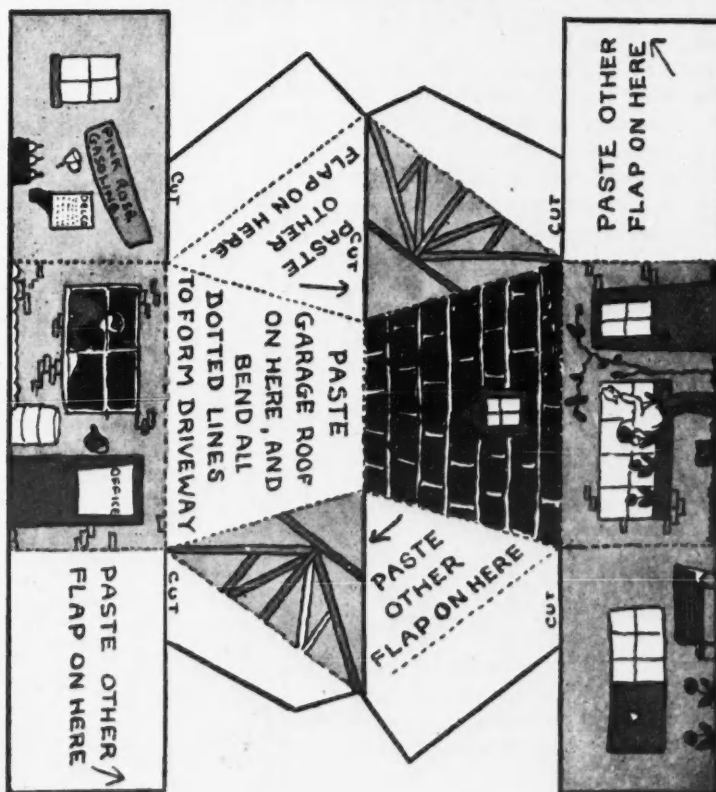
Continued on page 60



THIS IS MR BROWN WITH HIS BOX OF GOLD



PASTE THIS GARAGE ROOF ON EMPTY ROOF SPACE AS INDICATED AND BEND DOTTED LINES TO FORM A COVERED DRIVEWAY



Sunnyville Town and the People in it

A CUT-OUT STORY

Written and Illustrated for the Chatelaine
By Jean Wylie



THIS IS
BLUE EYES
GOING TO SEE
MR BROWN.

ONCE upon a time, there was a little village called Sunnyville, where a miserable old man named Mr. Grouchy lived in a large house, which had a nice green lawn and an apple tree. With him lived his cross old wife and his beautiful daughter, Blue Eyes. Now Mr. Grouchy thought he loved his daughter a great deal, but he really didn't love her very much, because he said he would never let her marry anybody who was not a very, very, very rich man. So you can see what an exceedingly selfish old man he was.

Well, one day, he took his daughter, Blue Eyes, with him into Mr. Brown's grocery store to buy some eggs for supper, and when Mr. Brown saw how beautiful she was, he fell instantly in love with her. Wishing to show his admiration for her without further delay, he grabbed up a bunch of onions and kneeling down, presented them to her, just as though they had been a bunch of roses. No sooner had Blue Eyes smelled them than her eyes filled with tears.

When her father saw this he was very angry. He stamped his foot three times on the floor, "You are a cruel man," he said, "to make my daughter cry, and you have no right to fall in love with her. For one thing, you are much too common, and besides, you haven't got any money." Then he turned furiously to Blue Eyes, who was crying

rather hard by this time. "Now you must come home with me, and you must never see this person again."

Of course, Blue Eyes was very sad over all this, for she had really fallen in love with Mr. Brown, at the very same moment that he had fallen in love with her. After that she used to spend every minute she could looking out of the window to see if she could catch a glimpse of the handsome grocer passing by. But if Blue Eyes' mother found her looking up the street, she would shake her fist at her, and say all sorts of unpleasant things which you would not like to hear.

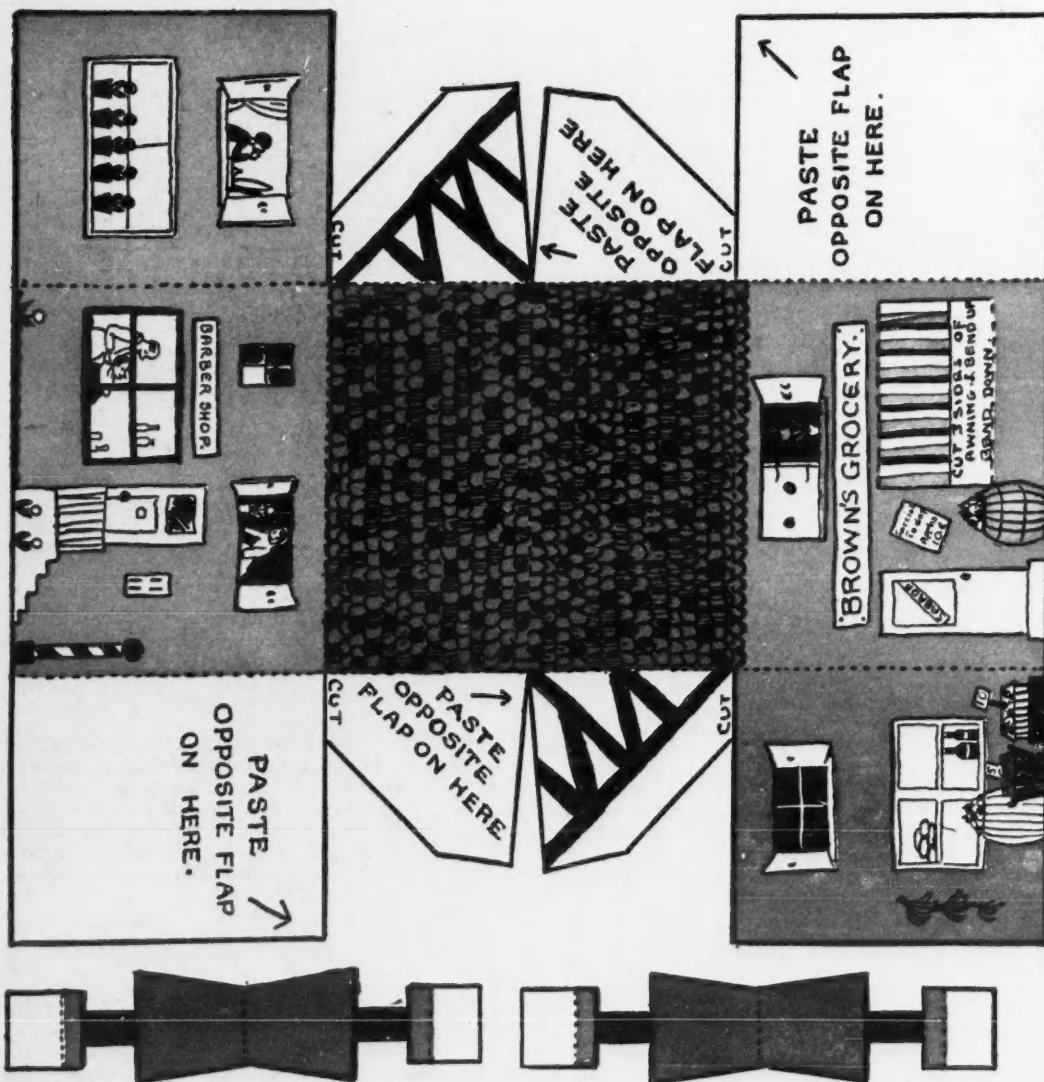
Meanwhile, Mr. Brown himself was so unhappy that he felt certain he was going to die if he did not see Blue Eyes. After a great deal of thought as to how he might accomplish this, he lit upon what seemed a clever idea. He decided to dress up as a window-cleaner and wash Mrs. Grouchy's windows.

So the very next afternoon he put on his oldest clothes, and pulled his hat down over his eyes, and went and asked Mrs. Grouchy if she would like her windows cleaned.

She said, yes, indeed she would, and for him to commence at once. You can imagine how Mr. Brown's heart fluttered as he dipped his



THIS IS THE
NEWS BOY
SELLING THE
PAPER TO
MR. GROUCHY



HOW TO BUILD SUNNYVILLE TOWN

Make one house at a time. Cut around all the heavy ink outlines, then hold the house in your hands and bend all the dotted lines, till they form the four walls and the roof, then paste ends carefully following instructions given. Now on a piece of cardboard about 14" square [the lid of a hat-box will do] arrange all stationary objects such as - trees, houses etc. so as to form roads, parks, gardens, which latter may be effectively drawn in, with paint or crayons.

PASTE THIS FRUIT
STAND ON TOP OF
TURNED DOWN
SHELF UNDER
AWNING.



THIS IS MR BROWN
THE GROCER
PASTE HIM STANDING
BEHIND THE COUNTER
IN HIS GROCERY STORE.



MR BROWN'S DELIVERY MOTOR.

BEND ALL DOTTED LINES. PASTE
MOTORS BACK TO BACK. BEND
SMALL FLAPS OUT, BEND LARGE
FLAP UNDER AND PASTE TOGETHER
TO FORM STAND.

BEND DOTTED LINES TO FORM TREE STANDING ON BASE
PASTE TRUNKS BACK TO BACK PASTE STANDS ON GROUND-BOARD.



The Habitant Farm

By Cornelius Krieghoff.

FROM THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY

*Reproduced by courtesy of Rous & Mann, Limited, Toronto,
from their Portfolio of Canadian Art (limited edition).*

CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF, the German artist, (1812-1872,) came to Canada more as an adventurer than as a painter, and attracted by the atmosphere, settled in the country outside Montreal, where he lived for some years. At length he found his way to the city of Quebec, where his serious painting really began. Here he devoted himself to the interpretation of the habitant and the Quebec countryside. Though his draughtsmanship has always been in question, the quaintness of his work has ever endeared him to lovers of Canadiana. He was one of the first to paint the Canadian scene, with all its characteristic and color, and in the 19th century his canvases carried back from Quebec by officers stationed there, gave to the old world the first visual impressions of Canada as an entity. Krieghoff studied at Rotterdam as a young man, and later at Paris, where in the midst of his work in Canada, he spent two years in order to improve himself as a draughtsman.

"ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO ENTER MATRIMONY"

As The Chatelaine Sees It



THAT title, of course, is not my own. I quote it as I found it the other day on a little old warped and age-yellow volume of the 18th century, in which I delved for whatever grain of wisdom I might find. I discovered several—but, to me, the most potent of all was that chapter which dealt with the culinary possibilities of the married state!

It does not claim, sanely enough, that the only way to a man's heart is via the alimentary canal, but it puts the mutual business of meals on a practical as well as psychological basis.

"Wife—Let your husband find in his home those delicacies of the table which though they may be found elsewhere, he will not seek elsewhere for that which he craves. Be not too proud to question out a recipe in public places if it intrigue, nor to frequent the kitchen of the inn if therein you find a savory talisman for appetite. A sauce, a condiment, a mollet or a pastry—be sure that you keep forever one ahead of the last, that you may never be put to it to announce 'and here is something new.'"

"Husbands—Be not laggards at the home board. Save your best appetites for the meal at your own table. Eat hearty and praise hearty if the fare be to your liking. Save the edge of your taste for the well-spitted roast, the pudding burst with sugarplums, and dissipate not the precious zest of fine provender with ale swizzling abroad."

It seems to cover the case pretty thoroughly! However, the Canadian bride will not have to undergo the ignominy of recipe-coaxing in public places or in kitchens in order to keep everlastingly ahead of the catering game. "The Secrets of Good Cooking," the book which has so long been promised by the directress of the Montreal Cooking School, Sister St. Mary Edith, is now available for use before and after the wedding. Its wedding cake recipes and those actually prepared by the Montreal Cooking School, have for years been one of the boasts of the city. Also of inestimable value to pre-wedding preparations, is the table of wedding collations both hot and cold, recipes for all of which are available in the book.

"The Secrets of Good Cooking" is a *grande dame* among cook books—for, as its name implies, it tells the "secrets" of good cooking, much as a woman of the world might tell the secrets of fine living. Marvelous icings, hot breads such as the French chefs make, beautifully glazed and garnished dishes which amaze but which in reality are within the reach of the ordinary kitchen, fill its pages. Yet its practicality is one with the spirit of the wonderful institution from which it emanates, the Congre-

gation of Notre Dame, and much of its information is imparted in the method of the classroom, by question and answer. Many of the perplexing "ins and outs" of cooking which one often struggles over and experiments with a lifetime, straighten out with precision after a perusal of its incisive catechizing.

THERE are now three splendid Canadian cook books on the market, and I should advise every bride to add them to her cupboard at the same time that she lays in her first stock of flour and seasonings, provided she has not already received them in kitchen showers. All are supreme in their own field and each supplements the other. An ideal bride's volume is the "Us Two Cook Book" by

Jennie B. Williams, a practical solution for the day-by-day menus of the first family of two. It is compiled by an experienced cook and housekeeper who has prepared delectable fare for her Canadian household for more than twenty-five years. This little book has been circulated in England and the United States, where it has met with an equal enthusiasm from small families and "newlyweds." (It is also an excellent companion for the house-keeping business woman.)

"The Canadian Cook Book" by Nellie Lyle Pattinson, directress of Home Economics at Central Technical School, Toronto, is fast replacing in Canada, Fanny Farmer's "Boston Cook Book" which has for years been the standard cooking authority of this continent. Miss Pattinson's is the expert dietitian's contribution to culinary art.

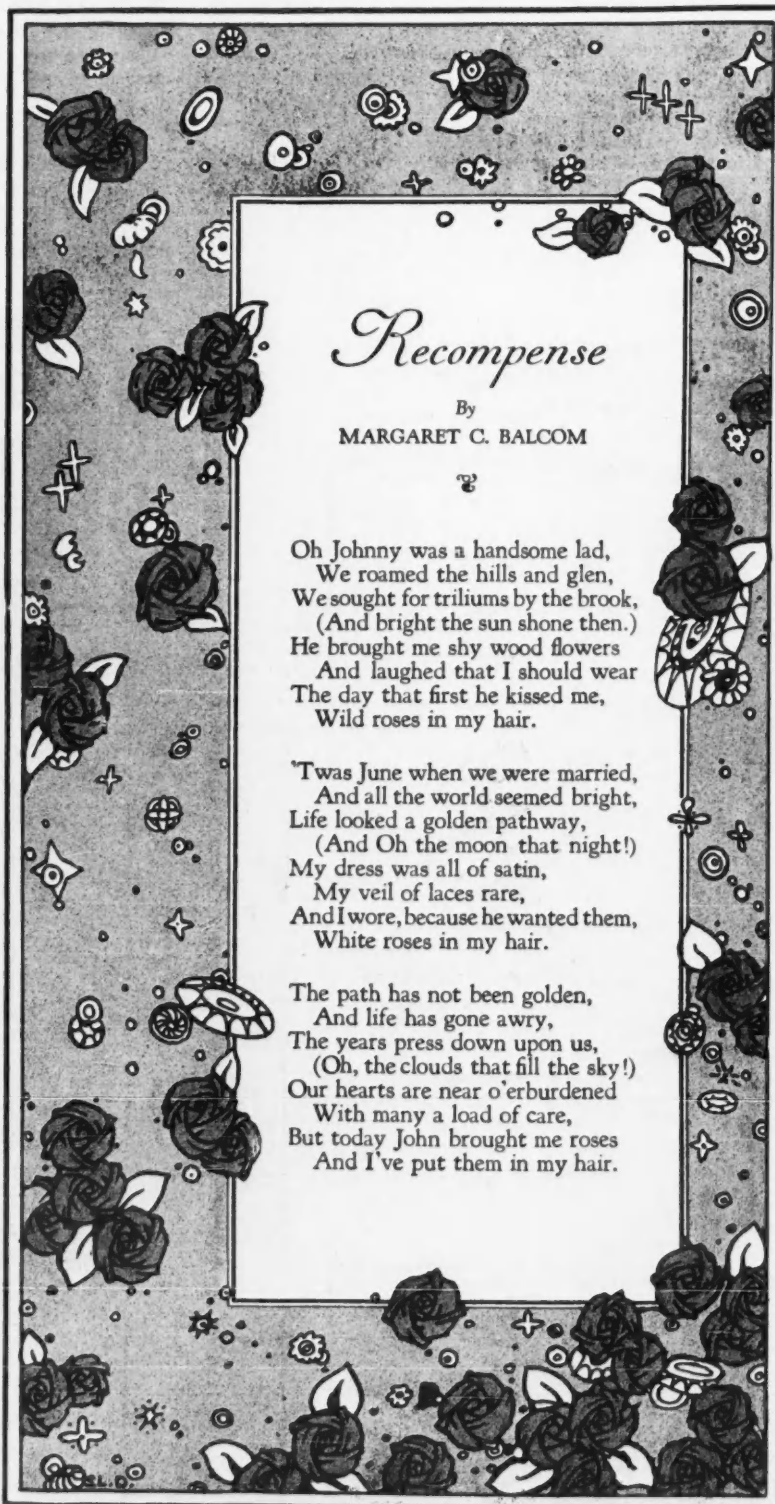
Sister St. Mary Edith's book is no less scientific, but if one may call upon one's favorite cookery vocabulary, it adds more "unctuousness" to practicality! The three books dovetail admirably, and no housekeeper, old or new, should be without them. So armed, she may rest fairly assured that a lord and master, be he ever such a connoisseur, will not "seek elsewhere for that which he craves!"

Miss Pattinson, by the way, has already contributed a splendid nutritional article to The Chatelaine, and Sister St. Mary Edith has promised us an article, for the near future, on the making of cooks. Meanwhile, there is our own cookery series which begins in this issue; "Bride's Progress," a course in housekeeping and practical meal-preparation by our own dietitian, Ruth Davison Reid. Its presence in our "Bride Number" came about in a naive way. A young friend of Mrs. Reid, a few months before her wedding, planned to spend at least a month in Mrs. Reid's home, "watching the wheels go 'round," and becoming accustomed to the routine of housekeeping. It inspired Mrs. Reid to throw her "home" course open to all brides, through The Chatelaine, but we prophesy that the practical ways and means of a teacher of home economics, in her own home, will be of great interest to a larger coterie of our women readers than the brides alone.

Our July or Dominion Day number will contain a great deal that is traditionally interesting in Canadian cookery—original United Empire Loyalist recipes and some old Quebec dishes which are as useful to-day as in the days of the opulent kitchens of our forebears. You will want to incorporate one or two of them in your Dominion Day fare, if you are making a celebration of it.

Even the children's feature in July will have a Dominion significance. Miss Emily Weaver, the well-known writer of children's stories and distinguished historian contributes it.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson



"Pity you missed the last wedding. It was a swell one. Five bridesmaids, all pink—and the bride like an angel!"



A Pillar of the Church finds something to remember

"I'LL bridesmaid 'em," snorted Mrs. Besselthwaite. "I reckon that more'n a hundred brides couldn't have got fixed up without us," said Mrs. Brown.

"More'n a thousand, Mrs. Brown." "More like a million."

Up and down the pews they went, two old church cleaners with sorrow in their hearts, and dusters in their grimy, toil-worn hands, preparing for the last wedding the old vicar would conduct before his retirement.

To-morrow, a new, bright boy vicar would take his place, a fellow full of ideas. One of his ideas was that two cripple ex-service men in the parish could dust and tend the church. The two old women caretakers were part of the old vicar's arrangements. After fifteen years they were to be scrapped. "Married an' done for!" said Mrs. Besselthwaite. "There is a lot in them old sayin's."

"A fat lot we've got out of it!"

Up and down the pews moved the gray dusters in gray grimy hands. Through their inarticulate minds shifted and surged a mass of incoherent thoughts, painful as unshed tears—resentment and anger at banishment, and an overwhelming sense of loss.

Their lives, their interests had been woven tightly, tightly into this tall, spiral God house. The hundreds of weddings, funerals, christenings they had cleaned and prepared the church for; the sad, the gay, the glorious pageantry of humanity had made them the handmaids of life.

Church cleaning had been their careers; rich, absorbing careers that had provided interest, romance and conversation. It had invested them, their families and their neighbors with glamour. Now they were to be shorn of these things, to retire into private life, to become nobodies.

Up and down the pews went the grimy, old women with

Bridesmaids to a Thousand Brides

By Christine Jope-Slade
Illustrated by Anne Ganes

the grimy dusters in their hands, and the rainbow tints from the stained glass windows sprayed them with color.

"Funny how some people don't have nothing," said Mrs. Brown.

"You've said it," said Mrs. Besselthwaite placidly.

Mrs. Besselthwaite was always like that, stodgy, puddingy; but Mrs. Brown was taut as a drawn string. Up and down the pews she went torn with bitterness, with resentment, with a growing passion of rebellion.

"What's it all for!" shouted Mrs. Brown suddenly, "all this 'ere wedding and christening and funerals. What's it all for?"

"Lor!" said Mrs. Besselthwaite mooring up her thirteen stone in the middle of the rectory pew. "Lor, how you frightened me, hollering like that!"

The two women stared at each other.

"I thought you was took bad," said Mrs. Besselthwaite nervously. "Hollerin' out at me like that!"

Mrs. Brown was trembling, quivering like a thin, blackened blade of sedge grass on the edge of that pool of light cascading down from the stained glass windows.

"What sort of weddin' did you have?" said Mrs. Brown shrilly. "Lilies and satin and people throwing silk rose leaves at yer!"

"No," said Mrs. Besselthwaite "nothing like that—and I didn't expect it neither, Mrs. Brown. You do 'ave funny ideas this mornin'."

this mornin', Mrs. Brown, you do." She saw that something had got into Mrs. Brown, something queer.

"God ain't given me anything to remember!" said Mrs. Brown, passionately. "Not a blessed thing!"

A storm seemed to pass over her shrunken body, shaking it.

"None of that talk here!" blustered Mrs. Besselthwaite. "None a' that talk 'ere! You oughter be ashamed of yourself talkin' like that 'ere! Struck dead you'll be for blaspheming in that 'eathen way!"

She had stiffened with self-righteousness. She'd been brought up right, knew what was seemly, decent.

"Well, what 'ave you got to remember?"

"My place," snapped Mrs. Besselthwaite, "same as you 'ave. Such wild talk—bad talk!"

"God don't give poor women nothing to remember!" said Mrs. Brown.

Her eyes were wild, filled with a savage pain. She was bitter with denied beauty, with loveliness withheld. She did not know herself. She had never known herself. She would never know herself. All the emotion she had been unable to put into her meagre daily life, she had been able to rid herself of in the church. Now that outlet was closed. It was damned up in her, surging. She was filled with the churning unrest of it. All this was hidden from her. The

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The SETTLING of CANADA

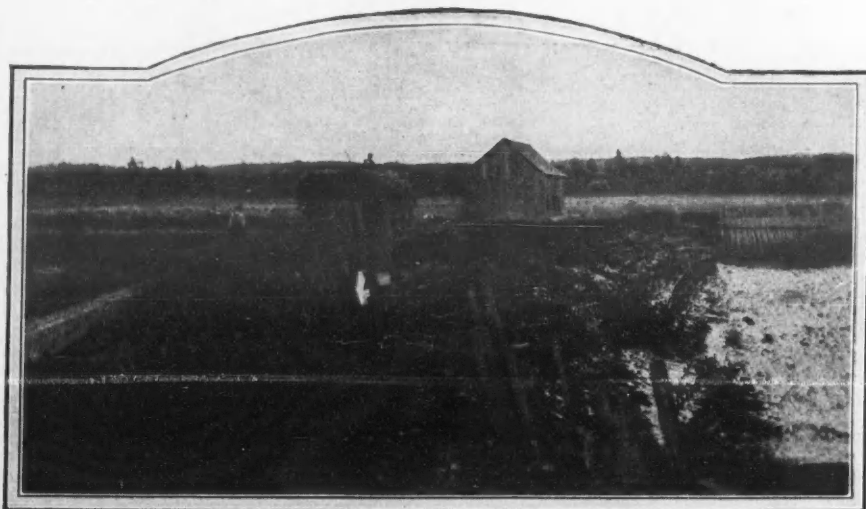
Landmarks in Canadian History

No. 1. Nova Scotia



By M. O. HAMMOND

Author of "Canadian Footprints" and "Confederation and its Leaders"

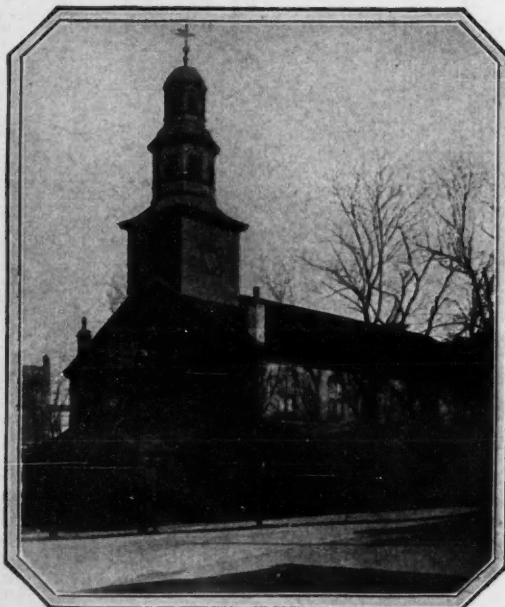


NOVA SCOTIA has been aptly called Canada's Atlantic wharf. Its rocky coastline juts into the ocean, its snug harbors offering shelter to the shipping of the world. Ever since the Latins of Western Europe first sought the cod harvest of the Grand Banks, its coves have been the homes of fleets which have shuttled to and from the nearby "drowned mountains" in search of the inexhaustible finny tribes.

Champlain and Demonts led the pioneering French to the beautiful Fundy shores in 1604, and the Port Royal then founded, near the site of the Annapolis Royal of to-day, ranks with Plymouth Rock, Jamestown and

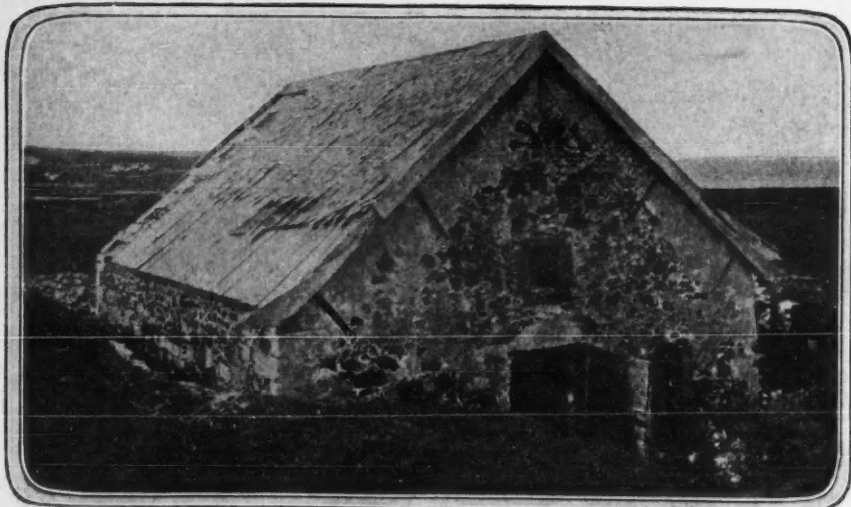
other cradles of nationhood in the Western world. Here was raised the first harvest in Canada, the first mill to grind wheat, the first ships built on the continent were fabricated, and here were heard the first notes of poetic song and the first dramatic performance north of Mexico.

For a century the French civilization flowered in this beautiful valley, until expelled by the English in the great wars of the eighteenth century. Before the tragedy of the Expulsion of 1755, the Acadians diked their rich lands in Grand Pré, resisting the sea. The original dikes of the Acadians are shown above.



IN 1745 Britain realized another military base besides Louisbourg, was needed to offset the French. A spreading fleet of thirteen ships came in June 1749, with 2,500 settlers, and created Halifax. True to tradition, the Word of God was honored in the early erection of St. Paul's Church, now the oldest Protestant Church in Canada, whose walls echo the great figures and momentous services of its near two centuries of life. It is pictured as it is to-day, above.

The wilderness fell away under the Englishman's axe, settlers came from the Continent, and Lunenburg was peopled by Germans.



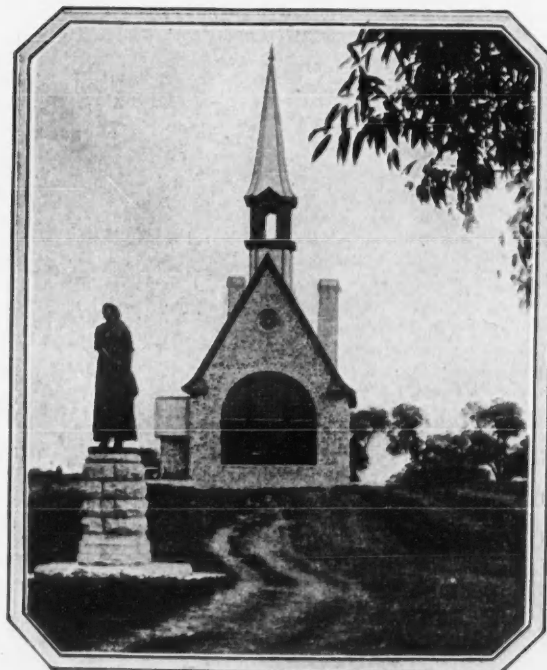
MAGAZINE, old French Fort, Annapolis Royal. The stone used in construction is Normandy Limestone, brought from France in 1642.

Over this province the old and new jostle and form contrasts. Coal is raised from mines under the Atlantic at the Cape Breton shore. Iron ore is brought from Newfoundland, for a great steel industry with alien workers and distant markets. Eighty miles of apple orchards crowd the Annapolis Valley and fill the air with beauty and fragrance. Forests have found new values and pulp and paper mills are rising to lure the ships of many lands into the tidal waters of inland ports. It is a changing land, but yet invested with a charm which nothing can dissipate, for it is the very "Nova Scotia-ness of Nova Scotia" that is the boast and pride of the Bluenose.



THE other end of Nova Scotia was settled by Highlanders, as were the rugged hills of Cape Breton. Already the French had been driven from their great fortress of Louisbourg, of which to-day, little remains but dust and memories.

AT GRAND PRÉ, a replica of the early chapel has been erected, fronted by a bronze figure of Evangeline herself. (See photograph at right). Thousands of Loyalists came from the United States in 1783 and settled at Shelburne, to live under the flag of their choice.



Dress the Bride Wyndham



the skirts being longer, veil and train fit in more harmoniously than they have for seasons past. In soft satin with pointed or rounded neck-lines, modestly decolleté, and long, slender sleeves, any opulence there may be is all in the trains. Embroidery is often worked on trains in silver threads or crystal beads. No ornamentation of the frock is thought of, however. A jewelled belt is permitted, perhaps, or a flower motif at the waistline.

Veils of tulle, or of priceless, heirloom lace, fall from caps made of pearls, diadems of silver embroidery, or the traditional filet of orange blossoms.

Combination in pink
crêpe de chine trim-
med with cream lace.
The skirt is trimmed
with broad pleats.
Lelong.



Above, a severe but very effective close-to-the-face head dress in white beads or pearls. At right, a simple blossom bandeau softened by the drop of the veil over the eyes. Below, the mediaeval cap of pearls or beads with the tulle veil looped beneath the chin, is simple but beautiful on the proper type. Designed by Worth.



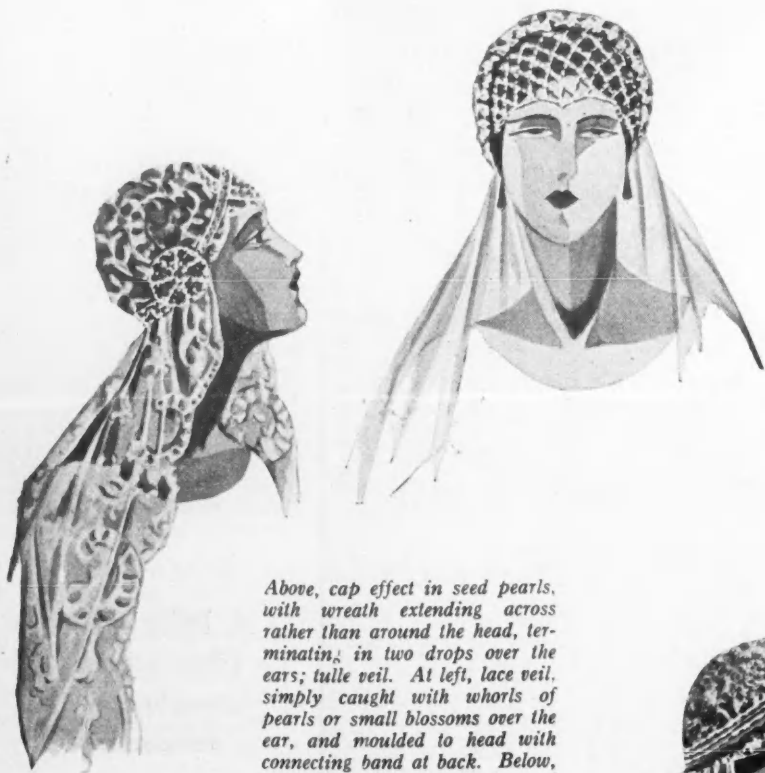
MOLYNEUX has broken away from all tradition with his bride gowned in pale yellow georgette, her head covered with a veil of pink tulle, in her hands a bouquet of peach blossoms, and her attendants in fluffy yellow tulle scattered with pink petals.

In parenthesis, let me say that the most effective wedding processions over here are those seen in the salons of the *couturiers*. Actual weddings are not so well arranged as they are at home, even when they take place against the background of some battle-mented chateau or a church that has received its brides since the days of the crusaders. The reason is, I think, that the wedding cortege over here not only consists of the bride and her attendants, but also of all her relatives down to the thirtieth degree! And tradition says they must take their places according to the degree of nearness. You can imagine how discouraged the poor, little French bride-to-be must feel about the procession, when she knows

See also page 30

At left, bridesmaid's dress by Lucien Lelong in gold colored tulle with chiffon flowers in a lighter shade of yellow at the waist. At right, afternoon dress by Lelong in printed crêpe de chine of beige and brown. Brown suede belt and brown felt toque.





Above, cap effect in seed pearls, with wreath extending across rather than around the head, terminating in two drops over the ears; tulle veil. At left, lace veil, simply caught with whorls of pearls or small blossoms over the ear, and moulded to head with connecting band at back. Below, silver lace cap with bandeau of pearls and orange blossoms; tulle veil. Designed by Worth.



MONTH of June, month of brides! Even if you hadn't noticed that all the outside world was getting ready for June, green fingers twittering on the chestnut trees in the Champs Elysées, rosy blossoms on the fruit trees, garden beds breaking into colored life, smell of fresh turned earth and something heady in the air, like strong sweet wine. Even if you were so absorbed in yourself that you hadn't noticed all that, the minute you strayed into a dressmaking house, you couldn't help but be made aware that June was just around the corner, waiting to "come on" with her gold draperies caught with flowers.

All the high, ceaseless chatter is of brides' robes, and frocks for *demoiselles d'honneur*. More than likely you would have to wait to see what you had come to see while a mannequin-bride trailed slowly up and down with counterfeited demureness before some pretty flushed young French girl, completely surrounded by an important *Maman* and a contingent of important aunts.

At right, a beautiful but severely plain gown and train from Lucien Lelong. Note how far back from the face the wreath is set on the lace cap. The veil is of tulle. At left, an interesting note for the trousseau or summer wardrobe—a coat in gray and white checked tafetta trimmed with red cloth. The collar is of black fox. Designed by Worth.

The Great Designers

By Mary



Maman decides everything. If, in a moment of absent-mindedness, she lets Paulette or Germaine have a say, the aunts swoop down on the timid suggestion and smother it. I have to smile when I think what would happen to a Canadian Mamma if she tried to tell her daughter what she was to wear, at any time, but particularly on her wedding day!

Maman is more than likely hopelessly demodé in her own way of dressing, but the frock she will choose is bound to be beautiful. The *couturiers* have seen to that.

Brides' robes change little. This year



Combination in pink crêpe de chine trimmed with yellow lace. The skirt is entirely in pleated lace. Lelong.

The Best Known Woman in Prince Edward Island

L.M. MONTGOMERY, AFTER HER FIRST SUCCESS

By Maud Petitt Hill

SPRING housecleaning nearly always brings some neglected thing to light. The snow was lingering on the hills of Cavendish when L. M. Montgomery decided to go up to the attic one wintry afternoon and do a little of what housekeepers call "ridding up," preparatory to the spring cleaning.

Back there, in the farthest corner of the store room under the gabled roof, was that old hat box. She pulled it out. Oh, yes, the manuscript of *Anne of Green Gables*! Poor Anne, child of her dream—spurned by five publishing houses!

Well, Anne was evidently not destined for the world of book shelves in a pretty coat of red or green cloth. One more hope to the ground! Small wonder if she felt as Anne herself did when she found they had really sent for a boy at Green Gables, and weren't likely to keep her: "My life is a perfect graveyard of buried hopes."

But, at any rate, she could cut the manuscript down to a six or seven-chapter serial for a juvenile paper. It meant a good deal of work, and she would only get thirty-five or forty dollars for it. But she ought to do something with it. It had lain there neglected for a year.

She took it out and began to read from the beginning. She read on and on. The sun sank lower behind the hills—its rays were running level through the gable window across the attic floor. Suddenly she started up. Gracious! The afternoon had slipped away! Time to look after the tea. She had read nearly all the afternoon like a school girl and forgotten all about the work she came up to do!

But still she paused, a queerish new light in her eyes. "If your own story could interest you after you have laid it away, until it made you forget all about your work like this—wouldn't it interest other people if it were printed," whispered something.

A few days later the would-be authoress tied up *Anne of Green Gables* and sent her off again to Boston, this time to the L. C. Page Company.

It was natural for a Prince Edward Island girl to send her manuscript to Boston rather than Montreal or Toronto, even if she had been rebuffed there before. All Maritime province ambition turns to Boston. The farmer's daughter is educated for a teacher or trained for a nurse and goes to Boston. The fisherman's daughter goes to Boston to get high pay in housework. The sons everywhere go there to try their wings in the world of commerce. A very large percentage of the professional men of Massachusetts are natives of our Maritimes. When the people of the Maritime Provinces take a long trip, they go to Boston—very seldom to Montreal or Toronto.

Nevertheless, it was well that, with its millions of readers, Boston should get *Anne of Green Gables* on her sixth excursion. She passed through the hands of the manuscript readers and came, finally, to the publisher himself. And then, one more perverse publisher decided to reject *Anne of Green Gables*. Possibly the manuscript was a little dog-eared after its five previous excursions, and its year in the hat box.

Undoubtedly, it had a sort of hang-dog look.

At any rate, over among the manuscripts to be tied up for return, went *Anne*. But there was one factor on which the publisher had not counted. One of his manuscript readers was

a girl from Prince Edward Island. Now the "Islanders" are intensely loyal to one another. It is said they never quite learn to think of any other place as home.

Into the office of the chief, entered the irate young Island

come true at last after years of toil and struggle. And the realization is sweet, almost as sweet as the dream."

Her idea of the success of her book had been, from her own confession, a very limited one. She had thought it would be read by girls of teen age. She had never dreamed that its sale would, according to her present publisher, touch the million mark; that premiers and princes would one day seek her out and shake her hand.

It was not until the year after its acceptance that the book was published. On June 20th, 1908, she wrote in her journal:

"To-day has been, as Anne herself would say, 'an epoch in my life.' My book came to-day, 'spleet new' from the publishers. I candidly confess that it was to me a proud and wonderful and thrilling moment. There, in my hand, lay the material realization of the dreams, hopes, ambitions and struggles of my whole conscious existence—my first book. Not a great book, but mine, mine, mine—something which I had created."

Nor did the thrills end with that moment. As the sales mounted there were letters coming to the young writer from all parts of the world, not only from the children, who believed that Anne was real, but from gray-haired grandfathers, boys at college, pioneers in the Australian bush. The English public particularly responded to this simple life-story of the girl on a Canadian farm. But, of course, it was the American sales that swelled her royalties. Mark Twain described Anne as "the sweetest creation of child-life yet written." Bliss Carman also voiced his appreciation. And, if the sight of the American copy of her story had thrilled its author, what must it have meant to see a Swedish and also a Dutch copy appearing. The *Truro Weekly* said of the book that it had definitely fixed its author's place "as the Jane Austen of Canadian literature."

In 1909, following her big success, L. M. Montgomery had no difficulty in publishing her second book, *Anne of Avonlea*, and the following year *Kilmeny of the Orchard*. This was really an earlier work of hers, first published as a serial. Consequently, she was rather amused when a reviewer remarked of it that the book showed "the insidious influence of popularity and success."

The following year, came *The Story Girl*, a replica of Prince Edward Island scenery and life as it was around her, the last of L. M. Montgomery's books to be written there by her window under the gabled roof.

The writer had been continuing her quiet life in these pastoral scenes, playing the organ of the little church, teaching in the Sunday School, bearing her share of the little neighborhood doings as though the literary circles of big cities had never beckoned her. There came into her community one day to preach, however, one, the Reverend Ewan Macdonald. He it was, who was destined, a little later, to lure her from her beloved island.

In the winter of 1911, Grandmother Macneill died at the age of eighty-seven. There ended thirteen years of faithful care of one who had herself cared for the author from babyhood.

In the summer of that year, Lucy Maud Montgomery was married from her uncle's house at Park Corner, a few miles away, to the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, then in charge of the Presbyterian church at Leaskdale, Ont. They left immediately to

Continued on page 41



Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, now of Norval, Ontario, the well-beloved "L. M. Montgomery" author of "Anne of Green Gables"

reader when she learned of the manuscript's fate. She had its points all down pat. She had made up her mind to camp right there by the desk of L. C. Page until he said he would publish *Anne of Green Gables*. And camp there she did, and argued and argued and argued, until the publisher, being only a man after all, surrendered!

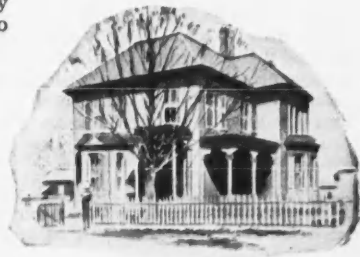
L. M. Montgomery never knew the true story of her book's acceptance until years after, when she heard it through a travelling salesman. All she knew then was that one afternoon the sunshine at Cavendish became all aglitter, because she had opened a letter from Boston saying her book was accepted for publication.

In her journal at that time, she wrote: "The book may or may not succeed. I wrote it for love not money; but very often such books are the most successful, just as everything in the world that is born of true love has life in it as nothing constructed for mercenary ends can ever have. The dream dreamed years ago, at that old brown desk in school has



Mrs. Macdonald's poetry, like her fiction, reflects her island shores.

About four years ago, the Macdonalds moved from Leaskdale to The Manse at Norval, Ontario.



THESE IMPERSONAL WOMEN!

Complications Have Set In

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE Supreme Court of the Dominion of Canada has informed us that the word "person" in the British North America Act refers to males only, and that in that Act there is no such thing as a female person. The Supreme Court of the Dominion of Canada is, of course, right. That is, it is right until some higher authority says it is wrong. There are people in Canada who are anxious that there should be no higher authority in Canada than that of the Supreme Court; in which event, of course, the Supreme Court could never in any circumstances be anything but perfectly, absolutely and supremely right. At present, however, there is one body, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which has the right to declare that the Supreme Court of Canada is wrong. But until the Privy Council has so declared, upon any given subject, the Supreme Court of Canada is right; and for the moment it must be right on the question of women and the British North America Act. In Canada, for the moment, there is no such thing as a female person.

A number of interesting and delightful consequences follow this discovery. Browsing gently through the British North America Act, that document in which the word person refers to the male of the species only, we come to Section 133. It reads as follows, and we make no apology for asking the printer to set it up with the full outfit of capital letters which appear in the original document and which make it look so much prettier and more authoritative: "Either the English or the French Language may be used by any Person in the Debates of the Houses of the Parliament of Canada and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec; and both those Languages shall be used in the respective Records and Journals of those Houses; and either of those Languages may be used by any Person or in any Pleading or Process in or issuing from any Court of Canada established under this Act and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec." Any "person" may, therefore, use the English or French language in the House of Commons; but Miss Agnes McPhail, although she sits in the House of Commons, is not a "person" under the British North America Act and cannot be summoned to the Senate. There is, therefore, no provision whatever as to the language in which she is to speak when she addresses the House. We do not know what may be the result of this omission to provide for the language to be used by members of the House of Commons, who have the misfortune not to be "persons." It looks to us like a problem which ought to be referred to the Supreme Court, for, after all, it is the Court's fault that such a problem exists. It may be that Miss McPhail has no right to address the House of Commons in any language whatsoever. It may be, on the other hand, that she has an unlimited right to address it in any language of which she happens to be master. Our own suggestion, put forward in all modesty, is that she should try addressing it in either Gaelic or Iroquois, both being languages which have a good historical background in Canada. Mr. Bourassa or Mr. Woodsworth could be relied upon to rise to a point of order, and the Speaker would then have to rule upon the subject, and whichever side he ruled against could very reasonably demand a reference to the Supreme Court.

The same problem arises when any human being who does not happen to be a "person" has occasion to speak "in . . . any Court of Canada established under this Act, and in . . . all or any of the Courts of Quebec." There is not a word in the British

North America Act about the language to be used by such human beings. Again we are left in doubt whether females have the right to use in court any language that suits them or whether they have no right to use any language at all. These questions are important, and we feel that they ought to be cleared up.

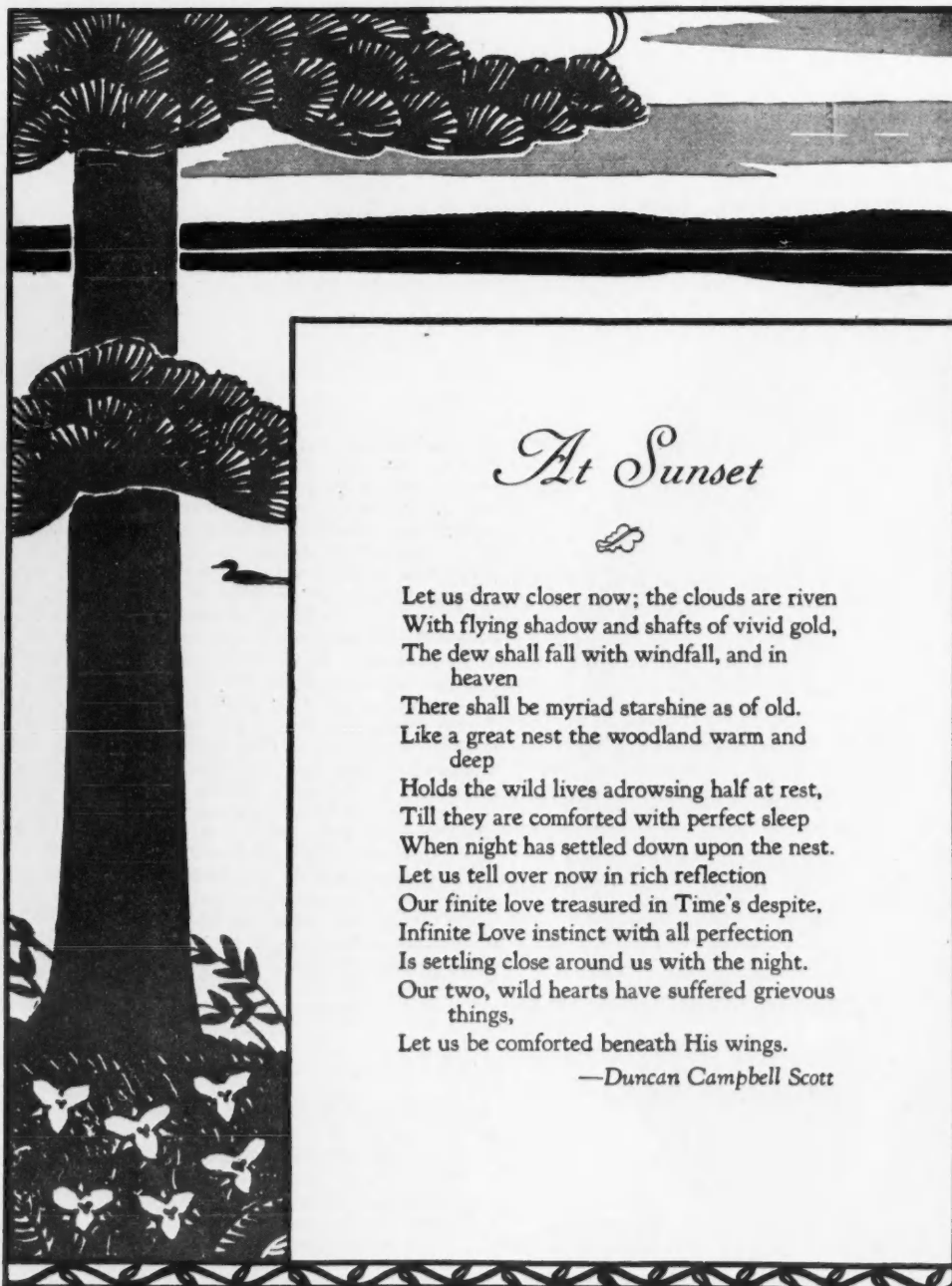
But a still more interesting problem is capable of arising in connection with the Privy Council for Canada and the Executive Council of Ontario and of Quebec. The constitution of these bodies is defined by Sections 11 and 63 of the British North America Act respectively. In Section 11 it is set forth that "the Persons who are to be Members" of the Dominion Privy Council shall be summoned and sworn in by the Governor-General. In Section 63 it is set forth that the Executive Council in each of the Provinces referred to "shall be composed of such Persons as the Lieutenant-Governor from time to time thinks fit." Clearly, no female human being can get into either of these august bodies, for a female human being is not, in the British North America Act, a person. But it is lawful for female human beings to be elected to the Parliament of Canada and to the Legislature of Ontario; and if it is lawful for female human beings to be elected to Parliament it is lawfully possible, and quite

conceivable, that at some future date Parliament might, with the exception of the seats allotted to the Province of Quebec, consist entirely of female members. Not one single soul among these members would be entitled to sit in the Privy Council. The Cabinet would have to be made up of Senators (who are "persons") and representatives from Quebec (who are restricted to the male sex.) Presumably the King's government could be carried on, but the situation would be to say the least, peculiar and difficult—something like Mr. Meighen's historic shadow Cabinet of 1926. As for the situation which would arise if the electors of Ontario decided to send nothing but women to the Legislature, it is simply impossible to envisage it at all. Presumably the Lieutenant-Governor would have to make up his Council, including "the Attorney-General, the Secretary and Registrar of the Province, the Treasurer of the Province, the Commissioner of Crown Lands and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works," entirely from "persons" without seats in the Legislative Assembly; these would have to resign as soon as the females in the Legislature voted "no confidence" in them, and would be succeeded by other males who would also have the advantage of being "persons" but the disadvantage of not being members of the Legislature, until the Lieutenant-Governor gave up the business in disgust and resigned, or until the Province of Quebec was kind enough to withdraw its objection to having the British North America Act amended so as to include female legislators in the class of "persons" or at least in the class of human beings who may be Ministers of the Crown.

The discovery, by the Supreme Court of Canada, that the

word "person" did not, in the minds of the legislators who drafted the British North America Act, apply to anything but male human beings sheds a flood of light upon the opinions of those legislators about females. It is no surprise to learn that they did not think that females could ever aspire to membership in the Privy Council or the Senate, or even in the House of Commons—though they did not, as a matter of fact, bother to erect any permanent bars against their entry into the last-named place. But they evidently also did not think that females could ever be called upon to appear in the courts of justice of the Dominion or of the Province of Quebec; for if they had, they would surely have arranged that the female should be governed by the same rules as to language as are applied to the male or "person." This does not mean merely that they did not expect women to become lawyers; in that day and age they naturally would not expect any such thing. But they must also have expected that women would never find themselves in the courts, either as plaintiffs, defendants, accused or witnesses; for there is no language prescribed in which anybody but a "person" may make himself or herself heard in court at all. It would seem to have been assumed by the Fathers of Confederation that no female human being would ever be accused of a crime or brought into court as witness concerning a crime or a suit, or would ever come into court as a plaintiff; in other words that females would never be seen or heard in the court-room. Yet strangely enough, at the very same time, by Section 141, they were also making provision for the continued operation of the Canada Penitentiary, which contained a large number of female human beings who, notwithstanding that they were not "persons," had in some way managed to get themselves brought into court, accused of crime, and finally

Continued on page 40



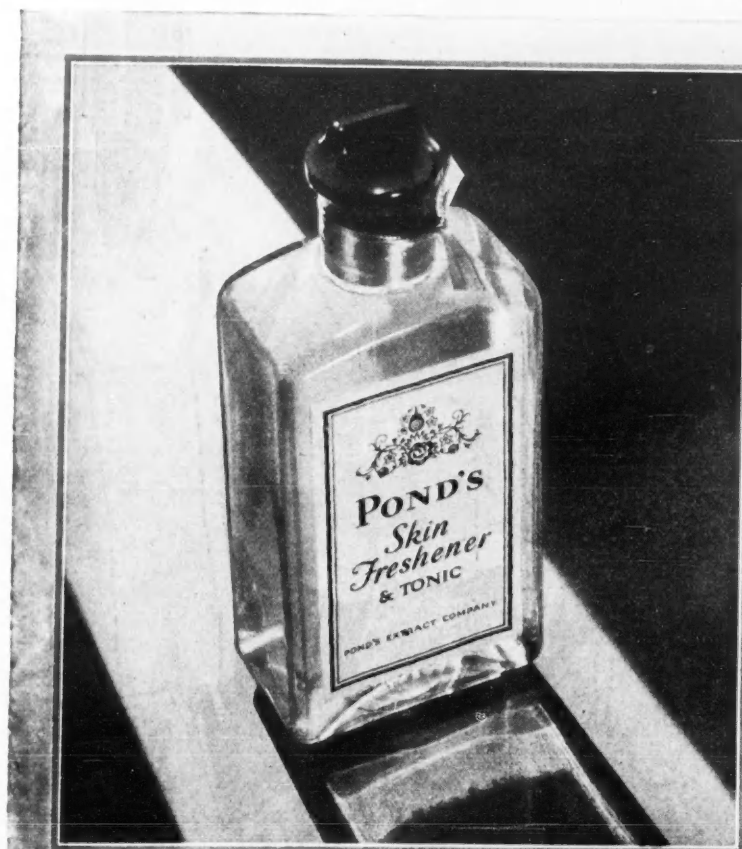
At Sunset



Let us draw closer now; the clouds are riven
With flying shadow and shafts of vivid gold,
The dew shall fall with windfall, and in
heaven
There shall be myriad starshine as of old.
Like a great nest the woodland warm and
deep
Holds the wild lives adrowsing half at rest,
Till they are comforted with perfect sleep
When night has settled down upon the nest.
Let us tell over now in rich reflection
Our finite love treasured in Time's despite,
Infinite Love instinct with all perfection
Is settling close around us with the night.
Our two, wild hearts have suffered grievous
things,
Let us be comforted beneath His wings.

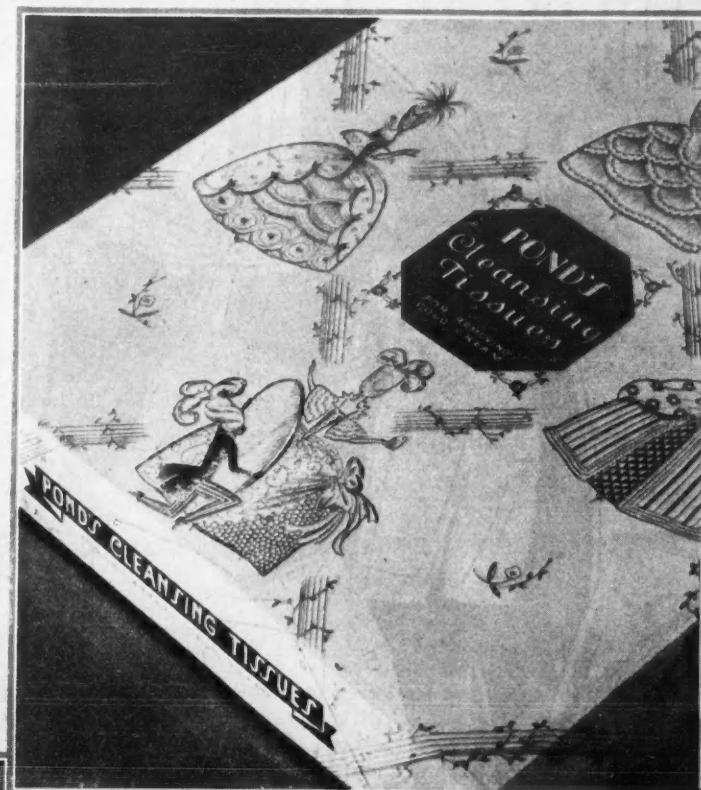
—Duncan Campbell Scott

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NEW Pond's Skin Freshener

It glorifies your skin! This fragrant tonic and mild astringent for use after Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin toned, firm, rejuvenated—with the lovely, natural color of your eighteenth birthday! 50c and \$1.00



NEW Pond's Cleansing Tissues

Softer than fine old linen—silky and fairy-fine—these dainty tissues to remove excess cream! Magically absorbent, in a trice they wipe away dirt and oil, and they are large and firm—a joy to use. 25c and 50c



The Famous Two Creams

Two delicious new Pond's preparations! Exquisite as the Two famous Creams you use to keep your skin flower-like and fine!

The Freshener is as fragrant as your coming-out party, and makes your skin fresh and bright as it looked on your eighteenth birthday! It is a tonic and mild astringent to use after Pond's Cold Cream. It closes the pores and brings the quick color to your cheeks, coaxing them to a lovely, natural glow. A faithful use is magic to clear and brighten faded and sallow skins.

The Cleansing Tissues are the very stuff that dreams are made of! Softer than fine old linen,
Made in Canada

they cannot irritate even the most delicate skin! They are just what you have wanted to remove excess cream. Marvelously absorbent they wipe away in one instant every trace of dirt and oil, and they are so firm and large—a perfect joy to use.

So now! One, two, three, four steps to radiant loveliness of fine, firm skin!

One: A lavish use of Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing to the very depths of your pores. *Two:* Remove with Pond's Tissues all the Cream and with it every speck of dirt. *Three:* Wet a pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Fresh-

ener. Gently pat it over face and neck—for several minutes, till you feel your skin deliciously toned, revived. *Four:* The daintiest hint of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder and *voilà*—your skin restored to perfect youthful firmness of texture.

A NEW OFFER: Now 10c. Trial sizes of Pond's Skin Freshener, Pond's Cleansing Tissues and the Two famous Creams! Enough to try this delightful new Pond's way for a week. Enclose 10c with this coupon.

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SEEN AT THE TROUSSEAU TEA ~



Appliqué has stepped into an entirely new place in the needlework world, and appears in the most exquisite and fragile forms. This nightdress also illustrates the use of the popular binding.



Above, details of appliqué as shown in the nightdress at left, and carefully mitred corner of whipped-on scalloped lace, as shown in lingerie set at right. These charming hand-made pieces were all done at home, and may be duplicated by any resourceful and reasonably painstaking needlewoman.

Ideas and tricks of needlework,
as they particularly affect
the bride



Two pieces from a five-piece set of nightgown, slip, step-in, bloomers and vest. A favorite French treatment is here followed, lingerie lace in a deep écreu shade on ivory crêpe de chine.

NONE but the bride deserves the fair—in lingerie—if the bride herself is to be believed! But what woman, be she spinster or matron, can view the froth of loveliness that makes up the modern trousseau without registering a prompt vow to have this or that, and at once!

These few charming ideas I have gathered for *The Chatelaine's* readers, from the lingerie of some of the season's brides. The practical viewpoint does not always dominate the bride's choice. (Praise be! for there are not many moments when we can so airily talk down reason and persist in indulging our whims and fancies.) However, I have veered away from the extremely fragile and exotic exhibits and chosen for you those which combine charm with a simple craftsmanship the home needleworker can attempt, and a promise of practical service that will satisfy a sensible as well as fastidious taste.

The lingerie chosen by this season's brides brings out some new ideas. The "set" is very much the thing, as it must be in such an ensemble age. It includes from three pieces—vest, bloomer or step-in and nightgown—to an amazing number of pieces, including even garters and pyjamas.

Vests continue to feature the opera top and ribbon shoulder straps. Bloomers of good cut, adequately reinforced, vie with step-ins; straight slips, with sufficient fulness introduced by means of cleverly-set pleats or side fulness, are given tailored or trimmed treatment. Gowns are infinite in their variety of cut—from the simple type illustrated, to the briefest little knee-length, lace-trimmed, hand-tucked or pleated trifles.

Of course, the lingerie imported from France sets the pace. Some of it is amazingly modest in price, while the cost of a single set I saw the other day, would almost outfit some of the season's brides.

Yet with a dependable pattern to give the knowing line and the perfect fit that are the first essentials in all the good undies, the girl who is willing to set in fine careful stitches, and to catch some of the little tricks that give the French lingerie so much of its distinction, can do wonders at reproducing some of the loveliest effects.

The trousseau from which the things illustrated on this page were chosen, contained many exquisite imported pieces and a number of others made by the

bride herself. All the illustrations shown are from the latter group, and lend color to the claim that one could not have drawn a line between the home-made and the French models—largely due to the selection of telling designs, great in effectiveness for the amount of skill and work require



This robe is of flowered cut velvet, trimmed with maribou

Appliqué, for instance, has stepped into an entirely new place in the needlework world, and appears in the most exquisite and fragile forms, yet it presents no difficulties to the fairly competent needlewoman. We became accustomed to the small squares and oblongs of mull or crêpe de chine inset with hem-stitching, to augment the much-liked drawn-work trimming. Now we see on the imported models, and in the copies of them made by clever needlewomen, all manner of exquisitely tinted blossoms that might have been dropped there by a garden-haunting breeze. Fairylike as they are, however, these appliquéd trimmings are truly serviceable. This is the manner of their fashioning:

Special designs for appliqué are plentiful, and if one of these is chosen, the directions accompanying it will be quite explicit. Usually, the design is stamped in its entirety, on the ground material, and each individual piece on the proper colored goods. These detail pieces are cut out, and basted in the places indicated in the complete design.

Very often, we desire to appliqué a design that is made for use as an embroidery pattern. Single blossoms such as those shown in the nightdress illustrated, sprays and clusters that are not really intricate, can be adapted quite easily to our glorified patchwork. This was done in the case of the nightgown shown.

The ordinary pattern was stamped on rose crêpe de chine and cut out roughly, some distance beyond the outline. The pieces were arranged on the front of the finished nightdress and basted flat. A single thread (fine mercerized embroidery thread is better to work with than silk) was run around the edge of the design, outlining each petal and detail and basting the flower flatly to the base material.

Only when the work has been carried to this point, is it time to begin to close-cut the flower to its true outline. Never make the mistake of cutting much of the pattern at a time; the edges quickly fray or curl. Cut just a short section ahead of the actual work, leaving a small fraction of an inch of the material outside the basting thread.

The common over-and-over stitch or close whipping, is used for the outlining and it should be kept quite fine and the stitches very, very close together. One has to realize beforehand that only patient, careful stitchery

Continued on page 39



The foundation of charm is the gracious confidence of personal irreproachableness

Every one else knows instantly

*How can you be sure
about yourself?*

Women of breeding have discovered a simple healthful step in their toilette that assures them complete personal irreproachableness

THE woman of the world allows no fears or uneasiness as to her own personal irreproachableness to intrude on her busiest day, her most important evenings.

The embarrassment and humiliation of offending by a trace of perspiration odor, a stained frock, a damp wilted appearance she serenely rules out by keeping the underarm always dry and sweet smelling.

She is never troubled by a bit of moisture in the warmest weather, at times of nervousness and excitement or when she exercises. For she makes Odorono just as regular a part of her toilette as soap and water cleanliness. It is simply applied on the underarm after the bath a few times a week and the underarm stays dry and fresh day in day out.

ODORONO checks perspiration on the underarm or any other small area where it is troublesome and offensive. If you have never used it you cannot imagine the relief of being *sure* you are protected from the serious social handicap of noticeable perspiration or its odor. You know how quickly you notice it in others, how hard it is to be sure about yourself with ordinary precautions.

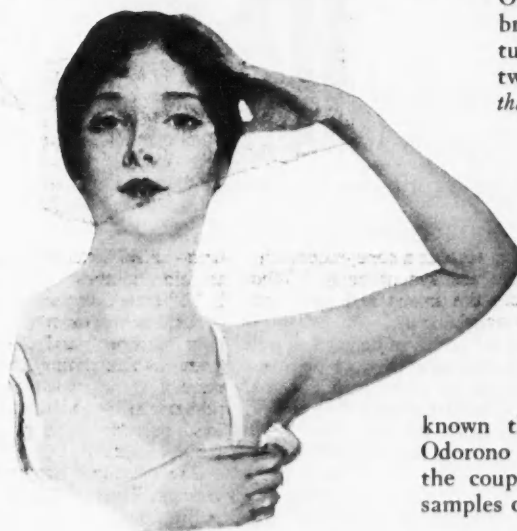
Your own physician will explain

to you that it is perfectly safe and healthful to check perspiration with Odorono. Contrary to former popular belief perspiration does not rid the body of poisons. It is over 99% water and its principal function is the regulation of body temperature. Checking it in small areas has no injurious effects.

A physician himself perfected the formula for Odorono and it has been widely recommended by physicians all over the world for eighteen years. So regular a part of the fastidious toilette that more than four million bottles are used every year.

There are now two kinds of Odorono. The regular Odorono (ruby colored) brings freedom from moisture and odor with one or two applications a week, *used the last thing at night*. And Odorono No. 3, milder (colorless) especially prepared for very sensitive skins and for more frequent use.

At toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. The soft, practically odorless new Odorono Cream Depilatory, 50c. If you have never known the ease and confidence Odorono gives you send 10c and the coupon for the little kit of samples offered below.



ODORONO is simply applied on the underarm a few times a week after the bath, and the underarm stays dry and fresh no matter how hot the weather or how much you exercise. It is so regular a part of the fastidious toilette that over four million bottles are used every year

The Odorono Company, Ltd., Dept. E-6 468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.
I enclose 10c for 4 samples.

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Street _____

City _____ Province _____

(Print name and address plainly)

Made in
Canada

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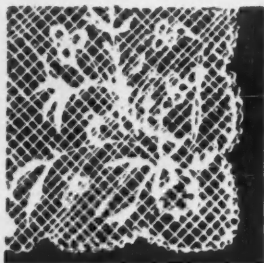
Mail coupon and 10c for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono, Odorono No. 3, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.

Dainty Details for the Bridal Outfit

As Seen and Recorded in Canadian Houses



LINGERIE! What a vision of frills and furbelows the word conjures up! And lingerie for the June bride—things dainty and diaphanous, not in the least prosy or practical in appearance, but that wear and wash well—that is the demand of the bride of to-day. Rayon and the better silk crêpes, fashioned into charming and delectable “undies” by the various Canadian manufacturers seem to fill every requirement. There are negligées and nighties; coolie coats and matinées; step-ins, brassieres, knickers and envelopes of every description, to say nothing of some very interesting developments in the field of what used to be known as corsetry. Yes, the old-fashioned corset is now called a foundation garment, and rightly, too, for it is the foundation on which we must build all our smartness.



Some veils are in white.

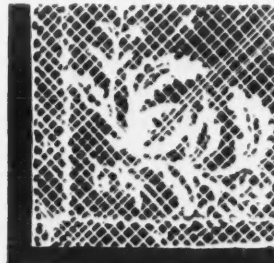
So let us commence with the foundation garment. An ensemble (brassiere and step-in)

is of flesh-colored crêpe de chine, two thicknesses of the silk being used to add durability to its daintiness. Side sections and “V” of elastic give the necessary flexibility, while Valenciennes lace and circular cross-stitch motifs add a certain charm. The whole is a very “bridey” garment indeed (3, from The Canadian H. W. Gossard Company). Equally so is a brassiere of écru lace, finished at the bottom with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace. The shoulder straps are of pink satin ribbon, and the whole is delightful—so delightful, in fact, that it is almost impossible to believe that it is not expensive. (2, from The Canadian H. W. Gossard Company.)

If the bride-to-be wishes to have her foundation garments made to order, she can do so at one firm at least; and if a pilgrimage is made to the specialty shop where they are sold, she may benefit by the advice and experience of the

designer herself. A garment combining brassiere and girdle is illustrated (19, Lady Mac Corsets). There is almost no boning, and it depends on the cleverness of its cut to shape and mould the figure. The material used to fashion it is a silky but strong fabric, while hand knitted elastic side sections and “V” insert in the front add to its pliability. Elastic shoulder straps and pulley garters are also excellent features. This same garment may be had in two layers of cable-net in both white and flesh; developed in this material it is delightfully cool, and inexpensive as well—an ideal thing for summer wear.

If one is really slight, a narrow garter-belt is permissible. One worthy of any trousseau was noted, made of fine écru lace mounted on net combined with pink silk elastic. Bound with ribbon and decorated with tiny rosebuds, it nevertheless, formed a very satisfactory base for four very practical



Others are in palest pink.

Continued on page 38



Worth many times its price as a protection to health

THREE times a day, three hundred and sixty-five days a year, Frigidaire electric refrigeration safeguards the health of your family. It is the trusted safeguard of baby's health. It maintains constant, low temperatures which keep foods fresh and wholesome—a service which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. Yet it is a service which is well within the means of the average family. For General Motors production methods result in low prices and terms that make Frigidaire surprisingly easy to buy. The new Tu-Tone models in all the beauty of white and grey porcelain enamels will particularly interest you. See them at the showrooms, or write for attractively illustrated booklets.

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Branches in principal cities throughout Canada

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GENERAL MOTORS

A-Traveling We Will Go!

And Some Smart Luggage to Go With Us



Cowhide in black and shark or cobra grain; in gray, tan or blonde alligator grain, is a foremost leather in smart luggage choice. Even such colors of romance as robin's egg blue in shiny leather, and fawn in semi-suede, appear. Black enamelled duck is still smart, and wardrobe trunks sport a covering of amethyst fibre with black fibre bindings.

There are many new gadgets for the traveller—among them the new wardrobe suit cases, which include hangers and compartments. For the motorist, "car racks" and cases to fit them are provided. The new wardrobe trunks accommodate both masculine and feminine apparel. Fittings think nothing of including the full-top bevelled mirror, and ingenuity provides the leather-cased medicine glass.

THERE is hardly a wedding without a honeymoon, and honeymoons and luggage are synonymous. Who among us does not adore the smart and new, and yearn to make it a part of the travelling kit?

The ensemble idea is still in its zenith in luggage as well as in wearables. For example, consider the four-piece set consisting of overnight bag in satchel style, drum hat-box, a smaller case and suit-case. The first three are to be had in tan, blonde, or gray alligator grain cowhide. The tan or blonde suitcases are trimmed with gilt, the gray with nickel.

Two of the pieces are illustrated, but the others, equally intriguing, must be imagined. (Top left; The M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company of Toronto, Limited).

Another pleasing ensemble is of fawn semi-suede. Both round hat-box and suitcase have bindings of brown cowhide, a color harmony in high favor this season; while

brass-plated locks and catches, and art silk lining are the finishing touches. (Third and fourth down, left side; The L. McBrine Company, Limited). A very smart pair indeed.

Perhaps one or two pieces only are needed to complete your luggage "wardrobe." We recommend a black cobra grain cowhide overnight bag for example (really a very convenient thing), with padded silk lining, and two shirred pockets inside, hand-stitched frame, and handle and gilt locks outside. (Left central group; The L. McBrine Company, Limited).

The overnight bag stands on a fitted case with rounded corners. The case of black cowhide, this time in shark grain, is lined with silk and quite completely equipped with ten toilet articles of blue, gold, or pink pearl on amber. (Left, central group; The L. McBrine Company, Limited.)

A square hat case is an innovation. Of black cobra grain cowhide lined in moiré, it satisfies the eye, as well as the practical soul of the beholder. (Second from top, right; The L. McBrine Company, Limited).

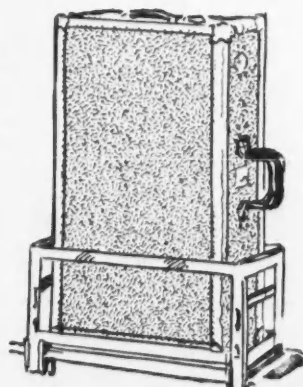
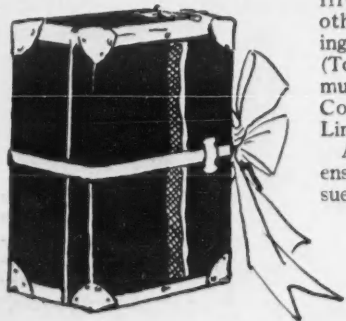
A motor, or visiting case, will be of great use on many occasions. Its glistening black enamelled duck surface, wide bindings of heavy cowhide, central strap, and lever locks and rivets of brass, combine to make it a travelling companion for the smartest of costumes. One must not fail to mention the fancy cloth lining and removable dress tray. Lower left; The M. Langmuir Manufacturing Company, of Toronto, Limited.)

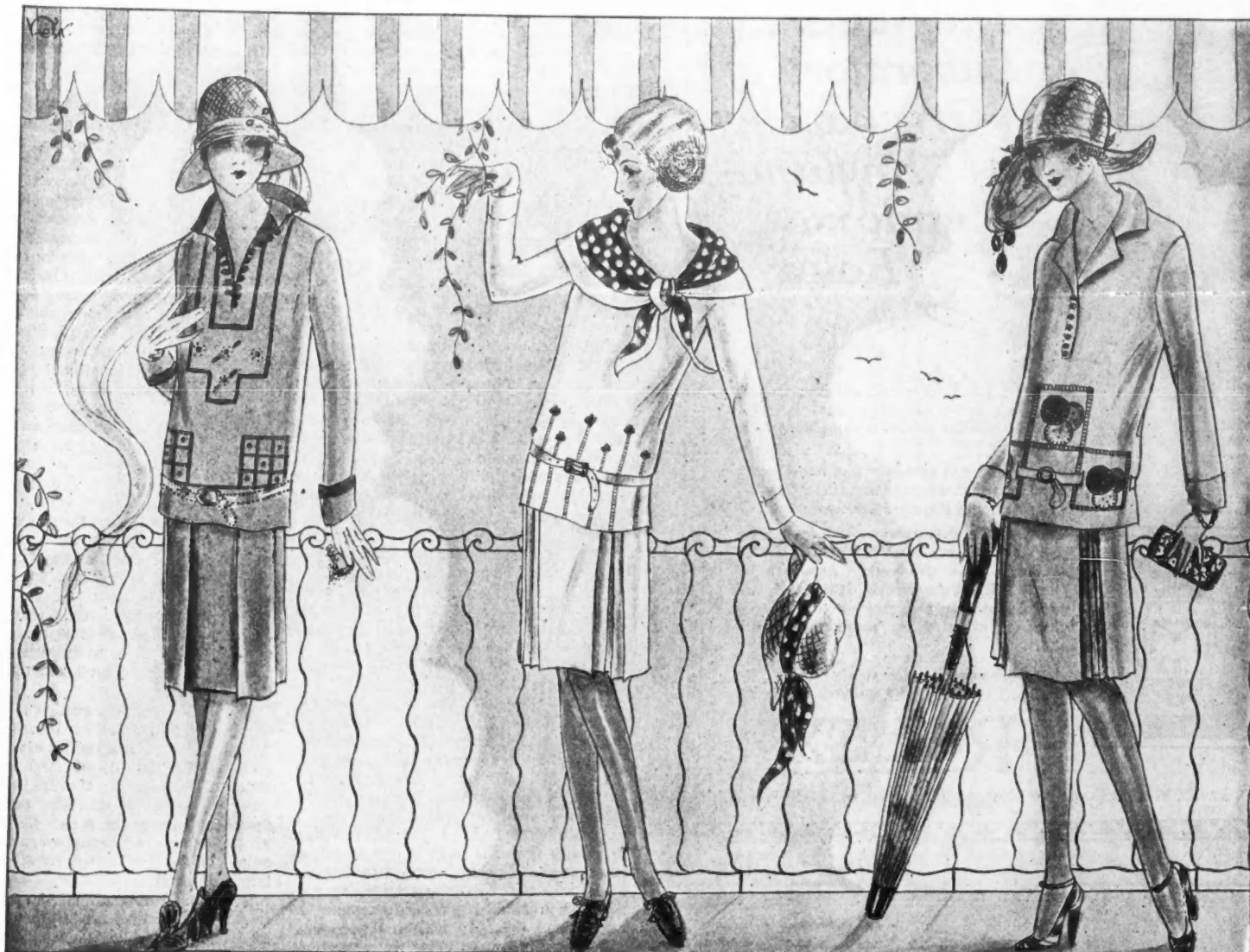
The bridegroom must not be forgotten, and, for him, there is a cowhide Gladstone bag with more than an echo of smartness, linen lined, in black or brown, distinctly masculine. (Lower left central group; Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Limited).

Of fitted cases there are any number, but two have a distinct flavor of novelty.

One, almost square in shape, and only twelve inches in length, has a large bevelled mirror in the cover, and on a removable stand eight pearl-on-amber fittings in blue, orchid, rose, green, white or maize. It is made in alligator grain cowhide, with fine silk moiré lining, or in black cobra grain, minus the nail buffer. It is a small but luxurious affair, and under the tray is plenty of room for the modern nightie and

Continued on page 47





Three stunning Sports Models in Spider Web by Dresses Limited, Toronto which may be had at the best Stores throughout Canada

The Season's Most Popular Fabric for Sports Costumes:

**SPIDER
WEB**

SPIDER WEB has made a swift flight from Paris to give the cachet of authority to the summer modes. This triumph in dress fabrics has sprung into international favor... nothing like it has ever dawned upon the fashion horizon.

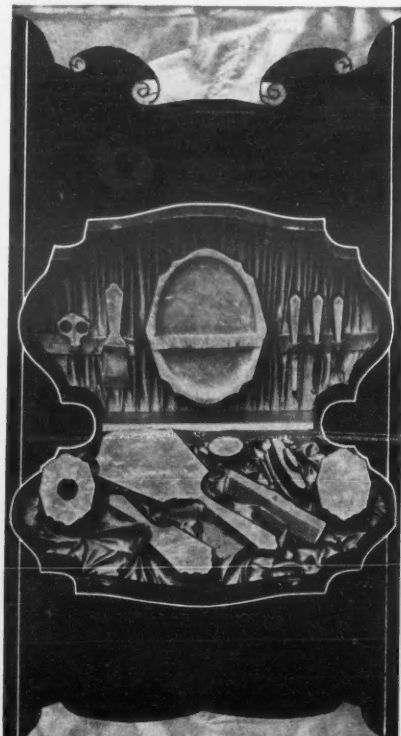
Spider Web is the sheerest, finest and most exquisitely delicate wool fabric ever produced from the loom. It is uncrushable; it will not wrinkle or crease. It moulds itself into those

fashionable lines, drapes and pleats of this season's silhouette. Its beauty, its infallible chic and its adaptability have made

Spider Web the favorite with the famous couturiers of Paris. It is equally smart for sports wear, dressy afternoon frocks, the sports type of dinner gown—for the ensemble and smart suits. Spider Web may be had in a variety of perfectly adorable shades.

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MANUFACTURED BY
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that those spiky first cousins of hers with their penchant for weird hats, sprawling high-heel shoes and violent frocks will have to go before the third degree ones from Paris in the lovely dresses that she helped them choose! A French wedding can never be a pageant as ours sometimes are, so long as relatives are so important.

SO MUCH for that. To come back to Canadian brides-to-be; for the girl who does not want to make a fuss; who wants to be married in a hat, as she would say, there is a great choice of frocks in pale colored *mousselines de soie*, made with long coats in the same material, one of the light summer furs weighing down the hems. The collar of the coat could be a narrow band broadening into scarf ends that would be worn thrown over each shoulder. Or there could be no fur on the hem, but one of those new Worth ruffs, a band of fox with two tails suspended from chords. There could be even diamond ornaments to fasten each tail to its chord.

If the bride wishes to go straight from the church to the train, the *couturiers* suggest semi-tailored models, in *moiré* or satin, or reps; long coats lined with the same stuff and pattern as the frock underneath. They suggest, too, coat frocks opening over bright colored petticoats, spotted or flowered, and tweed overcoats.

There is no difficulty in choosing something to go away in. The new Chanel tweed coats, reaching almost to the hem of the skirt and finished all about with the selvedge showing are ideal for traveling. Underneath, one wears a frock in some soft flowered or spotted material, or in one of the new jerseys threaded with gold or silver, with a drop stitch design, or even quite plain. One

The Great Designers Dress the Bride

Continued from page 21



Combination of pink crêpe de chine trimmed with overlays of crêpe de chine of the same color, but different shade. The skirt is trimmed with broad pleats. Le-long.

could have a tweed skirt and a knitted jumper with a big bar design across it, or one with more sedate geometric figures. Or one could travel in a striped suit with a pleated skirt, the pleats "lined" with the plain foundation color. Then there are three-quarter flouncy coats in light weight materials that let one glimpse the printed crêpe de chine frock underneath. They are to be worn scooped up in front so that the frock shows in a fair-sized frill below.

One can choose a *tailleur* with a short coat that only comes to the hips and is tied at the neck with strings. Or it could be one that

fits slightly and has a narrow standing-up collar at back, and narrow, rolling, un-notched revers in front. With the two just mentioned, one would wear, as a matter of course, a real blouse that went under the skirt, either of lace or crêpe de chine.

One could travel in a cape—for goodness knows there are capes galore to choose from—but, personally, I cannot abide a cape unless it be a fussy afternoon model or one for the evening. Other times, they strike me as mere complications. You feel so armless in them, and armless you are, with one imprisoned and the other trying to keep the wretched affair from catching on the surrounding landscape.

ALL this information was gleaned at the summer openings and now that they are all over and one has time to think about them, one discovers that wraps and *tailleurs* and what are called sports clothes, have changed scarcely at all. It is the evening and the afternoon models that have become different, at least from the waist down. Bodices are just as plain as ever. It is on the skirts that all the amusing new things in trimming happen.

Everyone is trying hard to get away from the hard boy-

ish line. Here's Lucien Lelong, the apostle of youth, crying out that the meagre boney figure can

no longer stand as the pattern of feminine beauty; demanding something better aesthetically than either the school girl figure or the lath-like one. It is rather amusing to hear him now. He has quite forgotten the star part he played in putting the string bean on the fashion map. Assuredly we are at the commencement of an era of intensified femininity in the matter of clothes.

Last time I wrote, I said we were getting back to frills. I was putting it very, very mildly. We are going to move in a regular *tourbillon* of them this summer. Some of the new ones go decorously in prim tiers round and round a skirt, others corkscrew from hip to hem. Some climb to a point in front; others to a point in the back. On one frock I noted the frills formed an apron shape, and from the point where they met in the back, two other frills spiralled down like apron strings, the ends trailing below the hem line.

All these frills are tacked on to slim foundations, otherwise they would look bunched. I'm sorry to say it, but one simply cannot be plump and wear them, particularly frills that are all sprinkled over with tiny flowers or madly dotted.

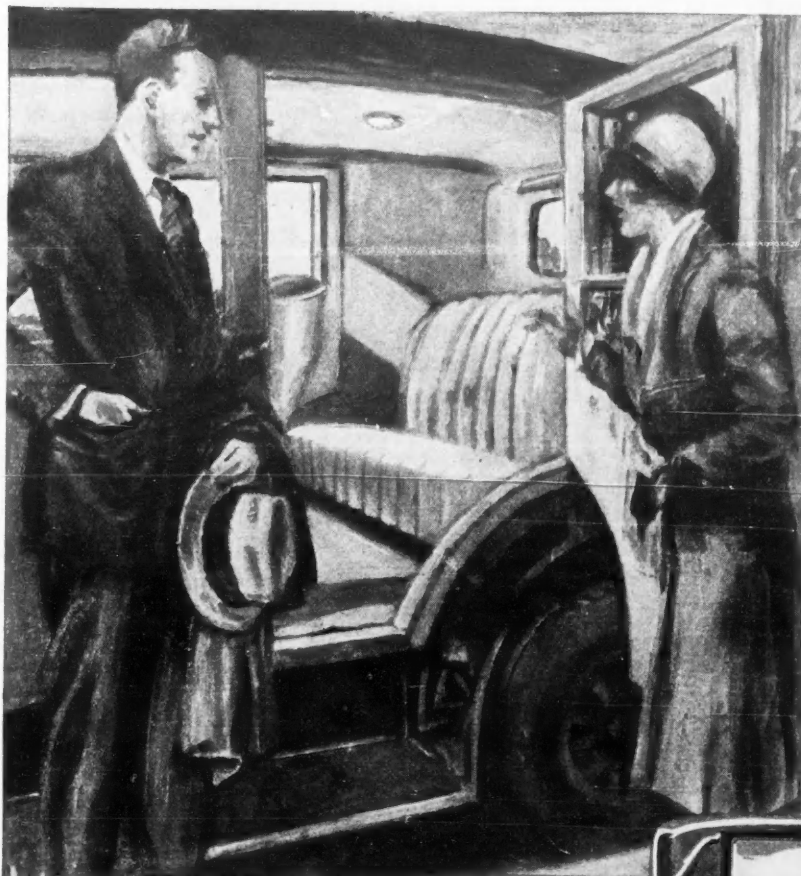
Flower-patterned chiffons and *mousselines* are everywhere one turns, and in the most exquisite combinations of color. There's something so beautifully impractical about them for daytime frocks. They are so fragile, some of them, you can see them only on lovely sylph-like ladies, happy creatures who have nothing else to do the live-long day but fold their white hands and by some pool's gray rim, watch the graceful progress of swans. They would seem to be created



At left, night gown model from Drécoll in pale rose-colored crêpe de chine trimmed with ivory tinted lace. Note the little-more-than knee length. At right, a combination from Drécoll in triple voile, faintly pink, lace-trimmed with dentelle d'Alençon.

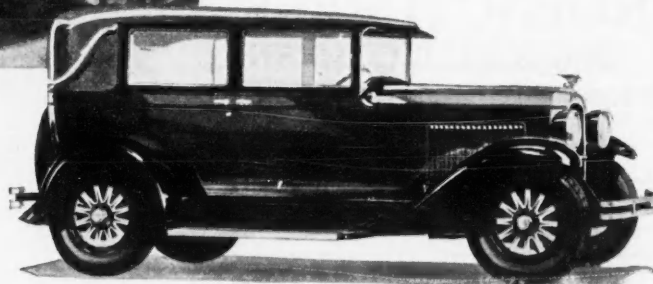


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CANADIAN ARTIST SERIES CHRISTMAS CARDS

only for those whose sole occupation is to be lovely. Practical or not, no bride should be without at least two of them in her trousseau. They make the sort of frock that men seem to be able to appreciate immediately without having their imaginations nudged.

For real wear there are the flowered silks and no end of charming ways to "Make them up." Worth puts flat, butterfly bows right on the front of rippling skirts. Or you can have them with a frill standing out back and sides, divided and flattened in front. Remember always to keep your hips trim and the upper part of you Quakerishly prim.

I'm not forgetting about pleated skirts but everybody knows they have become classics, so why mention them!

COUTURIERS follow one another like sheep in the matter of taffeta frocks. They all make tight bodices and wishy skirts for afternoon wear. One Worth model stands out in my mind because of the fine linen fichu folded across the corsage and the amusing motif embroidered on one corner of it, a tiny clipper in blue silk with all its sails spread to the wind. And that du Maurier-ish frock of Louise-boulanger in black with a small, pink flower pattern! The skirt was literally dragged up to the back, the folds caught under a tremendous big bow that looked like a bustle.

Having called up that Worth fichu, reminds me that this is a season of accessories, belts and buckles and collars and cuffs and jabots. Nothing is so superlatively lady-like as ruffles of sheer linen, but no one can persuade me that a lace collar is smart. Handkerchiefs, on the contrary, can be made to look festive, especially the new dotted ones.

Its easy though, to give a smart note to fairly plain things. All one needs is a sparkly buckle or a pair of sparkly rings, bracelet size, the kind women have been wearing by the yard on their arms. One can use the buckles to keep a bow in its place and the rings to slip floating panels through.

According to Louise-boulanger, the place to wear a flower is right in the middle of one's chest. Lucien Lelong still fashions them in the material of the gown and sprawls them on a shoulder. With due respect to Lucien and the lady with the telescoped name, flowers are not being worn "no how, no where." Any chic gathering of Parisiennes will be witness for me.

To come back to taffetas. Those for the evening, parade as robe de style or they are wrapped tightly round the figure with a huge chou or bow at one side, giving that smart lop-sided look to the silhouette, which was introduced last winter.

The prettiest dance frocks are those with skirts made of layers and layers of petal-edged black or colored chiffon. I have no liking for lace gowns. I have yet to meet one that didn't have something of a dowager look about it, and since everybody knows the dowager no longer exists these enlightened days, I simply cannot understand why the dressmakers persist in showing them.

IT IS simply impossible to put down the different ways there are of "doing" necks. The newest are the diagonal ones, cut so high on one shoulder the bodice joins together normally and so low on the other that a jewelled strap or a narrow one of flowers

is necessary to hold the back to the front. There are quaint, puffed sleeves that just cover the shoulders and others the merest frills that go well with young frocks, but I think the majority of the new berthas have somewhat of a dowdy look.

It seems to me also that the back droop is being exaggerated. It looks amusing, if you see it once in a long while, but imagine coming suddenly into a roomful of women all looking as if they were losing their balance.

In truth never were the fashions so full of pitfalls for the unwary as now. It is decidedly more difficult to be well-dressed this season than it was last, for instance. I do not mean just suitably dressed, but dressed suitably and in the movement. Almost anyone could be smart when frocks were simple, unadorned tubes. One dieted until one resembled a wand, hung an oblong of cloth from one's shoulders, put one's head in a bowl—*et voila!* With all this new drapery and "drippy" and so many unsuccessful essays to change the silhouette signed and sent out by the Great Ones, it is the easiest matter in the world to go wrong; I mean for those who follow the fashions like sheep. The woman with a feeling for clothes always knows how to adopt the styles which suit her. She winnows them, as it were, and you would be surprised how very few are left when she has completed the process.

Let me interject that no woman can be well-dressed who does not know her physical type. One does hear such a lot of twaddle talked about dressing to suit one's personality—as if personality were a matter of legs and arms. The all-important thing to remember is to dress to disguise your weak points. Your good ones will take care of themselves.

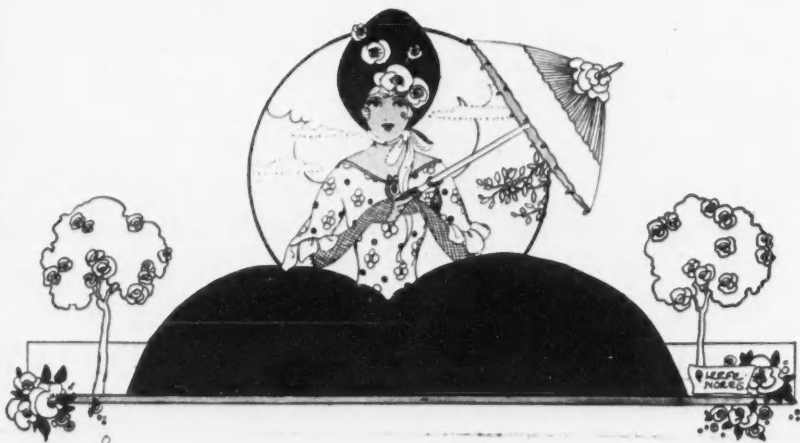
Also, unless your dressmaker is something of a genius, do not ask her to copy intricate drapery. I have in mind an evening frock, a closely-fitted sheath of silver and mauve brocade swathed about the hips from whence hung a series of scarf-like panels, pale mauve and green and pink. Perhaps she'll get the effect, but perhaps again you will only look as if you had collected all the family dusters!

So much for outer things. Fascinating as they are, under ones are still more fascinating. The outer frilliness has penetrated, but you must be careful to put the frills on yokes so there will be no bulk. It is no longer considered a social sin to wear artificial lace so long as it is gossamer fine and tinted to look like old ivory. But there must be no ribbons! Even the shoulder straps must be made of folded tulle.

Some of the new nightgowns are as short as dresses and some of the new pajamas only cover the knees, but I wouldn't copy that style. They look horrid. Those for wear about one's apartment have such wide legs, that the two put together would make almost a skirt. They look awkward and amusing at the same time.

Deshabilles are just lengths of delicately tinted chiffon or crepe or satin with floaty sleeves weighted down with fur or bordered with swansdown or quiltings of silver or gold thread. Sometimes the points of "angel" sleeves are held to the wrists with glittering bracelets. Boudoir caps are making a shy reappearance; wisps of lace tied behind with

Continued on page 42





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On her wedding day, a bride lives in that fierce light which beats about the throne, and is expected to present a flawless appearance

THE PROMISE OF BEAUTY

"As a Bride Adorneth Herself"

By MAB

EVEN in Bible times, a bride was expected to look her loveliest on her wedding day, to adorn herself for her husband. On this Day of Days, a bride lives in that fierce light which beats about the throne and is expected to present a flawless appearance. There must be no rust on her armour anywhere.

All too often a bride is so fagged after weeks of shopping and sewing and the round of entertainments which are considered necessary preludes to the wedding, that she does not feel at her best on the most important day of her life. Irregularity of living, and insufficient sleep are manifested in drooping lines, pallor and general lassitude, which cannot be entirely obliterated by such surface aids as powder and rouge. A little time is required to repair the damage of weeks, but given this little time, it is possible to perform wonders with a treatment which I shall describe to you, and which should really be undertaken the day before the wedding.

For the tired face and drooping spirits of the bride, I cannot imagine anything more restoring than a facial pack. It may interest brides to know that in ancient Egypt and Greece the use of this aid to beauty was a regular custom. The facial packs were known as 'Husband Masks,' perhaps because they were considered a necessary element in the serious business of enthralling a husband. They may have been invented by Cleopatra or Helen of Troy, whose methods of attracting men were so eminently successful!

First of all one must be very particular to choose a clay pack that is the product of a reputable firm, and that is not artificially colored or bleached—a pack that will be beneficial from every standpoint. Of course, if one goes to a first-class Beauty Parlor for this treatment, one can be fairly sure of receiving a guaranteed treatment, but I am supposing that the bride-to-be has little time for her beauty treatment, and like many of us, has also to consider the matter of dollars and cents. Personally I prefer having a facial pack at home with my own selection of clay. I usually give an hour to this treatment. First of all a warm, wet towel should be applied to the face to open the pores. Then the clay should be quickly smeared all over the face and throat while

they are still damp, using the fingers for this purpose, and leaving no part uncovered. Speed is an important part of this treatment. When the face and throat are completely covered, lie down flat—no pillow—and relax every muscle of the body, and forget everything unpleasant. Day-dream and invite your soul until peace descends upon you like a benediction. While the clay is drying, it draws to itself every foreign substance from the pores of the face and neck, and at the same time acts upon the skin as a stimulant.

When the pack is thoroughly dry, it should be removed with a towel wet with tepid water. After drying the face, apply cold cream lightly using the outward, upward movements described in the first article in this department. It is a good idea to take this treatment at night, because the cold cream can be left on. If it is absolutely necessary to go out, however, this treatment will make you look rested and glowing. The cold cream should be thoroughly wiped off, and a piece of ice covered with soft linen rubber, briskly over the face and throat to close the pores. The result of this is surprisingly refreshing. After this the skin is like satin, and is ready for the cream that is used as a powder base, the make-up is applied—and there you are! Nature never intended that any of us should have poor complexions, and this treatment is a back-to-nature gesture, which is bound to have beneficial results. A perfect skin is a tremendous asset to the woman who wants to make the most of her looks, and she should learn ways and means to retain and enhance this gift of the gods.

The morning hours before the wedding ceremony, should be the bride's very own to beautify and adorn herself and to see visions and dream dreams of the days to come. If she has taken the facial pack just described, she will feel rested and refreshed, and this condition will be further enhanced by a hot perfumed bath. There are bath salts that give the spicy fragrance of the pine forests to your bath, and although too many hot baths are likely to be sagging, an occasional one in which it is possible to completely relax for a few minutes, topped off with a cold shower is an excellent preparation for a special event.

Like the facial pack, the perfumed bath
Continued on page 47

When the child enters the world he is unfettered by habits, but all the machinery for their rapid acquirement is ready to be set in motion.



Human beings are bundles of habits acquired in the course of living. Habits of acting, thinking, and emotion combine to make up the intangible quality, personality.

PSYCHOLOGY and CHILD STUDY

The Making and Breaking of Habits

By FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

THE most important factor in the life of the child is that which we term habit. The word here is not used in the restricted lay sense that associates it mainly with undesirable actions, but in the wider application which includes all the customary reactions exhibited by individuals in the round of daily life.

Human beings are bundles of habits acquired in the course of living. Habits of acting, thinking and emotion combine to make up the intangible quality known as personality. When the child enters the world he is unfettered by habits, but all the machinery for their rapid acquirement is ready to be set in motion. He is endowed from birth with the equipment necessary to satisfy the fundamental needs of the organism and little stimulation is needed to start it functioning. Because he is alive he has an urge to keep on living and so must eat, drink, sleep and perform the other functions necessary to the preservation of life.

It is easiest to begin habit-forming with the basic requirements of the child, and on these build up the complicated structure of personal and social habits which will be useful in adult life. Whether these shall be desirable or undesirable depends on the training which the child receives, and birth is not too early to start building. Doctors and nurses show that they realize the importance of immediately instituting a routine when they decree that the infant shall be fed only every three or every four hours and not when he cries. Depending on the individual child, insistence is placed on a definite feeding time, and very soon the baby has become so accustomed to receiving nourishment at regular intervals that he becomes hungry at his own particular meal time.

It is astonishing how quickly the child's potentialities become modified and moulded by this thing called habit, which has as many different guises as there are classes and races of people. What may be deemed highly desirable in one corner of the world, may be most reprehensible behavior in another. The type of habit followed by the child is largely colored by the environment in which he is born. Efficiency in dressing is wasted where there are no clothes to don, and so it is that the society in which we live is a deciding factor in the habits which we acquire. But, wherever or whatever we are by accident of birth, the way in which we eat, speak, sleep, meet situations, fit into society or business, in effect, whether we are successes or failures, depends almost entirely on the habits of thought and action with which we have equipped ourselves or to which we have been trained.

How, then, can desirable habits be acquired? First of all, every habit presupposes learning. Did you ever watch a baby when

a bright-colored ball is held before him for the first time? His eyes fasten on the attractive plaything, and his whole body moves in an effort to reach it. If the ball is presented time after time, these movements localize in the arms and hands which reach out after the toy. At last he touches it and then succeeds in closing his fingers around it. Finally he can hold it without unconsciously loosening his grip. He has now mastered the art of grasping. Through repeated practice, he becomes adept in seizing and holding objects, and the habit is so ingrained that he no longer hesitates when a desired object appears in his line of vision. Every piece of learning undertaken is accomplished in a similar way. This so-called trial and error method is common to all. Success comes at first by chance, in the effort to gain a desired goal; skill is acquired by repetition; all tentative, unnecessary steps are discarded, and the habit becomes fixed.

Up to a certain point, animal and human learning processes are the same. The human advantage lies in our ability to learn by imitation and observation as well as by manipulation. The result is, that by bringing thought and reason to bear on the problem presented, man combines his observations and maps out a plan of action which leaps over intervening steps and selects the most direct route.

WHILE practice will fix a habit, repetition alone does not insure its firm establishment. Unless the individual experiences some emotional satisfaction in the gaining of skill, the habit will not be on a sound basis. For the small child who is interested in learning to do what others are doing for the feeling of power which successful accomplishment brings, no urging is needed. The infant who, after many tedious and laborious trials, has learned to lace his shoes, gets a big enough thrill out of the mere fact that he can now do this for himself to insure no lapse in the muscular co-ordination secured through his efforts. The older child may have to be stimulated by more or less artificial means before he will do what is necessary. Often parents are hard pressed to furnish a sufficiently strong motive to make Marjory put away her clothes, or compel John to appear with a clean face. We all feel that these are social habits on which we must insist, and some way of gaining the desired end has to be found. It is then that praise, blame, rewards and punishments enter the field. If a strong enough motive could be found, it is reasonable to suppose that all habits might be in the same class as walking and speaking, and no stimulation but a natural desire to conform to social customs, be required.

Once firmly established, habits have



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pieces of one set are shown as example. Net footing joins forces with heavy laces to decorate exquisite things of white bridal crêpe. In place of the usual hem they are slit at either side, the resulting corners curved away, and the whole finished with a ruffle of the net. The nightgown (10, Ida May Lingerie, Dake Mfg. Co.) is of the sleeveless sort, a fold of net finishing arm-hole and shoulder. Groups of pin-tucks and a spray of little rosebuds are the decoration, and the gown is girdled by a small tie-belt of the crêpe. These same tucks are used on both step-ins (9, Ida May Lingerie), and combination (11, from the same house). The former are fitted to a front yoke with pleats for added fullness; the latter cut, and shirred at each side, the band top finished with lace and net, and narrow shoulder-straps of the silk crêpe. Brassieres of these sets are always made of the silk mounted on net, sans trimming (unless the narrow shirred section run with elastic can be called trimming), and hooked securely at the back. The bridal sets are, as a matter of course, made in white, but if one wishes they can be

had in delicate flower tones of all colors.

What could be a more pleasurable occupation than the choosing of lingerie for the bride?—And we have only touched on the fringe of what the designers have to offer us, for there is not space for more.

Bridal veils play such an important rôle that they cannot be neglected, however. Some are in all white with quite elaborately embroidered corners and scalloped edges (20, The Canada Veiling Company). Others are in palest of pale pink net with embroideries of pink and white (21, The Canada Veiling Company). Too, there are the veils of simpler design and of coarser mesh net, but almost all are to be had in two sizes, two and one-half yards square or two by three yards, allowing the veil to be arranged in many and varied ways to suit the individual type of the wearer. The veil should, of course, be held in place by a coronet of wax orange blossoms which are at the height of the mode (central figure), for although sprays and wreaths are still seen, they also are of wax as if trying to find favor by their substance, if not by their form.



Seen at the Trousseau Tea

Continued from page 24

will pay; if the line "wobbles," if the length of the innumerable stitches is allowed to vary, the effect will not be good. One of our illustrations shows the detail of an appliqué flower.

Simple embroidery stitches frequently supplement the appliqué. Stem stitch, seed stitch, French knots and so on, can often be cleverly used in combination with the patches, to put centres in the flowers, outline petals or vein the leaves.

The nightdress illustrates also the use of the popular binding, as a finish for all edges. Here, the neck and arm-holes only are bound; additional charm is added if the hem-line is scalloped and bound to match the top—particularly if the nightie is one of the new abbreviated models that stops anywhere below the knee, and resembles the simple, scant frock more and more.

I want to pass on to you the trick of binding as the French do it. If your material is crêpe de chine or goods with real body to it, binding it is very simple. You simply cut your strips of binding the bias way of the cloth, making them wide enough to fold over and to allow a turn-in along both edges. The bias strip is laid edge-to-edge with the main goods, and run with small, close stitches; the binding is then folded over these two rough edges, its own edge neatly folded in, and slip-stitched down into place, in what will be the inside of the finished garment. If care is taken that the slip-stitching is kept just within the first line of sewing, the right side will be very neat.

It is when the fragile materials, such as chiffon and georgette are used, however, that one needs to know the trick of the trade. The strip of binding is applied *double*, which gives an even color-effect as well as per-

mitting a binding much neater than can be achieved with such slimy material by any other method.

The binding strip is doubled and the crease pressed to keep it workable. The two cut edges are then placed, in the usual manner, flush with the cut edge that is to be bound. A line of close stitching will make this edge firm. The binding is then folded over to enclose all the rough edges—and as it is a fold, no turn-in is necessary when the slip-stitching is done that completes the work. Anyone who has struggled with a thin binding material, which pulls and stretches and puckers, will be delighted to find how quickly, easily and smoothly this doubled binding will go on.

THE slip and step-in illustrated are just two pieces selected from a five-piece set (nightgown, slip, step-in, bloomers and vest). For these two, Vogue patterns Number 9367 (step-ins) and number 9229 or 9230 (slip) may be used. A favorite French treatment is followed for the trimming; lingerie lace in a deep écru shade, being used on ivory crêpe de chine. This écru lace is very rich on any of the pastel shades and whilst it cannot be claimed that durability is one of its virtues, it is so effective that almost every bride likes to use it on one set anyway. The lace comes with one finished edge, and the other usually showing a scalloped or pointed design with the net extending an inch or two beyond it, to be cut away after the lace is sewn on.

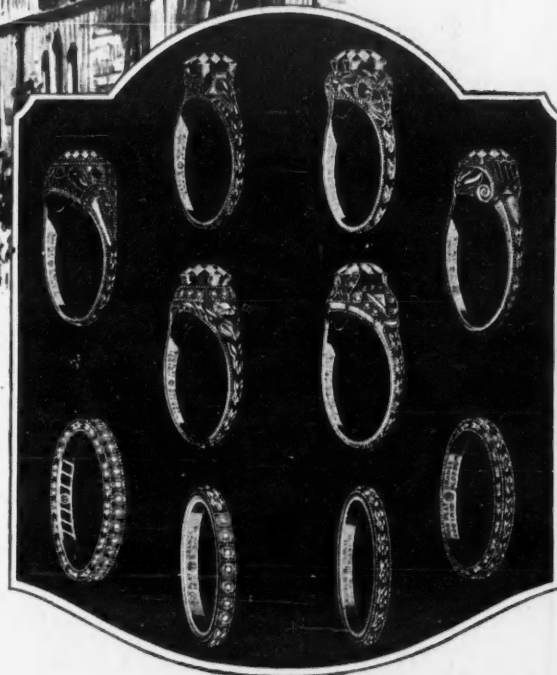
Mercerized embroidery thread is carefully matched to the silk and is used for the embroidery in over-and-over stitch, which joins the lace to the material. When the garment has been made up, baste the lace



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great persistency, and this is an added reason for starting right. Our aim is to help the child acquire efficient manual habits and sane mental habits which will enable him to meet the responsibilities of adult life in an adequate way.

The place of habit in life may be compared to that of electric appliances in the home. As a time and labor-saver it is invaluable. A situation where the adult goes through the same laborious process every time he wishes to dress himself or go walking, as the child does when he is learning these things, would be too ridiculous to contemplate. Yet this is exactly what the situation would be if such acts did not become so automatic and habitual that they occur almost without the expenditure of a single thought. Habits are the tools we use to gain desired ends, and are a hindrance only when they have become so ingrained that they leave us in the position of the housewife who admitted that she was so imbued with the thrift habit that she wasted her time carefully untying all the string which came on parcels, and winding it up into balls, though she knew she could never use all the twine collected. No one habit should be allowed to unbalance the scales of life in this way.

This leads to the question of how undesirable habits already established, are to be eradicated. The first consideration is the length of time the habit has been in force. This is important because a habit which has had short duration is likely to be more easily conquered than one which has persisted over a long period. It is then advisable to find out if the habit is the result of imitation of an elder member of the household, as in that case the older culprit will have to be dealt with as well as the child. Restraint, so often advised, is seldom successful. Keeping a child from doing a thing does not seem to

cure the fault. In fact, by the very focussing of attention on it, the bad habit may be aggravated. Giving a child something else to do, especially if there is an agreeable association attached, often produces the desired result. I know of one little boy who was cured of thumb-sucking in bed by the simple expedient of saying, "Let's go to sleep with our hands folded to-night," and giving lavish praise when the suggestion was followed.

Sometimes a habit is eradicated by shock. One eighteen-month old baby persisted in walking out into water beyond his depth, and his parents did not know what to do about it. They did not want to deprive him of the joy of wading, but did not dare to turn away for a minute if he were near the water. Clothes made no difference. He walked right in shoes and all. One day he ran out on the wharf and fell into water which completely immersed him. He was picked out at once—a badly frightened child, and never again did he need more than a slight admonition to keep him near shore. An accidental burn from a hot stove or radiator is similarly effective in teaching a child to avoid fire.

When the child is older, enlisting his cooperation to break the habit is valuable and advisable. Some desirable habit to take the place of the undesirable one should be substituted to rouse interest and give a new outlet for his energy. Once a new habit is substituted, no exception can be tolerated till it is firmly established. If a lapse occurs, the result is like the single dropping of a ball of wool when a moment of heedlessness means minutes of rewinding.

Habits are not good in themselves, but only as they aid in the attaining of some desired goal. Ability to acquire new habits and adjust to new situations and modes of life is the essence of progress and success.

Dainty Details for the Bridal Outfit

Continued from page 26

hose supporters. (18, Lady Mac Corsets).

Combination step-ins and knickers are to be found in a host of styles, lace trimmed with ribbons and roses for those who associate frills with femininity; and plainer things for others who tend to the tailored. Two garments shown belong to the latter category: a dance knicker (5, Woods Lavender Line) with plain yoked front, finished with a French cuff at the knee, to be worn with the tailored brassiere (8, Woods Lavender Line); and a garment in which brassiere and knicker are one (4, Woods Lavender Line). This last, too, has the French cuff, this time finished with a picot edge, and is fastened at the sides by pearl buttons. All three are of the finest rayon material and have the trig simplicity so much sought.

Hand-painted or stencilled rayon is featured this season, and it is to be seen in both small and large conventionalized floral patterns, and more scattered designs. Among the former is a dance set (19, A. T. Reid Company), consisting of brassiere and step-ins. A small design is strewn on a background of flesh, and the trimming consists of a pleated frill of plain heliotrope rayon, also used to band the brassiere top and bottom. The step-ins are fitted in front (as all good little step-ins are—at least for evening wear) and the fullness at the back is retained by an elastic.

A set of nightie and matinée (14 and 15 from Ontario Silknit Limited) is proof of the charm of the larger design; printed in harmonious tones on pastel-colored rayon—peach, Nile, coral, or pink, the écu lace used being quite in accord with the color of these two pretty garments.

A garment which comprises a knicker and petticoat all in one, is a great convenience, and minimizes any tendency to bulkiness, that bug-bear of the modern woman, be she slim or inclined to plumpness. Of quite new cut is one trimmed with two-inch lace, the loose panel, back and front, taking the place of a slip (7, Dainty Wear Company). The simple brassiere decorated with three

medallions, net footing at the lower edge and Valenciennes lace at the upper, may be had to match, as well as a vest.

A rayon nightgown in soft shades (6, Dainty Wear Company) has a yoke of deep écu lace and arm-holes banded with net, the fullness at either side of the front being held in place by several rows of shirings. Yes, it is as dainty as the name would imply.

Something different is a shadow-striped rayon made in all pastel colors. Both step-ins and envelope are cut on lines favored by the French woman (12 and 13, Griffin Gloves Limited) and on both deep cream lace is used as embellishment, but, whereas the former are slit at the sides, using one motif as a pocket, the latter is cut in points, and these points edged with the lace.

One simply must have at least one set of pyjamas and coolie coat to match, that is, to be really "up-to-date" in the Canadian mode of the day. Such a set, fashioned from black rayon, is practical both for the traveller and the stay-at-home, with its diagonal neck-line and semi-fitted ankle-cuff on the pyjamas, and painted lantern decoration. (16, from Houlding & Coleman Ltd.).

A negligée, neither too plain nor too dressy but altogether charming, is of pink rayon, the almost circular sleeves and small crush collar edged with heavy lace. Girdled with a string belt of self, it seems to fall into new and graceful folds with every movement of the wearer (1, A. T. Reid Company).

Last, but by no means least, are the sets consisting (when complete) of nightrobe, brassiere, knickers, slip, envelope, vest and step-ins. Sets of crêpe rayon, radium satin or bridal crêpe, the first notable for the dull richness of its surface, the second more brilliant, and the third all that the name would imply—a fit fabric for brides. These sets are sometimes embellished with heavy écu lace, sometimes with fine chantilly, worthy mount for the loveliest wedding gown imaginable—worthy even to become an heirloom, that is, if one can resist wearing so enchanting a garment to the last rag. Three



PROVIDING savory dishes to please adults and yet suit the needs of the little ones is a constant problem. It can be largely solved with the aid of Cox's GELATINE Recipe Booklet, which gives simple, nourishing, tasty recipes for salads, savories, puddings, jellies, ice creams, and candies. Incidentally, many of the recipes are unusually economical in that they show how to prepare dainty dishes from "left-overs". For your free copy address THE COX GELATINE CO., LIMITED, Dept. J, P.O. Box 73, Montreal.

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Mrs. Macdonald's
two sons, Chester
and Stuart, and the
family pet, "Lucky"



Best Known Woman in Prince Edward Island

Continued from page 23

spend their honeymoon in the British Isles.

We get a little glimpse of how deeply embedded in Mrs. Macdonald's nature is her love of home, when speaking of walking on the Spittal Shore by moonlight, she says: "It was beautiful, but so like the Cavendish Shore that it made me bitterly homesick."

In a London antique shop she picked up a pair of spotted china dogs for her new home, which reminded her of a funny incident of her childhood.

In her uncle's house at Park Corner there were two spotted china dogs on the mantel. When she was a little girl her father had told her that whenever those dogs heard the clock strike midnight they would bounce down on the rug and bark. She had thenceforth pleaded to be let stay up till midnight. But her elders were obdurate in refusing.

However, one night she discovered that the dogs didn't bark at twelve, and her faith in her father's truthfulness was badly shattered. But he restored it somewhat by explaining that he had said "whenever the dogs heard the clock strike they would bark!" but china dogs never heard.

Back to their new home in the Manse at Leaskdale, Ontario, came the bride and groom some sixteen years ago. As they passed through Toronto, the Women's Press Club of that city, held a reception in the King Edward Hotel in honor of Mrs. Macdonald and Mrs. Macgregor (Marion Keith) also a bride.

Then Mrs. Macdonald settled to her life in the village manse, where two little sons, Chester and Stuart, were born.

When the elder was a baby, his mother took him to visit Prince Edward Island. By way of welcome, the Charlottetown paper that had rejected her poems in her youth, announced oddly that Miss Montgomery and her infant son were staying at the Hotel in that city. Such is fame!

During those years in Leaskdale Manse, Mrs. Macdonald has added steadily to her list of books. Anne, who had passed through the adopted orphan stage, the college and school teaching stage, reached the doctor's wife period in *Anne's House of Dreams*, she raised her family in *Rainbow Valley*, after which her girlish vagaries were taken up by Rilla, her youngest born.

In *Rilla of Ingleside*, L. M. Montgomery has preserved a perfect little picture of the social and home life of her Island during the days of the war. If Anne had not been so famous, possibly Rilla would have had a bigger place on the stage. But like Adam, Anne came first.

Then Emily took the field as a child, and *Emily of New Moon* was pronounced by some reviewers the writer's best book since *Anne of Green Gables*. Undoubtedly, L. M. Montgomery is at her best in writing about children.

It is perhaps for the best that her own children have been sons, not daughters. Girls would have had a hard time holding their own with these dream girls of her fancy.

By reason of the fact that Emily has, in her later books, *Emily Climbs* and *Emily's Quest*, developed into a writer, she is perhaps less popular than if she had followed an ordinary walk in life. One of the rest of us might picture herself filling it, then! For after all a story about a writer doesn't appeal to such a large class as one about a fisherman's wife or a farmer's daughter.

In *Blue Castle* the writer made a very successful excursion into Ontario life, lighted by the scenery of Muskoka.

With her youth in the Maritimes, her year in the West and her married life in Ontario, she is truly a well-rounded Canadian writer.

After all, the best way to know a writer is not to read a biographical sketch of her life, but to read something she has written. Some one once said to a young writer, of people who said they knew her through her writing:

"They know you as you write. We know you as you are."

"No," said the writer quickly, "they who read me know me as I am. You, who live with me, know me as I seem."

One likes to read L. M. Montgomery as she has expressed herself in her poetry. For besides her fourteen works of fiction, she has published a book of poems, *The Watchman*. Here is a bit from its closing stanza where Maximus speaks:

"I care no more for glory; all desire
For conquest and for strife is gone from me,
All eagerness for war; I only care
To help and heal bruised beings and to give
Some comfort to the weak and suffering.
I cannot even hate those Jews; my lips
Speak harshly of them, but within my heart
I feel a strange compassion; and I love
All creatures, to the vilest of the slaves,
Who seem to me as brothers."

Or, in a shorter poem—

"The wind has grown too weary for a comrade;
It is keening in the rushes, spent and low.
Let us join our hands and hasten very softly,
To the little olden friendly path we know."

In another—

"Dear God our life is beautiful
In every splendid gift it brings;
But most I thank thee humbly for
The joy of little things."

And the description of dawn on the sea shore—

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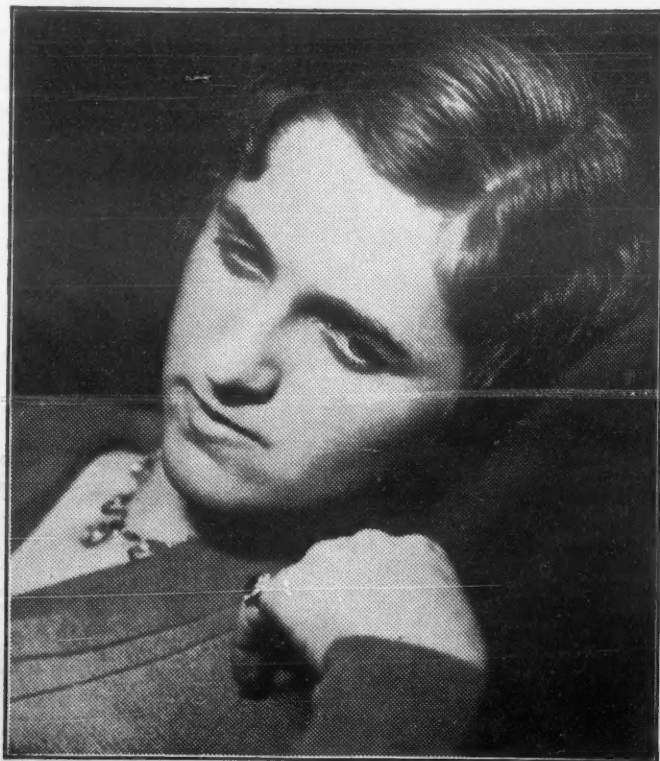


"Should not this tripe be kept
in the ice-box?"

"What tripe?" snapped my wife.
"This tripe!" said I, holding it up. "I found
it in the cedar chest."
"My white wool sports dress!" screamed she.
"The mothworms have eaten it up—and I
put it in that chest to protect it."

In this tragic way the truth came to her—that it's the mothworms that do all the damage—the flying moth eats nothing. And that cedar chests, mothballs, tar-bags and insect-killers won't stop mothworms from eating. But Larvex will, because it mothproofs the cloth itself! Guaranteed by Good House-keeping Magazine. Absolutely odorless. SPRAYING LARVEX for clothes, furniture,

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"Do they lie awake at nights unable to sleep and think and think and think?"

"Are they afraid of indigestion when they sit down to a meal?"

"Surely this is not the normal life of the healthy man or woman."

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on flat, wherever it is to go, without cutting away the net edge. Now outline the scallops with a single strand of the embroidery thread.

This accomplished, you will be ready to start the actual embroidery. Cut away a short length of the net, and embroider the scalloped edge, using the over-and-over stitch and always catching up the same width of silk along with the outline-thread in the lace design.

Cut away the silk from beneath the lace, when the embroidery is finished.

Corners must be nicely mitred, and will be at their best if treated as in the close-up picture of a lace corner, that is shown along with the detailed illustration of an appliqué motif.

Fine net, doubled, may be substituted for the French lingerie lace, even to applying it with a round, square or pointed scallop, and one must admit that it will make a more serviceable finish.

NEGLIGEE—breakfast coat—kimono—there is quite a new kinship apparent between the different versions of this informal type of gown, since so many of its kind have come to be cut on rather good coat lines. Whilst the ultra-feminine trifle of chiffon and trailing laces is still extant, especially under tea-gown nomenclature, the woman who will have only two or three gowns will prefer the practical cut and fabric, knowing that with the trimmings and materials available, her effect can be as softly becoming and as rich as she likes.

Consider the gown illustrated. It combines to a nicety simplicity of cut, sumptuous material and charmingly feminine coloring and trimming.

Cut velvet is the material—clusters of many-shaded roses against a transparent, creamy background. The lining is of a rose brocade crêpe and a double fold of the brocade outlines the neck, front openings and smartly slashed sleeves. The fluffy maribou trimming is in the same rose tone.

Vogue pattern, number 9034 (in this issue) will provide the straightcut coat. Any number of materials and trimmings may be used, and as many effects achieved.

The same is true of a gown I saw in another trousseau. It was cut by a similar pattern, but given quite a different air in the finishing. Pink silk in a fancy weave made the coat proper, with the same silk in mauve, as trimming.

A length of silk, eighteen inches wide, was doubled to make a nine-inch fold. Softly shirred around the neck, this fold fell back

as a very becoming collar, and continued down both fronts as a sort of wide rever. The sleeve was cut to just below the elbow, a very deep cuff extending it to the wrist-line. This cuff was quite a feature of the gown; it was cut twice as wide as the sleeve, sewed flatly to the bottom of the sleeve and the excess width joined along the top, in an exaggerated cuff of extreme width. The cuff itself was made of the mauve silk shirred at one-inch intervals, and mounted on a plain piece of the pink, turned to show the right side as the wide cuff hung open.

PYJAMAS of opulent material and hue, are popular alternatives to the negligée robe, and practically every combination of materials and trick of trimming, can be adapted to the comfortable short coat or pullover and the cuffed or trimmed trousers.

Some very stunning robes and pyjamas seen this season, have included such materials and combinations as the following:

Black satin with gold; black satin with colors such as vivid green, coral, amber; black, sprigged thickly with embroidered flowers and lined and trimmed to bring out their leading color; black or powder blue, trimmed with appliquéd flowers and leaves; two flame tones; or two shades of any color, one used as a lining and trimming.

Velvet is a frequent choice for the beautiful robe—the plain chiffon velvet, transparent velvet or a lovely cut velvet patterned in color, such as is used in the gown illustrated. Some of these velvet gowns are intriguingly severe in cut, with appliqué in bold design and glorious color, applied around the bottom, running well up the back, and on the sleeves.

The silks include the handsome brocades, metallic cloths, crêpes, satin, pussy willow, the modestly priced wash silks and the new rayon and celanese fabrics.

For a warmer gown that does not lose all sense of beauty in a passion of practicability, the soft blanket cloth is perhaps supreme in point of comfort and service. It comes, just like those luxurious colored blankets we all love, in quite a range of colors and with wide satin bindings.

There is a crêpe-surface silk and wool material that is very lovely, too, a crinkled silky surface, with a cuddlesome woolly substratum. Some of the warm French gowns use a silk outside and line it with fine, lightweight flannel in delicate coloring.

And warmer and warmer, one should not overlook the very practical little gown, made on tailored lines, of fine, washable flannel, which comes in all the becoming shades.

These Impersonal Women

Continued from page 22

convicted (after pleading guilty or not guilty in Heaven knows what language!) by a jury of their male fellow-subjects, significantly termed a jury of their peers.

These are peculiar oversights, which it is difficult to explain, so long as we assume that the word "person" means "male human being" wherever it occurs in the British North America Act. The Supreme Court has not yet been called upon to interpret Sections 11, 63, and 133. I hope that it soon will be, and I hope that it will enjoy doing it. It is possible that it will try to explain away these anomalies by declaring that the Fathers of Confederation used "person" in the sense of "male human being" in Section 24, and in the sense of "human being of either sex" in all the rest of the Act. While distinctly insulting to the intelligence of the Fathers, such an explanation is, of course, feasible. People have undoubtedly been known to use the same word in two different senses within ten minutes, and even the Fathers of Confederation, and the British legislators who enacted their Bill, were merely human.

These used to be a third explanation, which removed the anomalies altogether, and left the Fathers of Confederation in the guise of men who knew the English language and what they were talking about. But that explanation, alas! has been taken from us by the Supreme Court, which (for

the moment) cannot be wrong. That explanation was that whenever the Fathers said "persons" they meant "persons," of either sex, just as you or I might mean "persons" to-day—just as we might call Queen Victoria a notable person, or our mother-in-law a mean person, or Miss McPhail an elected person. That would have meant that their language did not expressly debar female persons from sitting in the Senate. It would not have meant that they expected ever to see female persons sitting in the Senate, any more than they expected to see female persons voting or sitting in the House of Commons—a contingency which they certainly never contemplated, but which they took no trouble to prevent. Personally (yes, I am entitled to use that word; I am a male human being) I should like to be able to adopt that explanation. It seems to be the only explanation which fits with what I conceive to be the intelligence and lucidity of the Fathers. But the Supreme Court has deprived me of it—for the time being. I wait impatiently to have the Supreme Court declared wrong by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. For I care nothing about the comfort of the Senators (which I understand to be seriously threatened by the prospect of a woman being appointed to their venerable body), and much about the clarity of the English language.

Bridesmaids to a Thousand Brides

Continued from page 19

procession of brides, the sombre pageantry of funerals had satisfied her, doped her. Now it was to be closed down, she saw her own hunger, her own emptiness, her own poverty nakedly. Nothing even to talk about when she got home, nothing to look forward to, nothing to expect.

She was out of tune with the world, with herself, with life.

"I don't like to 'ear such talk!" said Mrs. Besselthwaite, but she did, in an odd way. It made her flutter. It woke in her a queer excitement. It was just as if Mrs. Brown were cheeking the vicar and God.

"Did you even 'ave a photograph took of your wedding?"

"No, I can't say I did, Mrs. Brown. It would 'ave been a comic if I 'ad."

"What was you married in?"

"Honest, I don't remember! I borrowed the frock off a girl friend. We got married a bit sudden." Mrs. Besselthwaite looked away coyly.

The organist walked up the aisle carrying his music portfolio. He nodded to them.

"Big do to-day. They want 'Oh! For the Wings of a Dove.'"

"You go home and rest up and 'ave a little drop of somethink. Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Besselthwaite suddenly. "It'll do you a power o' good. I'll lock up after it's all over and take the keys 'round to the rectory. Vicar's got to pass them over to-morrow. She paused. "See you in the church to-morrow same as usual."

"Church?"

"To-morrow's Sunday."

The music of the organ unfurled its loveliness.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove." Like a dove it gathered the quiet waiting church under it, cradling it in an effaceable peace and serenity.

It did not gather Mrs. Brown. Resisting, she stood outside it, defied it, a renegade. Just for that little minute of mad rebellion she had a terrible and pathetic splendor. In her lean, meagre quivering body was generated man's eternal, noble, idiotic rebellion against his fate, his eternal bid for immortality, his unassuaged thirst for beauty. Just for that tiny, futile flickering moment she, in her nothingness, defied Time and God and Faith.

"I'm not coming to church no more! Not me! Not me! God's like the theatres and most of the things 'n the shops—He's for the rich! He ain't got nothing for me. He ain't given me nothing to remember."

So for a second she gestured recklessly before the flaming sword that shut her out of the garden of Eden. She knew nothing of her own workings. If you had told her she was fighting against the loss of beauty because of the beauty that was in herself she would have thought you mad as her old crony Mrs. Besselthwaite thought her mad. Only that she was at war, fighting, that's what she knew.

"You ain't well!" said Mrs. Besselthwaite. "You pore soul, you ain't well! You go 'ome and 'ave a good lie down and leave it all to me."

And Amelia Brown turned and went blindly, a little black thread of a woman winding through the fairy pools of spilled light.

IT WAS only midday.

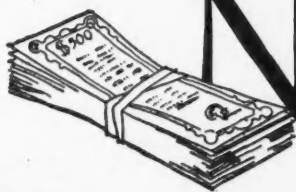
Amelia Brown felt numbed. She had cast herself into the wilderness. In the wilderness she moved aimlessly. She put her two rooms straight. She cleaned. She washed her curtains. Yet all the time it did not feel real. She did not feel real. She wanted to get back to herself, to the old familiar feelings. She had thrown herself too wide, too violently. She was out of gear.

What would Mrs. Besselthwaite be thinking?

Nothing could put her back with Mrs. Besselthwaite. Nothing could put her back with herself. She had excommunicated herself.



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There had followed terrifying talk — hospitals — day and night nurses — surgeons — anesthetists — weeks — months. Through it

all, upon her stunned mind had continued to beat the thought: "Jim's salary — it can't possibly — ever — be stretched to cover all these."

But when Jim had come home it developed that he had a "life-raft" for such an emergency. No, he said, perhaps he hadn't told her; it wasn't in the Bank; it was in Bonds.

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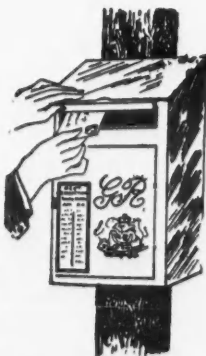
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Across the ocean wan and gray
Gay fleets of golden ripples come;
For at the birth hour of the day,
The roistering wayward winds are dumb.
The rocks that stretch to meet the tide
Are smitten with a ruddy glow,
And faint reflections come and go,
Where fishing boats at anchor ride."

Her poetry, like her fiction, reflects her Island shores. Doubtless one of the great secrets of L. M. Montgomery's success as a writer, has been that she was artist enough to paint the simple every day life about her childhood home. We once heard an editor say that one of the greatest shortcomings among writers was that a man sitting in a steam-heated flat wanted to write stories about trapping polar bears. L. M. Montgomery has never strayed from the paths she herself knew.

A "bit sentimental," some librarians have called her books. Yes, but after all, isn't that part of her fidelity to the life she is picturing? When you are writing the lives of young girls in uneventful rural districts one has to remember that simple love affairs crop up like daisies in the meadows. In her particular province, young girls marry early and settle down faithfully. The province has known but one divorce since the days of Confederation! In all probability, too, the girls of a decade ago were more sentimental.

At any rate, the sentiment in these books is wholesome, and we believe that this latter is another of the reasons why L. M. Montgomery's books have had such a wide sale. After all, the majority of us, when we buy a book for the family shelf. We are apt to select books that, as one reviewer put it, "deal with pleasant people in a pleasant way."

People find something refreshing in the stories from this land where, as we once heard the writer say, "nearly every family still hopes the eldest son will be a minister and it would be a disgrace to have company catch one without three kinds of cake in the house."

When I visited Prince Edward Island last summer, I watched for that three kinds of cake—and do you know, at every table where we sat down, we always found the three varieties?

Another of the keys with which L. M. Montgomery has unlocked the door of success is that she lives life as well as writes. Down there on the Island where she spends her holidays every other summer, people tell you the kindnesses she has done in passing—the books given the schools; the pictures hung on the school room wall; the lecture given for the funds of the little church; the delicate girl taken from some farm home back with her to Ontario.

And from all accounts she has continued the same sort of life in Ontario. She helps in the Sunday School, the Woman's Missionary Society, and the Young People's work. About

four years ago the Macdonald's moved from Leaskdale to the Manse at Norval, Ont. about twenty miles from Toronto. When we saw Mrs. Macdonald at the time of preparing this article, she explained, "I'm rushed just now, helping the young people with two plays they are putting on in our two churches."

"How do you manage to write in a Manse?" we asked.

"Oh, it isn't any harder to write in a Manse than any other place," she said. "I set apart three hours a day for writing." "I don't think her home has ever known neglect from her writing," said one who knew her intimately.

Her sons, Chester and Stuart, are now fifteen and twelve years of age. They are in St. Andrew's College at Aurora, not far from the Norval Manse. When they were "wee bairns," a guest tells us, they used to shove flowers under the door into the room where their mother was writing.

There is a nice big furry cat, named "Lucky" in the Manse. If you don't meet Lucky you won't have met all the family, for, as his mistress explains, he is "almost human." Four years ago, as a kitten, he travelled all alone in a box from Prince Edward Island. "Lucky" was well named, I thought. I recalled a simple sentence L. M. Montgomery had added, seemingly rather irrelevantly, to an address some years ago: "And I always like a cat in the room when I'm writing!"

Many honors have come to the writer since the publication of her first book. She was the first Canadian woman to be made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Literature of Great Britain. When Premier Baldwin and the Prince of Wales were making their Canadian tour last summer, the Premier requested that it be arranged for him to meet the Canadian writer whose stories he had so much enjoyed. In consequence, when the reception was held for the Premier and the Prince at the Lieutenant-Governor's in Toronto, he made her acquaintance. Nor had he forgotten his request.

When one of the officers learned her name on her arrival, he said: "Oh, yes, the Premier has been asking if you had arrived."

In his address at Charlottetown on his return journey, Premier Baldwin told the Prince Edward Islanders how he had enjoyed the works of their "own authoress."

Earl Grey, too, during his regime in Canada, visited her in Prince Edward Island, to express his appreciation of her work.

But of all the honors paid her, perhaps the simplest and the sweetest is the way in which her own Island people welcome you to their homes. When you enter their houses, they thrust forward for you "the chair L. M. Montgomery sat in, when she was here."

The Great Designers Dress the Bride

Continued from page 32

ribbon, just enough to keep a bobbed head from ruffling unbecomingly.

Satin mules have high diamond heels, rows of ribbon rosebuds over the instep, or feathers or swansdown. Leather ones are painted—adorable nothings that are more effective with husbands than witty speeches.

One can divide the smart hats one sees here and there into two sorts. Those with more or less of a brim that perks or rolls up to discover part of the face and those that are as snug fitting as hair, skull-tight Pierrot caps, absolutely brimless. A pitiless sort of model they are, that leaves one perfectly defenceless, out in the open, with nothing to hide behind. Never have such trying ones been launched in many, many moons.

It behooves one then to consult one's mirror honestly before sallying out to one's modiste. Remember these skull caps are essentially models for young women. They make a perfect frame for a pure oval or an adorable heart-shaped face, but they are

simply hideous on one that has lost its firm, youthful contour.

There are other snug-fitting versions made of tiny flowers, or the breasts of birds, not so difficult to wear. But since brims are just as smart as no brims, why experiment if your features are not all they should be?

Broad hats sit about on the milliners' stands, but one does not meet them wandering about this far north. Those one sees have either no backs at all, or they are all back and no front. No matter what happens to the brims, however, the crowns always fit the head snugly.

Those short, scrappy little veils have become rather tiresome. There are so many about and they are becoming to so few women. They only look smart when they discover a pert nose and a young, red, mouth turned up at the corners. If you feel you really must be veiled, wear a flopsy brim. They are still smart you know, and they throw such beneficent shadows.

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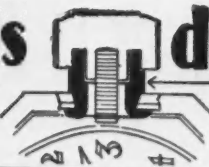
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Bridesmaids to a Thousand Brides

Continued from page 19

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"To-morrow's Sunday."

The music of the organ unfurled its loveliness.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove." Like a dove it gathered the quiet waiting church under it, cradling it in an effaceable peace and serenity.

It did not gather Mrs. Brown. Resisting, she stood outside it, defied it, a renegade. Just for that little minute of mad rebellion she had a terrible and pathetic splendor. In her lean, meagre quivering body was generated man's eternal, noble, idiotic rebellion against his fate, his eternal bid for immortality, his unassuaged thirst for beauty. Just for that tiny, futile flickering moment she, in her nothingness, defied Time and God and Faith.

"I'm not coming to church no more! Not me! Not me! God's like the theatres and most of the things in the shops—He's for the rich! He ain't got nothing for me. He ain't given me nothing to remember."

So for a second she gestured recklessly before the flaming sword that shut her out of the garden of Eden. She knew nothing of her own workings. If you had told her she was fighting against the loss of beauty because of the beauty that was in herself she would have thought you mad as her old crony Mrs. Besselthwaite thought her mad. Only that she was at war, fighting, that's what she knew.

"You ain't well!" said Mrs. Besselthwaite. "You pore soul, you ain't well! You go 'ome and 'ave a good lie down and leave it all to me."

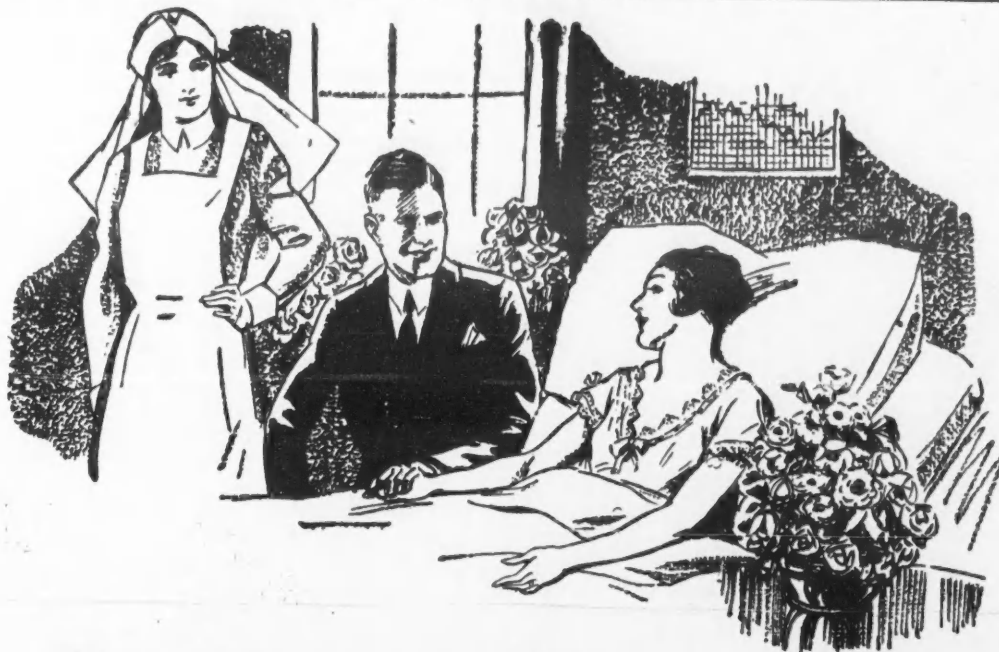
And Amelia Brown turned and went blindly, a little black thread of a woman winding through the fairy pools of spilled light.

IT WAS only midday.

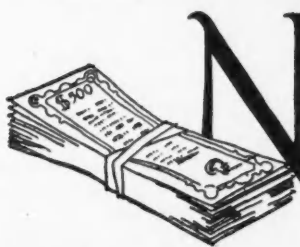
Amelia Brown felt numbed. She had cast herself into the wilderness. In the wilderness she moved aimlessly. She put her two rooms straight. She cleaned. She washed her curtains. Yet all the time it did not feel real. She did not feel real. She wanted to get back to herself, to the old familiar feelings. She had thrown herself too wide, too violently. She was out of gear.

What would Mrs. Besselthwaite be thinking?

Nothing could put her back with Mrs. Besselthwaite. Nothing could put her back with herself. She had excommunicated herself.



Bonds may Save a Life



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NOW, in this flower-filled room, freed once more of pain and with the surgeon's pleased assurances in her ears, she could bring herself to remember that other day. "Yes," the old doctor had admitted, "it is serious; you have a chance, of course."

There had followed terrifying talk — hospitals—day and night nurses—surgeons— anesthesiologists—weeks—months. Through it all, upon her stunned mind had continued to beat the thought: "Jim's salary—it can't possibly—ever—be stretched to cover all these."

But when Jim had come home it developed that he had a "life-raft" for such an emergency. No, he said, perhaps he hadn't told her; it wasn't in the Bank; it was in Bonds.

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*Across the ocean wan and gray
Gay fleets of golden ripples come;
For at the birth hour of the day,
The roistering wayward winds are dumb.
The rocks that stretch to meet the tide
Are smitten with a ruddy glow,
And faint reflections come and go,
Where fishing boats at anchor ride."*

Her poetry, like her fiction, reflects her Island shores. Doubtless one of the great secrets of L. M. Montgomery's success as a writer, has been that she was artist enough to paint the simple every day life about her childhood home. We once heard an editor say that one of the greatest shortcomings among writers was that a man sitting in a steam-heated flat wanted to write stories about trapping polar bears. L. M. Montgomery has never strayed from the paths she herself knew.

A "bit sentimental," some librarians have called her books. Yes, but after all, isn't that part of her fidelity to the life she is picturing? When you are writing the lives of young girls in uneventful rural districts one has to remember that simple love affairs crop up like daisies in the meadows. In her particular province, young girls marry early and settle down faithfully. The province has known but one divorce since the days of Confederation! In all probability, too, the girls of a decade ago were more sentimental.

At any rate, the sentiment in these books is wholesome, and we believe that this latter is another of the reasons why L. M. Montgomery's books have had such a wide sale. After all, the majority of us, when we buy a book for the family shelf. We are apt to select books that, as one reviewer put it, "deal with pleasant people in a pleasant way."

People find something refreshing in the stories from this land where, as we once heard the writer say, "nearly every family still hopes the eldest son will be a minister and it would be a disgrace to have company catch one without three kinds of cake in the house."

When I visited Prince Edward Island last summer, I watched for that three kinds of cake—and do you know, at every table where we sat down, we always found the three varieties?

Another of the keys with which L. M. Montgomery has unlocked the door of success is that she lives life as well as writes. Down there on the Island where she spends her holidays every other summer, people tell you the kindnesses she has done in passing—the books given the schools; the pictures hung on the school room wall; the lecture given for the funds of the little church; the delicate girl taken from some farm home back with her to Ontario.

And from all accounts she has continued the same sort of life in Ontario. She helps in the Sunday School, the Woman's Missionary Society, and the Young People's work. About

four years ago the Macdonald's moved from Leaskdale to the Manse at Norval, Ont. about twenty miles from Toronto. When we saw Mrs. Macdonald at the time of preparing this article, she explained, "I'm rushed just now, helping the young people with two plays they are putting on in our two churches."

"How do you manage to write in a Manse?" we asked.

"Oh, it isn't any harder to write in a Manse than any other place," she said. "I set apart three hours a day for writing." "I don't think her home has ever known neglect from her writing," said one who knew her intimately.

Her sons, Chester and Stuart, are now fifteen and twelve years of age. They are in St. Andrew's College at Aurora, not far from the Norval Manse. When they were "wee bairns," a guest tells us, they used to shove flowers under the door into the room where their mother was writing.

There is a nice big furry cat, named "Lucky" in the Manse. If you don't meet Lucky you won't have met all the family, for, as his mistress explains, he is "almost human." Four years ago, as a kitten, he travelled all alone in a box from Prince Edward Island. "Lucky" was well named, I thought. I recalled a simple sentence L. M. Montgomery had added, seemingly rather irrelevantly, to an address some years ago: "And I always like a cat in the room when I'm writing!"

Many honors have come to the writer since the publication of her first book. She was the first Canadian woman to be made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Literature of Great Britain. When Premier Baldwin and the Prince of Wales were making their Canadian tour last summer, the Premier requested that it be arranged for him to meet the Canadian writer whose stories he had so much enjoyed. In consequence, when the reception was held for the Premier and the Prince at the Lieutenant-Governor's in Toronto, he made her acquaintance. Nor had he forgotten his request.

When one of the officers learned her name on her arrival, he said: "Oh, yes, the Premier has been asking if you had arrived."

In his address at Charlottetown on his return journey, Premier Baldwin told the Prince Edward Islanders how he had enjoyed the works of their "own authoress."

Earl Grey, too, during his regime in Canada, visited her in Prince Edward Island, to express his appreciation of her work.

But of all the honors paid her, perhaps the simplest and the sweetest is the way in which her own Island people welcome you to their homes. When you enter their houses, they thrust forward for you "the chair L. M. Montgomery sat in, when she was here."

The Great Designers Dress the Bride

Continued from page 32

ribbon, just enough to keep a bobbed head from ruffling unbecomingly.

Satin mules have high diamond heels, rows of ribbon rosebuds over the instep, or feathers or swansdown. Leather ones are painted—adorable nothings that are more effective with husbands than witty speeches.

One can divide the smart hats one sees here and there into two sorts. Those with more or less of a brim that perks or rolls up to discover part of the face and those that are as snug fitting as hair, skull-tight Pierrot caps, absolutely brimless. A pitiless sort of model they are, that leaves one perfectly defenceless, out in the open, with nothing to hide behind. Never have such trying ones been launched in many, many moons.

It behooves one then to consult one's mirror honestly before sallying out to one's modiste. Remember these skull caps are essentially models for young women. They make a perfect frame for a pure oval or an adorable heart-shaped face, but they are

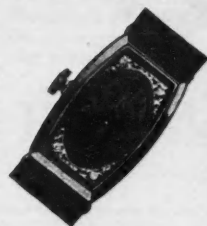
simply hideous on one that has lost its firm, youthful contour.

There are other snug-fitting versions made of tiny flowers, or the breasts of birds, not so difficult to wear. But since brims are just as smart as no brims, why experiment if your features are not all they should be?

Broad hats sit about on the milliners' stands, but one does not meet them wandering about this far north. Those one sees have either no backs at all, or they are all back and no front. No matter what happens to the brims, however, the crowns always fit the head snugly.

Those short, scrappy little veils have become rather tiresome. There are so many about and they are becoming to so few women. They only look smart when they discover a pert nose and a young, red, mouth turned up at the corners. If you feel you really must be veiled, wear a flopsy brim. They are still smart you know, and they throw such beneficent shadows.

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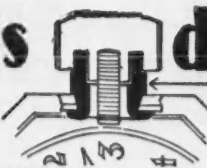
All leading jewellers can show you Mars in many beautiful designs. From \$25.00 up.

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"What every Woman should know about a Wrist Watch" is a booklet you will find interesting. Write to Canadian Distributors; The Levy Bros. Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario.

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Salad Dressing *Tangs Summer Dishes with* *the Zest of Youth!*

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The Difference is in the Flavor

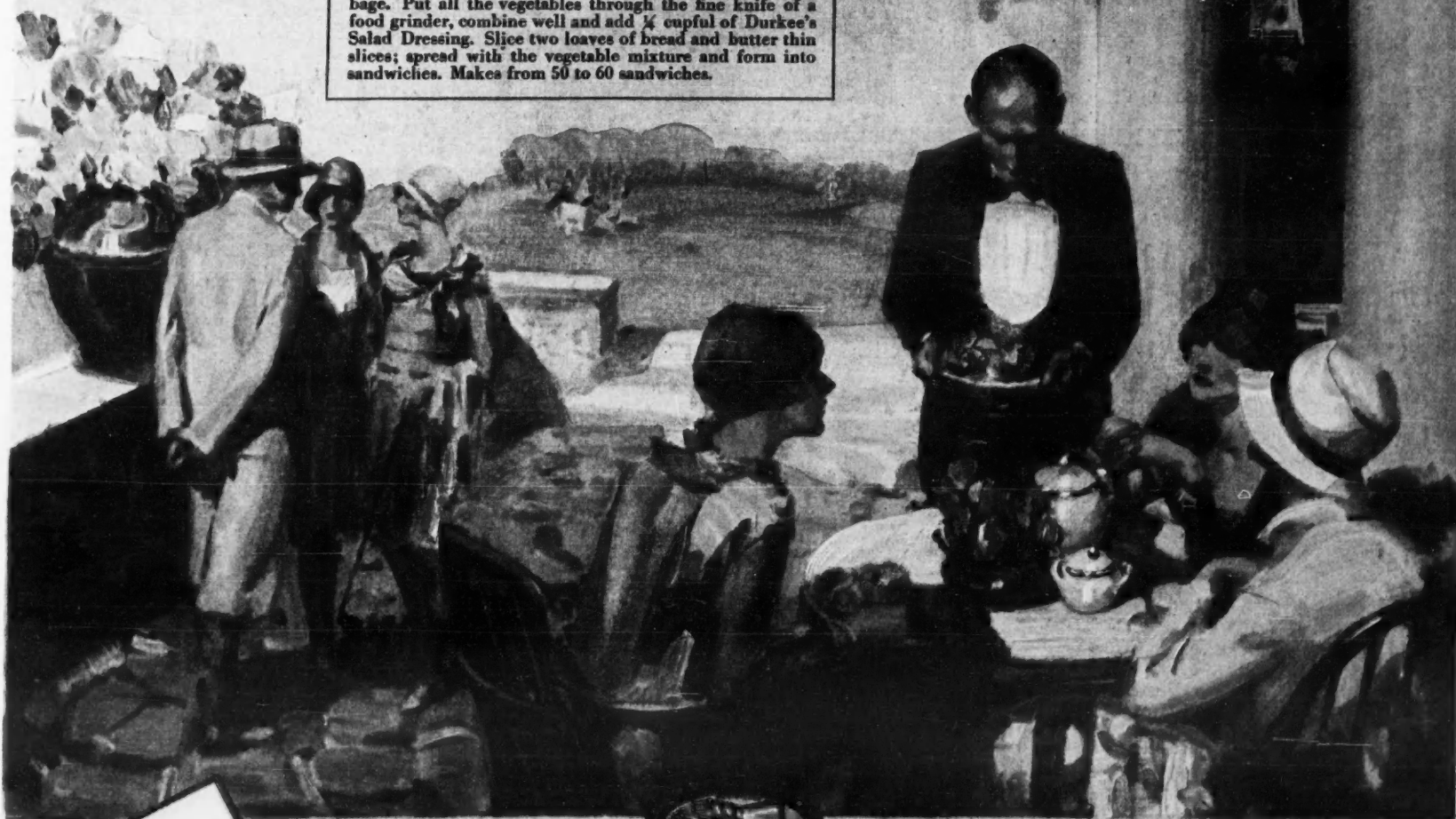
Try this tasty and novel recipe:

Fresh Vegetable Sandwiches

Pare 6 small carrots and 1 medium sized cucumber. Add 4 stalks of celery, 1 seeded green pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ small sized cabbage. Put all the vegetables through the fine knife of a food grinder, combine well and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of Durkee's Salad Dressing. Slice two loaves of bread and butter thin slices; spread with the vegetable mixture and form into sandwiches. Makes from 50 to 60 sandwiches.



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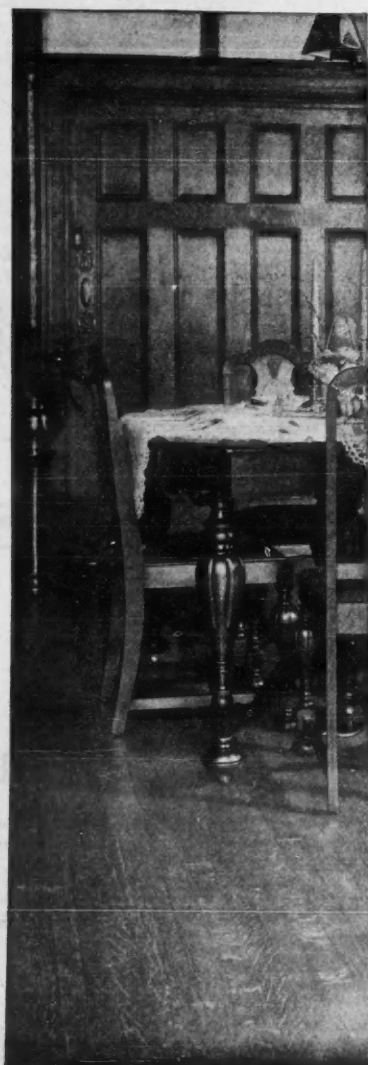
FURNITURE of this type, but very often of inferior quality has heretofore been imported and sold at prices far beyond the value offered. You can buy Canadian made furniture of superior quality—insist on having it shown to you before buying the imported article.

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**SEAMAN-KENT
HARDWOOD
FLOORING**

It was almost as if she were disembodied, she had so little sense of being. She had lost herself. She had become a foreigner.

When she looked out of the window she could see five church spires. Five church clocks flung their notes into the air like tinkling crystals. She had always listened to them, counted them. They were the noises and sounds of a familiar country from which she had exiled herself. She heard them with the misery, the agony of an exile.

Out of gear! The misery of it!

Even her thoughts would not run in their old channels. They had been jerked too hard.

She was frightened. She was desolate. She was alone in the desecrated rooms of her mind, stripped of their habit of thought and outlook, bare and empty.

She would have liked to apologize to God, to humble herself. She had lost the words. She was outside everything she had ever known.

IN THE evening, Amelia Brown's man came home.

"Down tools, Mother?" he said.

She nodded, speechless with misery. Useless to try to explain to old George Brown what she could never explain to herself.

"Reckon the brides 'll 'ave to get tied up without you."

She nodded.

He took off his boots and sat down to supper in his stockinged feet.

"Feel funny being out of a job?"

She nodded again.

"Well, I always told you there was no cause to work. I reckon you'll be sneaking up to some of the weddings. You were always a devil for weddings, Mother," he chuckled, "and yet you're bin and forgot your own."

What had she said in church that morning? Her words blazed through her mind, filling it with a Judas-like abasement and fear.

"God ain't given me nothing to remember! Not a blessed thing!"

Not true! Not true!

She came up to the table. She looked down at her husband, eating and grinning.

"What d'you mean, George?"

"Well, what's to-day?"

"Saturday."

"An' wot else?"

"Twenty-fifth of May?"

"An' wot else?"

She stared at him, grinning and eating.

"Our silver wedding, ole girl."

She had a sense of humility, of utter contrition that washed her clean.

"I didn't remember, George."

"No, you didn't remember. No more did I!"

She was trembling, crying.

"I didn't remember till all of a sudden I saw a church and remembered it was Saturday an' payday and everything. So I bought yer this."

A silver brooch, a cluster of daisies and a bird.

"Ere!" he said. "No need to cry."

Her humility had set her free, pushed her back into life, into focus again.

The door opened and her stout friend Mrs. Besselthwaite stood there.

"I just popped in to see how you was," she said. "Pity you missed the last wedding. It was a swell one. Five bridesmaids all pink, and the bride like an angel! We call ourselves the bridesmaids—the missus and I." She winked at George.

For a second Amelia Brown wanted to explain. Things flared in her mind. For a brief second she saw clearly. God had given her something to remember—and she had forgotten. George had remembered for her. In some queer way that gave her back to herself, to God. It set her in harmony again, it gave her kinship with the white brides, those thousands of brides she had seen swaying up the aisles. She was part of that procession of beauty. She was no longer outside life.

"Wot's the missus crying about? You bin 'itting 'er, George?"

He swore good humoredly.

"It's our silver wedding."

"He brought me this," said Amelia Brown.

She held it out. Fat Mrs. Besselthwaite took it.

"Somethink to remember it by, Mrs. Brown," she said.

"'Ave a cup o' tea," said Amelia Brown.

"I don't care if I do."

Already the morning had rolled from Mrs. Besselthwaite's placid mind. Things she didn't understand refused to lodge there.

"Coming to church to-morrow, Mrs. Brown?"

The five clocks flung their chimes in the air; Amelia Brown's ears gathered them, thankfully. Once more they had for her a message, a promise.

"Yes, I am."

She thought that God had never seemed so kind, or near. He seemed to hold a wand over the chimes of the church clocks, holding them in the air a little longer than usual.

"That's right," said Mrs. Besselthwaite. "I never think Sunday seems quite right without church, and a bit of hot meat."



Fragrance!

ONE of the all-important yet most elusive of charms in a house is the fragrance of sweet scents. Lavender bags kept among the sheets make a visit to the linen cupboard a pleasure, and the housewife's only regret is that once the sheets are in use, the scent so soon disappears. There is a way, however, in which she can make retiring a nightly dream of delight by simply sewing little flat bags of lavender to each pillow. The sudden delicious whiffs occasioned by the mere turning of a restless head during the night will be a constant joy to both her family and her guests.

Frocks and coats hanging in their cupboards will be very pleasantly scented if the wooden coat hangers have lavender bound round them and then are prettily covered with muslin.

Another delightful way to use the flowers, is to partly fill an oblong bag of silk or satin with lavender, tie it in, in the centre, with a broad ribbon, so that the two ends of the bag look like large bows, and lay it across the back of a sofa. It will not only scent the room, but be delicious to lean against.

Instead of using bath salts, a very fragrant toilet vinegar can be made in the following way:

Take all or any of the following herbs: lavender, rosemary, woodruff, wormwood, thyme, sage, bay, mint, bergamot or lemon verbena. Wash them and shake them dry, then pick off all the leaves. Put them in bottles that can be well corked. Half fill each bottle, and fill the remainder with vinegar. Let them stand for three or four weeks, then strain the vinegar off the leaves and re-bottle it. The use of this will be found far more refreshing than any bath salts.

When there is any smell of cooking coming from the kitchen, the cook should be given some cedar wood dust to sprinkle on the top of her oven. The delicious scent it gives will soon drive away any unpleasant smells.

Our grandmothers made their houses so delightfully fragrant with their pot pourris and liberal use of lavender and orris root; and it seems a pity that the modern housewife does not devote more time to this subtle art.

The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 34

harks back to the Golden Age of Greece when frequent bathing and massage were considered important adjuncts to beauty. The beauties of those days bathed in scented water, after which their bodies were rubbed with sweet-smelling oils which induced a languorous sleep. We have not time in these whirling days to make an art of bathing and massage as did the ancient Greeks, but even the spending of fifteen minutes in hot fragrant water will give a genuinely soothing effect, and one is readily brought back to energy by the cold shower or tub.

The next consideration is the hands which should be immaculate. Much attention is being given to-day to the moulding of hands, as well as to the beauty of the nails. If one has not beautiful hands, it is not advisable to focus attention on them by having highly polished nails. It is best to keep them clean and unobtrusive, which is the most that one can do for a feature that doesn't measure up to what one would wish. The feet should also receive consideration. They respond most gratefully to massage, especially when this is done with eau de Cologne or other toilet water. It is a good idea to dust one's shoes with boracic acid as this tends to cool the feet and keep them from swelling.

And now with all the lovely, frilly underthings on ready for the Wedding Dress, the bride turns her attention to the serious matter of make-up. First the vanishing cream, then a thorough powdering with a powder that suits the skin, then rouge sparingly and adroitly applied. If it is a paste rouge, one of the best ways of using it is to use the tip of one finger on each hand

and put a spot of rouge in four even applications from the lower part of the cheek bone upward and outward to near the top of the ear, then use another finger to smooth this into place. If carefully done, this gives just the right amount of rouge in the right place. In the issue of the *Chatelaine* before the last, I think I told you that rouge should match the color of the lips, so that when one's color ebbs under the nervous strain of the day, the effect remains the same. It is necessary to use artistry in putting on color. It is easy to spoil or improve the contour of the cheeks by its application. If you want to make your face more slender, put your rouge back of the cheek-bones toward the temples. If you wish to broaden it bring some of the color in front of the cheek-bones. Remember to keep the face soft in effect. If the lips are pale, put a tiny dab of color on the upper lip, and smooth it on carefully. Then a touch of powder over all, a swift touch of the lower lip over the upper one, and all is well.

A veil and orange blossoms do not take kindly to short hair, but there are various devices on the market to obviate the difficulties of attachment. One of these is a small bandeau that is kept in place by a bit of surgeon's plaster attached behind each ear. The hair is no longer closely Marcelled. A wide, soft wave that gives no suggestion of curling tongs is the thing.

And now she is ready to march to the strains of Lohengrin's "Here Comes the Bride," a gracious figure, the last word in modernity from the shining crown of her shingled head to the soles of her comely feet. It is small wonder that the radiant groom is of opinion that to be seen in her company is to earn the ill-concealed envy of all right-thinking men.



A Travelling We Will Go

Continued from page 28

peignoir. (Top, right; Julian Sale's).

Another, sixteen inches long, has seven toilet pieces; boxes at either end of the tray, two pockets in the lid and a bevelled mirror. The tray being hinged, the lower compartment may be opened, and the tray remains undisturbed. It is fashioned of black cobra grain or brown alligator grain cowhide. (Third from top, right; Julian Sale's).

A wardrobe trunk seems almost a necessity to-day, but when it caters to every need of the traveller, leaving no detail neglected, then it becomes indeed a luxury. Such a one is of amethyst fibre with black fibre bindings, lining of gold-colored washable material; silk of the same shade used for laundry-bag and dust-proof curtain, and gold plush for the cushion on the hinged lid—a truly harmonious whole. Nothing is forgotten; there is a shoe box, flannel-lined; five drawers; a blouse tray; a man's hat form; a woman's hat form; and an iron carrier! Of course, there is a great deal of technical information about locks and corners, but all that we need to know is that they are strong, and that the bindings give this trunk added resistance. (Right, central group; Langmuir-Hartman).

For the convenience of the many who now travel by motor, for the as yet few who travel by aeroplane, and for the host of people who wish for something in which to carry clothes uncrushed for week-ends, is designed the "aerobe." Less than twenty

inches square and nine inches deep, it has an amazing capacity, and is capable of holding three dresses, and three pairs of slippers. The wardrobe suitcase, thirty-two inches long has three ordinary garment hangers and one for an overcoat, as well as four compartments for tucking away the more crushable and less discussable things so necessary. Durable and compact are the adjectives which best express this case. (Lower left centre; Langmuir-Hartman).

A most satisfactory carrier for suitcase, or small wardrobe is a boon to motorists, as it can be fastened to the running board and the case held erect, taking up a minimum of space. It is shown, holding a tourist wardrobe of robin's-egg blue fibre, bound in black. There are four hangers and two garment receptacles inside. (Lower right; The L. McBride Company, Limited).

A thousand and one trifles for the traveller are to be found, all in nice little leather cases and all useful. There is, for instance, a clothes brush which, when opened, forms a sturdy hanger (upper left); a flat clothes brush of ebony, which has not the unexpected and changeable nature of the first (upper left); a pair of shoe trees; a medicine glass; and a quite soft and delightful pair of pullman slippers. (upper right) all from Julian Sale's. Is anything omitted or forgotten which might minimize those petty annoyances of travel which detract from the sheer joy of the honeymoon?



Bran Bread

an appetizing food that helps you to good health

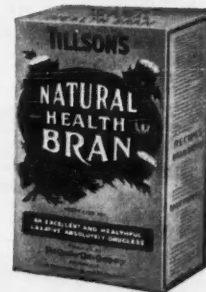
MANY foods lack "roughage". Doctors everywhere prescribe bran to supply it.

Bran bread, and all other bran baking, are best when made of Tillson's *natural* Bran. It is the cleaned outer coating of soft winter wheat, not cooked or mixed with any other part of the grain. It is exactly the roughage your system needs. Its bulk ensures thorough mastication and stimulates digestion. It sweeps the intestines clear of waste and dangerous poisons—regularly, *naturally*, completely.

Be sure your family is getting its quota of roughage. Bran contains the vital vitamin "B". Give them Tillson's *natural* Bran in wholesome bran bread. Bake it plain or with dried fruits. Or, serve delicious bran muffins, gems or cookies. They're easy and quick to bake and all the family love them. Many people sprinkle Tillson's *natural* Bran over other cereals and fruits.

Serve Tillson's *natural* Bran in some form at least once a day. Eat of it generously. Your grocer has it in the big, sealed, dustproof package.

Simple recipes for bran baking are found in every package. Try them.



Tillson's *natural* Bran

Not cooked — Not treated

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, PETERBOROUGH AND SASKATOON

Are you?

Are you gambling your Health and Happiness against Intestinal Poisoning



I am a Dominion Rifle Shooter. Last year I began to be troubled with boils. One of my friends suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I started taking two cakes a day and gradually the boils disappeared. **PEARL FORTNER**

I suffered for years from chronic indigestion and constipation. I became so bad that I was afraid to eat; my skin was covered with pimples. I lost all courage—my work was getting ahead of me. One day my husband said: "Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast? It cannot hurt you anyway." I commenced to take three cakes a day. I became less irritable. I started to eat and now I am in the very best of health. **Mrs. ARMSTRONG**

A few months ago I began to be troubled with boils. The continuous strain was undermining my health. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast three times a day. My general condition improved, and after a short time the boils began to disappear. **JOHN W. MILLER**

THE danger signals . . . some are so plain. *Your neighbors notice them—* skin eruptions, bad breath, the irritability that goes with headaches and heartburn.

Some of the signs of intestinal poisoning are so drab and commonplace that you have begun to accept them as your natural lot. You are getting used to tiredness, lassitude, depression, lack of appetite. You have almost forgotten what it is to have your natural birthright—splendid, buoyant vitality.

The trouble is faulty elimination—slow, incomplete. Your intestines have turned into a culture-tube for germs. They are throwing bacterial poisons into the blood stream.

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One food—added to your ordinary diet, will aid in correcting this condition.

A tiny fresh vegetable—Yeast—taken 3 times a day, before or between meals, helps to end intestinal poisoning. It is a food, not a medicine. Its cleansing action is natural and tonic. Gently, firmly, inevitably, it trains the muscles of elimination.

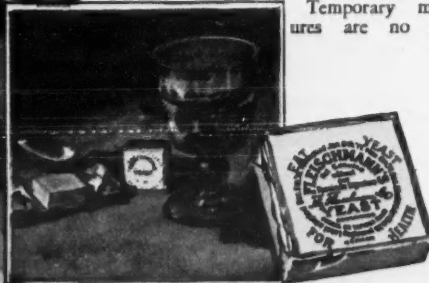
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Give Fleischmann's Yeast as fair a trial as you would physical exercise. In a few weeks you will note a surprising improvement. Ninety days will bring you the full benefit.

Tell your grocer to add your name to his list for regular delivery of as many cakes as your family requires, three for each member.

Write for booklet "Regaining Health," which describes many interesting ways of eating Yeast. The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 06-Y, 1449 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Que.

Eat three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.



The THRICE-A-DAY Health Custom

FLEISCHMANN'S Yeast The Food for Health

One Good Turn

Continued from page 5

rid of it once you've taken it up. Besides, I've never seen anything in trousers that I felt I'd want to go into a convent for if I couldn't get it. And that's how, when I was faced with this business, I found my waiting list a bit short."

Monty nodded thoughtfully.

"And this man you're goin' to marry?" he queried.

"Is one of those old chaps who proposes to a girl without any encouragement at all," she answered. "He's done it once a week for months and twice on holidays. He's like the sharks that follow a liner in the tropics . . . not because they expect to get anything, but because it's as well to be there if something unusual happens. He's worth barrels of money, and, of course, he fancies that's an extra inducement—though in my case it isn't."

Monty deliberated for some minutes.

"Have you realized," he said at length, "that if you marry this silly old perisher, you'll have to live with him for the rest of your life?"

"I'm told that wives usually do," calmly.

Monty ignored the sarcasm in her voice. He was back in his uncle's study, and an entirely new and original brain-wave was Charlestoning about in his head. He stole a glance at Marjorie's slender, dainty figure stretched out by his side. The brain wave stood still . . . bowed to him encouragingly.

"Why not marry me?" he asked.

Marjorie turned sharply, and her pretty mouth took on a slightly dangerous line.

"Because," she said slowly, and distinctly, with that slightly sarcastic note in her voice that the ass used to Balaam when he got all hot and bothered over the traffic regulations. "I might prefer to live with a silly, old perisher I do know, to a silly young perisher I don't."

Monty's eyebrows went up in slightly pained surprise.

"Ah, that's where you're wrong," he replied. "If you married me it would simply be for the purpose of connecting you with your money. The moment we were married, I should clear off and promise never to bother you again."

He took his monocle from his eye and started polishing it with the air of a man who has done his duty and merely waits for the applause. Marjorie gazed at him in sheer, breathless, bewilderment.

"Are you—mad?" she asked at length.

"Personally, I don't think so—but that, I admit, is merely an expression of opinion."

"But—but what's the catch?"

"Catch? There isn't one. Very ordinary offer. You're in trouble. I can help you out. Why not?"

Marjorie's mouth was no longer dangerous, but her blue eyes were obviously puzzled.

"Why are you doing this?" she demanded.

"My Union insists on it."

"Be serious!"

"Well then—because I want to."

"Absolutely serious, I said!"

"I am—absolutely! You can't be anything else when you're contemplating matrimony."

Marjorie pouted adorably.

"That's not much of a compliment to me—if you meant your offer."

"Oh, but that's where you're wrong! I couldn't pay you a bigger one. No one ever dreams of jokin' about the really beautiful things of life."

Marjorie's smile was like a baby sunbeam stealing through the clouds.

"All the same, I'm sure you are joking," she pleaded with the pretty persistency that a girl always uses when she is hoping that you won't agree with her.

"And I'm equally sure I'm not," replied

Monty firmly. "You want the best husbands, as the jolly old advertisement says: We've got 'em! Warranted to be in the ring the moment the gong sounds and to take the count without argument at the church door. Mrs. Montague Barrett's wonderful recipe for How To Be Happy Though Married . . . or Husband I Have Married and Never Seen. It's so simple!"

"You are a ridiculous man!" dimpled Marjorie.

"That," replied Monty, "is a serious libel on my character. I'm not sure I oughtn't to consult my solicitors about it. In the meantime—pendin' an action for defamation of character—I would ask you to consider my proposition in all seriousness. Why on earth should you marry this old ruin . . .

condemn yourself for the term of your natural life to a course of coffee spillin' and sock darnin'? Why not marry me and fix all your young energies on your own coffee and socks—I mean stockings?" with a hasty though admiring glance at Marjorie's pretty legs.

Marjorie pulled down her short frock with that nice demureness that girls affect when they are anxious to keep men's eyes

riveted . . . and are confident that their skirts will soon slip back again. "I never darn 'em," she murmured. "When they ladder I buy new ones."

"That," replied Monty firmly, "endorses my argument—I don't—er—exactly know how, but I'm sure it does if only I could think of it. Therefore I say once more . . . marry me and solve that empire agitatin' problem of How To Be Single Though Married!"

But Marjorie smiling softly now, shook her head. "It's awfully sweet of you," she said, "amazingly sweet of you, but I couldn't let you do such a thing. It's not fair for you."

"But it is! It's doing me a good turn as a matter of fact. I'm—I'm under contract to do one good turn a day. That's how I make a living."

"Don't be so absurd!" dimpled Marjorie.

"Fact, I assure you! If you don't help me out it's Rowton House for yours truly. Cripps!"

"Sir!" replied his valet appearing at the top of the bank.

"On what does my income depend at the moment?" demanded his master.

"One good turn a day, sir. Payment by result."

"You see," rejoined Monty turning to the girl who was still regarding him with smiling incredulity. Then, "Are we doing anything on Friday morning, Cripps?"

"Not that I'm aware of, sir."

"Right! Then make a note that we are getting married at twelve o'clock," replied his master. "That will do, Cripps."

For some moments silence reigned. Overhead the wood-pigeons murmured caressingly to each other. Marjorie was gazing ahead, slim hands clasping and unclasping each other. So the Princess Flavia may have looked when she met Rudolf Rassendyl at the altar steps.

"I don't know what to say," she said tremulously. "I simply don't."

"That's all right," replied Monty cheerfully. "You'll do the same for me one day. Have another candy?"

IT HAS been estimated by capable statisticians that quite seventy-five per cent. of perfectly normal young men become temporarily—in some cases permanently—abnormal when thrown into close contact with a pair of appealing eyes, an eminently kissable mouth, and an importunately cuddlesome figure. And Monty was no exception to the rule. Ordinarily, he would have claimed, and quite justly, to be classed



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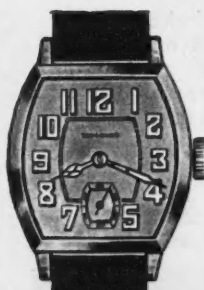
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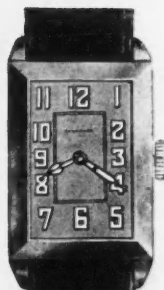
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III. Partnership

WHEN brides with brains and business training, or older women of like mind, first ventured the theory that a home could be run more effectively if business methods were applied to its management, sentimentalists prophesied that the sacred institution was doomed to ruin. Business efficiency and a happy home atmosphere were simply incompatible, in their opinion.

But, strangely enough, brides by the hundred began to introduce the "sordid" principles of business which they had learned to respect by their office experience, until card indexes and files found themselves rubbing elbows with cookstoves and kitchen cabinets in a most fraternal way. Even the time-honored recipe notebook gave place to the neat little card system which is now standard equipment in every up-to-date kitchen. And still the home did not collapse!

The businesslike woman, bride or otherwise, then threw caution to the winds and declared that the cold logic of economics deserved a place in the home just as much as in business, and the family budget greeted a skeptical domestic world. Instead of spreading ruin in its wake, it has saved countless homes from drifting on the financial rocks and is generally accepted as the safest and sanest method of household management. Women as a class have come to see that commercial and government enterprises are not the only ones that can benefit by a systematic regulation of expenditures.

The next step in the war on household inefficiency, it seems to me, is not to be so easily won. It is the application of the partnership principle to domestic affairs. Many who accept it in theory balk at its implications in practice, for partnership in the home means just what it does in the business world—fair dealing, strict honesty, complete confidence and absolute equality. Idealistic, to be sure, but eminently practical, as many a couple will agree. I venture to say that no home can be happy, sweet or solvent without some such foundation as a basis of operating.

In no phase of budgeting do we find this principle so necessary as in the item classed *Advancement*, which we are to consider this month. A woman may manage somehow to finance food and clothing and operating costs with a minimum of help and co-operation from friend husband, but when it comes to the varied assortment of expenditures grouped under *Advancement*, the budget will not budge an inch without the propelling power of team work.

Even with both heads of the house functioning, it takes all the combined skill and diplomacy of both to stretch the paltry balance of say ten or twelve per cent. of the income that remains from all other inroads, over education, club and lodge fees, church, and charity, personal gifts, reading material, amusements, entertaining, personal allowances, stationery and postage, business and professional obligations. Perhaps it is the very difficulty of the thing that has made many people say it can't be done. Instead it ought to be a challenge to the businesslike instincts of every housewife.

One of the most obvious difficulties would seem to be the unstable character of some of these items. They are as variable as the stock market, as temperamental as a prima donna, as grasping as a youngster left alone with a plate of candy. Like all these phenomena, they will stand watching, for one can never be sure of them. Who can foresee, for instance, the unexpected wedding gift or charity donation, the visit to the oculist or dentist, the sudden illness, or motor repairs, yet all these emergencies have to be taken care of, usually, alas, without the help of easy payments!

A little watchful study, however, will show that in spite of wide variability, the mean average does not deviate much from year to year, barring any major item like an operation or protracted illness, which would

have to be financed from *Savings* in any case. Certainly they will deviate less if we have some general policy with regard to education, gifts both personal and public, amusements, vacations, motor car and most of the other items, and a definite amount set aside regularly to cover them. This will help to avoid much of the frenzied finance and actual heartburning that is inevitable when these expenditures are dictated by the state of the pocketbook at the moment the demand arises.

Take, for example, the question of vacations, which is looming large on the horizon these lovely June days. Many families have decided on a policy that involves a combination of holiday and motor car expenditures. This has made it possible for them to enjoy more of each, the car providing the transportation for the entire party and opening up hitherto undreamed of possibilities. In figuring vacation costs, there is also the heartening feature that one may borrow with a clear conscience from other items which will not be required for food and operating expenses at home.

In spite of all the skilful co-operation of the best sort of partnership, this portion of the budget often proves as insoluble a problem as the glass slipper was to Cinderella's sisters. It simply won't fit! The truth of the matter may be that we too are attempting the impossible. The only way out may be the painful one chosen by the wicked sisters, of cutting off a piece! No use trying to pretend it's a pleasant process, for pitifully few of the thousands who are living beyond their means are willing to admit their folly and face the facts. It would be hard to imagine any joy in curtailing one's amusements, in taking a cheaper vacation or doing without a car, though most of us would gladly economize on the dentist and doctor, much as little Willie would jump at the chance to save money on his music lessons. But, unhappily, we aren't always given the chance to cut the slice off where it would hurt us least.

It takes grade A courage to curtail our personal pleasures, just as it does for a bride and groom to keep from developing an inferiority complex when they find they haven't a Chesterfield suite or a spinet desk or a sports model like so-and-so who has been married an equal length of time. But "Keeping up with the Joneses" is a virtue that is not so apt to find easy prey in the good budgeteer.

The phase of the whole partnership that requires the choicest diplomacy may prove to be the *Personal Allowance* item, which is coming into the limelight again. Not so long ago the wife without an allowance was a frequent and pathetic figure, but thanks to the fair-mindedness of men and the business acumen of women, she is now nearly as extinct as the dodo. Nothing could be more humiliating than the intermittent hand-out system, if it could be called such, unless, perhaps, it might be the policy which keeps a wife in the dark regarding her husband's income and obligations.

The modern idea of partnership is based on the belief that whatever income a man may receive is earned in part by his wife, who expends on him and his children, her time, energy, experience and ability. This pre-supposes, of course, that the wife does her part to operate the home in an economical, efficient manner.

Even the squarest sort of husband who is generosity itself, in the matter of a house-keeping and personal allowance for his wife, cannot refrain from a little timely admonition. Most men seem to think all women have a mania for spending, just as a few have for shop-lifting, that simply can't be resisted when the urge comes on. I know more than one husband who is willing to admit that the wife's money has gone for "the finest collection of nothing ever gath-

Continued on page 59

Even though the "good turn" profession now chosen for him might possibly be a hard one, he was quite willing to defend it. He told himself that it positively bristled with possibilities. He even pictured himself as earning a five figure income in the course of years . . . his friends saying to him "How do you make your money?" Also, his proud answer, "I'm a good-turn merchant!" He saw himself being interviewed by the papers—plus photograph . . . headlines with, "An Amazing Profession."

This, of course, led him automatically to Marjorie, led him to speculate exactly why he had made her that offer of marriage . . . and finally brought him to the conclusion that even though his marriage could most certainly be looked upon as a very sound business investment, yet with no investment at all attached to it, he'd have been only too delighted to do it. Even the fact that he was solemnly pledged to say good-bye to her immediately the ceremony was over, was failing to damp his ardor at the moment. Such maladies have been prevalent at the spring of the year ever since Adam and Eve joined forces in the apple business.

He rang the bell for his valet who came noiselessly in and closed the door behind him.

"Cripps," said Monty, "you know we are being married this morning! I hope you have got that wedding feeling on you—same as I have?"

The valet coughed deferentially.

"If you still intend to go through with it, sir. I am merely an accessory before the fact."

Monty grinned.

"So am I, Cripps, I'm afraid, if it comes to that! D'you know what it's like to say good bye to your baggage, when you leave London on a continental trip? You wave to it at Victoria in exchange for a scrap of paper, devoutly hoping that you will meet it again at a later date."

"But you invariably do, sir, I'm told."

"You think so?" rejoined his master brightening up. "You don't think I'll be the jolly old exception that proves the rule, eh? My baggage—a lovely little baggage too, Cripps, if one may be permitted to speak in the Shakesperian vernacular of anything so beautiful—will detach itself from me this morning at the point of embarkation, i.e. the Registrar's Office, and I'll be left with nothing but a certificate of merit. Now the question is, Cripps, am I really ever likely to see her again?"

The valet looked a little startled—if anything so impassive could be said to look startled.

"But you said, sir, you distinctly said you had no wish or intention to ever see her again!" he ventured.

Monty gazed at him with the slightly amused air that a millionaire speculator on Wall Street might be expected to assume if asked to play penny poker.

"My dear Cripps," he said, "when a man meets anything as amazingly lovely and as adorably sweet as the future Mrs. Barrett, there's no limit to the fool suggestions he'll make—if she's in trouble. If she'd have asked me to mop up Niagara Falls with a baby's bath sponge, I'd have taken a one-way ticket there this mornin'."

"Like that, is it, sir?" after a pause.

"Yes, it is," retorted Monty. "Of course, I accepted her conditions—I had to! But it doesn't stop me from hoping that she won't hold me to 'em!"

"Then, we must trust, sir, that the young lady will play the game as it ought to be played."

"I don't see why we should expect her to do so," moodily. "What's more, I'm sure that there's no reason to suppose she will—is there?"

"My experience of the sex, sir," guardedly "teaches me to believe that the last thing in the world you ever expect them to do is generally the one that they elect to do."

"And in this case it probably won't be."

"Well, in any case, sir," replied the valet, "there is always to fall back upon, the reason which prompted your generous action. You mustn't lose sight of that, sir. If your uncle views it in the correct light—"

He stopped as he saw his master gazing at him with something suspiciously like a grin on his face.

"You are suggesting, Cripps," he suggested, "that I should find adequate compensation in the prospects of the forthcoming—er—remuneration?"

"If I may say so, sir," with a slightly injured air, "that is the only really sensible view to take."

Monty's smile expanded.

"Then let's concentrate on the 'really sensible view,'" he replied. "What should it be worth, Cripps? Let's consider the situation dispassionately. Young and lovely damsel in distress . . . We must emphasize both her youth and beauty I think, as it makes an even greater hero of me for parting with her at the church door and determining ever afterwards to keep away from her."

"Properly stated, sir," said the valet, "it should be worth a handsome cheque."

"Oh, it will be properly stated—don't be afraid of that."

"Then you don't really regret the step you're taking, sir?" asked the valet, after a pause during which Monty played abstractedly with his teaspoon.

A smile came over his master's face . . . a slow, thoughtful kind of a smile such as a man gives when his own thoughts are busy almost to the exclusion of everything else.

"Some Johnnie once said," he mused, "that the most miserable feeling in the world is to fall in love with a girl who doesn't love you. But I reckon I'd give him one to beat it . . . one to beat it."

He took a cigarette from the silver-box in front of him, tapped it thoughtfully on the table. His valet watched him a little anxiously.

"Yes . . . I reckon I'd give him one to beat it," said Monty again.

"And that is, sir?"

Monty pushed back his chair.

"To have missed it, Cripps!" he said firmly. "Now the question is what trousers shall we wear this morning?"

MONTY waiting in his racing car outside the Registrar's office jumped out eagerly as Marjorie's taxi drew up at the curb. As he helped her out, even Cripps, waiting respectfully in the background with a large bunch of orchids in his hand, felt bound to admit that in appearance, at any rate, this girl was an eminently suitable bride for his young master—despite his secret misgivings on the irregularity of the whole business. Certainly Marjorie was looking lovely enough, and the little heightened color and the half shy, half grateful way in which she gave her hand to Monty and smiled good morning to Cripps, only served to accentuate her prettiness. Monty had a

vague impression of a smiling pair of blue eyes beneath a neat little black hat, an exquisitely dainty and absurdly short pale gray frock, and a slender pair of silk stockinged legs and adorable little high-heeled shoes. Then he heard himself listening to a soft little voice.

"I don't know how I got here! I was almost afraid—"

That pulled Monty together. He realized what was due from him. For the moment, he had been lost in a wonderful dream. Now he came back to earth . . . remembering.

"I don't wonder," he interrupted with a fine assumption of cheerfulness. "But you needn't be! Cripps, I don't mind telling you, had that same sinking feeling when he entered my service. Though in his case it was really more excusable than in yours, because he knew he had to live with me, and you don't. All you've got to do is to pluck up your courage, as the dentist says when he produces his forceps. One wrench and it will be all over."

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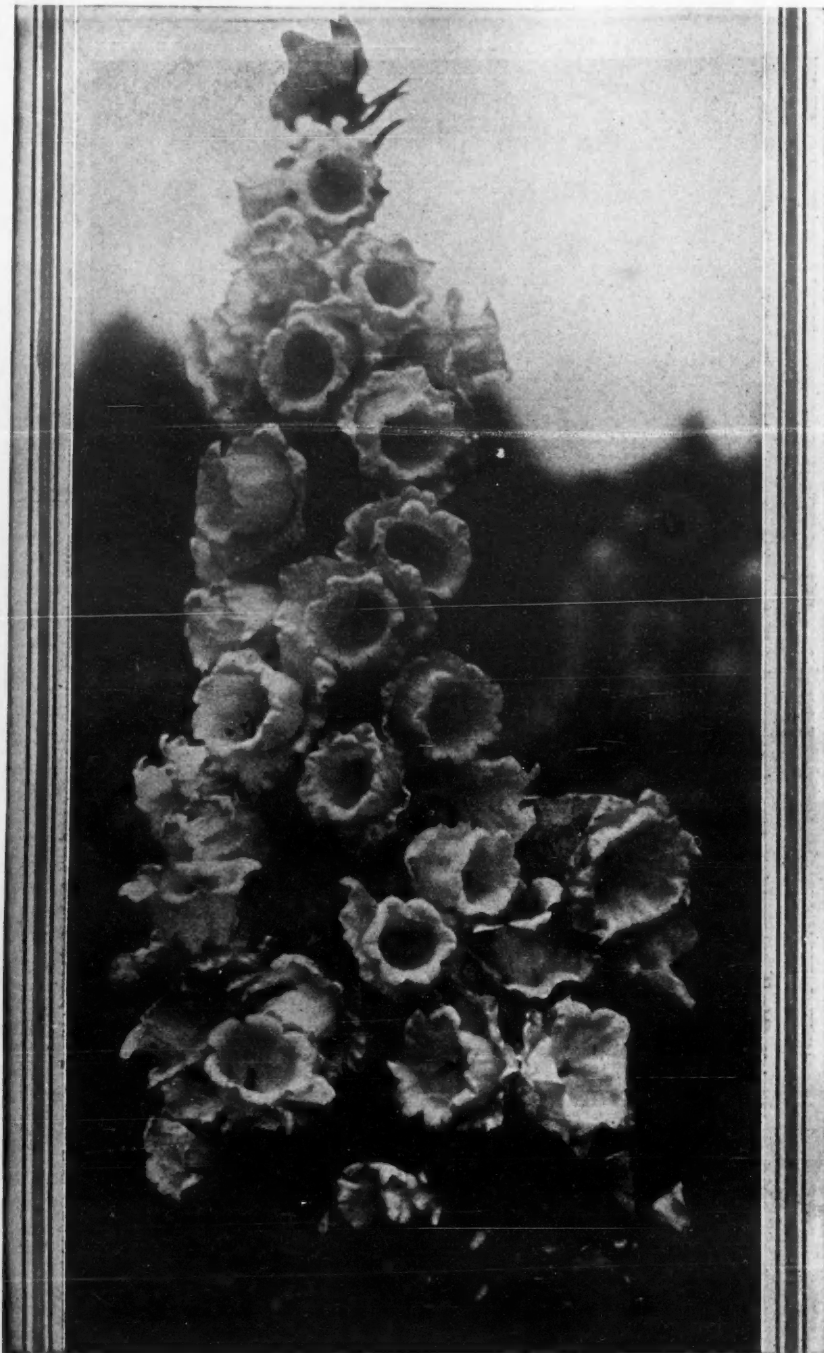
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among the normal young men of the twentieth century. An English public school had taught him how to play cricket, football and squash racquets, and had placed no obstacles in the way of his studying Latin and Greek in his spare moments. An English Varsity had helped him to a Blue, showed him how to spend his uncle's money—Monty's parents had died young—and having successfully unfitted him for any useful career, had said good-bye to him with extreme regret. Then Kaiser Bill had strutted out on to the stage to do an extra turn, and Monty, in company with thousands of other young men, had jumped up out of his seat prepared to argue the point.

At the end of four years he had been lucky enough to be still alive to argue. What is more, his perspective had widened somewhat. Salisbury Plain at a shilling a day, and wet trenches in the front line with death or mutilation as the only thing you can bet on with any reasonable hope of winning, have a tendency to widen most viewpoints. So, though Monty still retained his sense of humor, he had dropped quite a lot of unnecessary cargo during his three and a half years in France. Although only three and twenty at the time of his return, he was quite prepared to drop a good deal more.

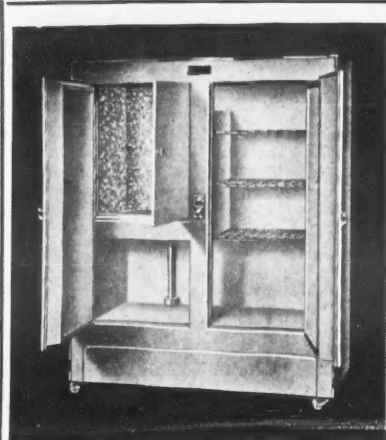
But it was at this point that Uncle Ebenezer Hoddinott had butted in, with his unerring capacity for doing the wrong thing at the right moment. For Uncle Ebenezer was one of those men—the world is full of them—who seek to standardize everything. To him, there was only one pattern, and that was Ebenezer Hoddinott who, at an early age, had been left two thousand a year by a wealthy father, and had promptly set out to work fourteen hours a day in order to double it. And because he had succeeded not only in doubling it, but quadrupling it as well . . . because he had all his life scorned delights and lived laborious days, and also because he had quite a sincere affection for his nephew, and a certain pride in his war record, he had sent for him on the signing of the Armistice, and outlined his proposals.

They were quite simple ones. Generous they certainly were, but then Uncle Ebenezer was intending to be generous. He argued that Monty had deserved it. The only thing he forgot was that it is scarcely a wise proceeding to pull a man suddenly out of poverty and hardship and dump him without the slightest warning into luxury and ease. Being possessed of twenty thousand a year himself, and a brain as perfectly balanced as a diamond merchant's scales, he forgot that there were other brains slightly less evenly poised . . .

So it was that Monty came to find himself installed in a luxurious flat in Mayfair with an income of fifteen hundred a year, and "whatever you make over and above that, my boy, I will double," ringing in his ears.

At the outset, of course, Monty was as full of good resolutions as a commuter's train is full of passengers at six o'clock in the evening. With a steady income of fifteen hundred a year at his back, there was nothing he couldn't and wouldn't do. He spent the first three months in trying to decide whether he'd mount to the woollen sack, take over Ireland, or pay off the National Debt. At the end of another three, he had come to the conclusion that the choosing of a career was such a serious step that it was most unwise to hurry over it. While at the end of three years, he had seen such a number of things that he really wanted to do, that, like the young man who was asked which were the minor prophets, he was altogether loth to make invidious distinctions. By which time he had accumulated Cripps, a racing car, a passion for speeding aforesaid, and a perpetual overdraft at the bank. Now, sitting at his breakfast, facing life on entirely new terms, he was inclining to the belief that he might have done somewhat better to have chosen a career rather than have had one thrust thus unceremoniously upon him.

Yet it was not in his nature to repine. Monty was a philosopher if nothing else. Under no circumstances would he ever allow his cheery optimism to depart from him.



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Monty, resolute to the last, held fiercely to his smile.

"Not a bit! Jolly good luck!"

The car slid away down the road, disappeared from sight, but he still stood there gazing after it. Not till Cripps had ventured to cough deferentially did he turn. Then, squaring his shoulders, he walked to his car, got in, pressed his foot on the self-starter . . . let in the clutch.

"Cripps," he said, in a voice that the first grave-digger in Hamlet would have envied, "where shall we go for our honeymoon?"

EVEN in these ultra-modern days, romance plays quite a considerable part in the life of an ordinary young girl. Probably, had Marjorie met Monty at a dance or dinner she would have dismissed him as quite an ordinary young man—without being an immense way from the actual truth.

But Marjorie had met Monty under romantic circumstances, and Cupid does his very best business in cases of that sort. The moment she had realized that his amazing offer to her was serious, he became a hero to her. And because the arrows of the little winged god, when once they find a home, do serious and lasting injury, Marjorie, the moment that she had become Monty's wife, found herself face to face with a new and altogether unlooked-for complication.

In other words, she found herself confronted with the amazing problem of being in love with her own husband. It had never occurred to her that such a thing could possibly happen. She had agreed to marry Monty in order to gain a certain objective, and, as every thoughtful man knows, no woman—until she has gained her objective—ever allows such trivial things as possible consequences to worry her.

Married! Lying back on the cushioned seat of the taxi, Marjorie tried to realize exactly what she had done. Twirling the tiny gold ring round and round her finger she came to the conclusion that her sensations, in the main, were rather pleasurable ones. All the same she was conscious of being a wee bit disappointed in Monty. Looking at her pretty reflection in the mirror that hung opposite to her, it struck her as strange that he should have said good-bye to her so readily. The fact that it was part of her own fixed bargain counted for nothing. For a woman who wasted her time over admiration for a man's code of honor when she doesn't happen to be in love with him.

So Marjorie, she had got what she had wanted, but now she had suddenly discovered that she was wanting something she had never imagined she could possibly want. And the puzzle was not how to get it, but how quickly she could get it.

"Silly things men!" she reflected. "He might have suggested a honeymoon. All the best husbands do, and there's nothing improper in it when you're married. I'd better send him my photo—wives often do that to their husbands. I might even go and call on him one day. No really nice man could possibly object to that."

However, with the dawn of the next morning, being in the main an eminently sensible young woman, she set out to tackle the problem that lay immediately before her. Ten o'clock found her in her solicitor's office in Lincoln's Inn.

"Sit down, my dear, and tell me what I can do for you."

Marjorie smilingly dropped into a chair, crossed her legs and surveyed him with the smiling confidence of a favored child.

"I want lots of money, please! Whole heaps of it! I got married yesterday."

Joseph Weatherby, whose clean-shaven hatchet face, in forty years' experience of the law, had never been known to show one single outward and visible sign of surprise, dropped his eyeglasses with a clatter and gasped—literally gasped.

"You're—you're what?" helplessly.

"Married! Why not? It's a thing growing girls often do."

"You're—you're married?" he gasped once more.

Marjorie regarded him amusedly. That solicitors were subject to the emotions of

ordinary mortals was sufficiently new to be interesting.

"Sure!" she smiled. "We, most of us come to it sooner or later—I'm sooner."

He picked up his glasses, gazed at them as if they alone held the solution of the puzzle. Then, he took out a silk handkerchief and started wiping them slowly. Marjorie in the meanwhile had dipped into a gold chain purse and had extracted a paper which she unfolded.

"Marjorie Rosamund Harrington, spinster—that's me," she said. "Montague Charles Anstruther Barrett, bachelor—that's him. You see, it's all in order."

He took the certificate from her, put on his eyeglasses, studied it.

"Perfectly in order," he said and his voice had now resumed its normal tones. "Well, under your grandfather's will—"

"Ah! Now, you're talking!" murmured Marjorie.

"You are entitled," went on the old man ignoring the interruption, "to the sum of thirty thousand pounds on your marriage."

"That's what I'm here for," cheerfully. "But I don't want all of it. Fifteen thousand will do for the moment."

"It's a very large sum. Do I take it that you want it for your husband?"

"You don't!" retorted Marjorie coloring.

"If you want to know, it's for my father."

His eyebrows went up.

"Ah, I see," thoughtfully. "Possibly this supplies the reason for your sudden marriage?"

Marjorie shrugged her slim shoulders.

"Possibly it does—equally possibly it doesn't," she retorted. "I can't see that I'm required to give any reasons—"

"My dear child, you're not!" interrupting her. "But being your solicitor and having known you from babyhood—"

"I know," softened in a moment, "and it's very sweet of you, Mr. Weatherby. But I want you to be a dear, and not ask any questions. You see I've been and gone and done it, as they say in the classics; and that's all there is to it. Now, how soon can you let me have it?"

"It's all in marketable securities. I'll get in touch with my co-trustee and we can go right ahead if you insist on it."

"Which I do," she replied smiling. "Push it through as quickly as ever, you can, there's a darling."

She got up from her chair, shook out her skirts daintily, put out her hand!

"You haven't asked after my husband," she smiled. "He's really quite a nice young man, and I believe—" she hesitated fractionally, "he's almost in love with me."

"Slightly irregular, these days. Is it not?" with excessive dryness.

"Cynic!" dimpling. "But I think he is all the same."

"I hope he's well off."

"He keeps a racing car, and a valet—and lives in Duke Chambers, St. James'." answered the girl.

"Three excellent qualifications for the bankruptcy court."

Marjorie laughed merrily.

"You're hopeless! I was going to introduce him to you. I shan't now."

"I do quite a lot in Carey Street," he answered. "We're sure to meet."

Marjorie tripped down the stairs and into the street.

"Let's hope Daddy will take it as coolly," she reflected.

JAMES JOHN HARRINGTON, Marjorie's father, was a Professor of Astronomy. He was on Christian-name terms with all the stars and could pick them out as unerringly as a good hostess picks out her guests at the dinner table when the cigars have been lighted. Of comets, meteors, eclipses and equinoxes and all those things which ordinary folk never mention unless they can't help themselves, he spoke as one speaks of one's first grandchild. With solstices and eclipses he was almost contemptuous.

In appearance, he was a typical Professor, though his friends admitted that there was nothing else against him. He had a small, gray beard, slightly hackneyed at the edges.

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1 cup butter	1 teaspoon each of allspice,
1½ cups sugar	cinnamon and nutmeg
3 eggs	2 cups flour
1 cup raisins stoned and	2 teaspoons Magic Baking
chopped	Powder

(If too dry and liquid is required, add a little cold water)

Cream together thoroughly butter and sugar, then with a wooden spoon work in raisins and spices, then the well beaten eggs, then flour and baking powder which have been sifted together, roll out and cut with very small cutter. Bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes.

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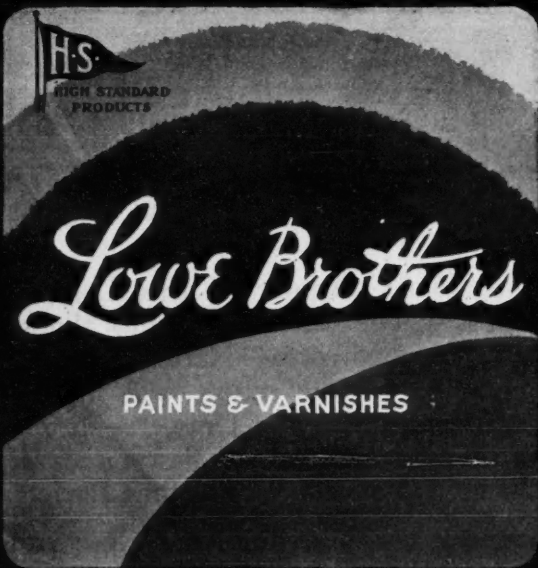
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"I wasn't thinking of anything of the kind," pouted Marjorie. Then as she slipped her hand through Monty's arm she added softly: "I think I shall never forget your kindness as long as I live."

Monty adjusted his eyeglass with extreme deliberation.

"As I told you before," he said with almost an air of severity, "I am doing this for purely selfish reasons. We all take our pleasures in various ways. This is mine. Not, of course, that I make a habit of marrying," he added quickly. "You see, the law is narrow-minded enough to treat bigamy as a serious offence. Otherwise, of course, there's no knowing how far one might indulge one's inclinations."

Marjorie glanced at him slyly from under her long lashes.

"No! I'm afraid you won't be able to marry again," she murmured.

"Of course not," rejoined Monty. "And I don't mind telling you that I'm all in favor of celibacy for married men. It's fine discipline. But the same restriction will not, of course, apply to you."

Marjorie looked up quickly, but Monty, his eyeglass in his eye, was staring straight before him.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because," he answered firmly, "it is written in the book of Fate that you will meet Another! Even now I feel it in my bones that Another is lying in wait for you ready to entrap your young heart. The world is full of Anothers. It is my misfortune never to have been born one myself."

"Don't be so silly!" dimpled Marjorie. "Besides, I shall be married too."

"That will have nothing to do with it," replied Monty heroically. "You will realize that life without Another is an aching nothing—I believe the best nothings always ache."

Marjorie's pretty lips quivered.

"I wonder if you're ever serious?" she queried.

The Registrar, a tired looking man with a limp moustache regarded them with the same enthusiasm as a cutter of hair regards a nearly bald client.

"You will want another witness," he said. "You must have two."

"Ah! That's my ignorance," murmured Monty blandly. "Cripps, collect another witness at once please!"

Cripps for the first time in his life looked a little bewildered.

"It doesn't matter a bit who it is," explained the registrar. "Anyone will do."

"There's my taxi-driver outside," suggested Marjorie, with something like a smile.

Twenty minutes later they emerged once more into the sunshine. The taxi-driver started his engine and climbed into his seat as if witnessing weddings was part of his daily task. Monty was strangely quiet. Marjorie was twirling a little gold band that glittered and flashed in the sunlight on the third finger of her slim left hand. Monty looked at Marjorie. For the first time in his life he found himself wondering vaguely whether "perfect gentleman" and "damned fool" were not synonymous terms. He had a sudden idea of snatching Marjorie up in his arms, taking a flying Douglas Fairbanks leap into the car, and hoping for the best. Not knowing that Marjorie was sending up wistful prayers that he would, he hesitated—and so the opportunity was lost forever.

As he helped her into her taxi, Marjorie's eyes were suspiciously misty.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said softly.

Monty fetched up the brave smile of a man at a dinner party who swallows a mouthful of something that has no business to be there, while he is talking to his hostess.

"You'll do the same for me one day," he said.

So for the space of seconds, with her hand in his, she stood there, while Fate—heartless little jade—smiled because neither of them dared to give utterance to what was in his heart. Then with a big sigh Marjorie got into the taxi.

"Good-bye!" she said. "And—thank you."

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Marjorie nodded, her blue eyes twinkling deliciously. A little helpless sigh escaped her father as he stared at her. Then at last he managed to speak.

"My dear, you're a—you really are—a most remarkable young woman!"

"Am I? I suppose that's what Adam said to Eve when she turned up in her first fig-leaf frock. Still, I've done it."

"But—but—how?"

Marjorie removed her arms from the table. A pretty little confusion was on her now. Her golden head was bent, and her slim fingers seemed to be busy with each other.

"Well, I got married a few days ago."

For a few moments there was silence. When the old man spoke, his voice was troubled.

"My dear, you shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?" almost defiantly.

"Because—" he seemed a little at a loss for words, "because—well I begin to understand—and I wouldn't have dreamed of asking such a sacrifice of you. I wouldn't indeed!"

There was real contrition in his voice, in his eyes, now. From the troubled way in which he gazed at her he looked as if he had suddenly awakened . . . and was ashamed.

"It's been no sacrifice, Daddy," in low tones. "I think . . . I'm rather . . . glad . . ."

Silence again. Then—

"Ebenezer Hoddinott?" he asked. The tone in his voice suggested that the comet might be almost in the next village.

"Not on your life!" quickly.

Relief showed in his face in a moment, but a certain puzzled look followed it swiftly.

"Then who? I didn't know—"

"Neither did I—till recently," smiling. "I've only known him a very short time."

"May I know who he is?"

"Sure!" she was just regaining her confidence now. "His name's Montague Charles Anstruther Barrett."

"The name seems familiar to me somehow," he murmured thoughtfully. "I wonder why?"

"Well, it will be soon if it isn't now," twirling her wedding ring. "As a matter of fact it was all rather sudden."

He still watched her, his brows knitted. He gave the impression that there were a dozen questions he was dying to ask her, but hesitated to do so.

"Well, my dear," he said, at length, "just bring him down here and I'll tell him it's all right. You needn't be afraid. I'll resign you cheerfully. I can easily get a housekeeper and—"

Marjorie looked up hastily.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, "there's no need to do that. I'm not leaving you, Daddy. I mean—" the pink crept into her cheeks before the puzzled look in his eyes. "I shall be with you for quite a while yet. You see—Monty's just been called away to—to—" she searched her brain desperately for some remote part of the globe, "to—er—South America—on Government business."

"Oh, he's in the Government? Excellent! What particular branch?"

"Oh—er—the—er—Secret Service," answered Marjorie after a moment's hesitation, during which she had installed Monty in a dozen posts from the Privy Council to the General Post Office.

"I see. Well, it's a fine position, though I'm afraid it means that you won't see a great deal of him."

"No, I'm afraid I won't," she murmured, slightly relieved to find that she could, on one point, at any rate, answer truthfully. "They're bound to be pushing him off somewhere every five minutes. But then the Government never has any consideration for one's feelings has it?"

The Professor, with certain unpleasant memories not altogether unconnected with demands for overdue Income Tax, assented readily.

"I should rather have thought though," he added mildly, "that he'd have come down and seen me before he left."

"Oh, he wanted to," answered Marjorie, hurriedly. "In fact, he was going to, only

—er—the Government rushed him off in a hurry."

The Professor looked grave.

"International complications, my dear?"

"Well, as a matter of fact—"

She paused so long, hesitating whether she'd plunge South America into war, or suggest a new and unexpected turn of affairs in China, that her father came to her rescue.

"You'd rather not say, my dear, eh?"

"Much rather not, Daddy," with decision.

"Oh, well, I can't blame you. It's never fair, with a husband like yours, to tell everyone exactly what he's doing."

"Oh, I should never dream of doing so," answered Marjorie, firmly, thinking regretfully how few opportunities were likely to occur for putting her resolution to the test.

"And, of course, you can't tell me exactly where he's gone to either?" queried the old man.

"I can't," she replied, with truthful decision.

She got up from her chair. It occurred to her that if she stayed much longer, she might involve Monty in world-wide complications from which it would, perhaps, be impossible to extricate him.

"I think I'll do a spot of bed, Daddy," with a little yawn. "I'm horribly tired."

She came round to the old man and dropped a light kiss on his head.

"Give the stars an evening off, darling," she said, "and get to bed early for a change."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, my dear," he answered, "I've accepted an invitation for you and me to lunch with Mr. Hoddinott the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, drat!" murmured Marjorie, under her breath.

"You see, my dear, I know he admires you, and—"

"You never expected me to marry him, did you, Daddy?" knitting her brows.

"Good Heavens, no, my dear. I never expect anything of that sort. But the young woman of to-day," a little helplessly, "does quite a lot of things one doesn't expect."

Marjorie sat down on the arm of his chair and contemplated her slim ankles thoughtfully.

"He's about three times my age."

"I know, my dear, but you've told me yourself he's proposed to you many times."

"So have lots of other men."

"Yes, but you said only last week that if he went on much longer you might accept him."

Marjorie laughed . . . rather a curious little laugh.

"That was a joke. Besides I'm jolly glad I haven't married him."

"You've never given him to suppose you might?" a little anxiously.

Marjorie deliberated.

"Oh, I won't say that," she admitted at length. "I might have told him he could hope . . . but then a girl's often got to say that to an old man like that. And after all," a little defiantly, "why shouldn't he be allowed to hope? I might have married him . . . if I hadn't happened to change my mind."

The Professor studied her thoughtfully. He didn't know how close to the truth her statement was. Fifty years of peering through telescopes seldom give the peerer even the smallest insight into the inner workings of the mind of a pretty girl of nineteen.

"I'm only so afraid that—that he won't quite like it," he said.

Marjorie smiled amusedly.

"Afraid?" she queried. "I'm darned certain he won't, but he'll have to know it sooner or later so it may as well be sooner, mayn't it?"

"Yes—I suppose so. Tell me, my dear—" again he hesitated as if uncertain how to proceed "when you—er—thought that you might one day marry him was it—was it—in order that by so doing you might—"

Marjorie slipped an arm round his neck and hugged him.

"Dear old silly!" she retorted. "You don't suppose I was ever in love with a moth-eaten old ruin like that, do you?"

"I didn't see how you could be, my dear."

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a pair of mild blue eyes whose expression always suggested that he had forgotten where he had left his memory, and a suit of clothes in which even the most Bohemian mouse would have firmly declined to nest.

For the rest, he was a kindly, simple old fellow whose life was bounded by telescopes and abstruse mathematical calculi. Of time and money he had no notion whatsoever. As long as he had pink slips in his cheque book he continued to fill them in. When the bank declined to cash them he seemed a little hurt, ultimately deciding that perhaps they knew best. Marjorie he had never been quite able to place. He looked upon her as he looked upon a star of irregular habits and uncertain appearance... something rather interesting which he had never been able to weigh up and reduce to four places of decimals. But from the fact that she summoned him to meals, set pleasant food before him, sat at the head of his table, and when permitted, perched herself on the arm of his chair and stroked his head, while he smoked his meerschaum pipe, he was of the suspicion that she played an important part in his scheme of things. He vaguely felt she might contribute in some way to the advancement of science, if only he could find out a little more about her when he had the time.

That his affairs were in a somewhat embarrassed condition, he knew quite well. He knew, too, that the rambling old place in which he lived was heavily mortgaged and the mortgagee had presented an ultimatum. On the rare occasions when he remembered this fact, it worried him... though never as something that could really happen. The whole thing seemed to him so preposterously unlikely. For he had the simple Micawber-like optimism that believed implicitly that though Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson could perhaps suffer such indignities as expulsion, John James Harrington never could. In addition to which there was always the comforting reflection of Marjorie. When recently he had presented her with the situation—he always handed her difficult situations just as he handed her small household bills, washing his hands immediately of them—she had, a few days later, told him that she had found a solution. It had surprised him a little at the time. Twelve thousand pounds seemed a large sum. All the same, he had been entirely satisfied, and had dismissed the subject from his mind. After all, there were other far more important things to claim his attention.

The particular night when Marjorie made her announcement to him, was no different from any other night. There was the Professor at one end of the table placidly cracking nuts and sipping his glass of unpaid-for port, while he babbled about the comet that was coming along in a week's time. So hopefully, did he speak of its getting a few million miles out of its course and disintegrating the entire civilized world, that Marjorie found herself wondering whether her marriage to Monty had been entirely necessary. She gazed round the daintily decorated table with its shining glass and glittering silver; its fresh flowers; the soft pink glow over it all, reflected on the panelled walls of the room; the oil paintings of dead and gone Harringtons, the rows upon rows of books round the walls. It seemed to be a little ridiculous that all these things should be at the mercy of comets that elected to take the wrong turning.

She rested white elbows on the oak table, cupping her chin with slim hands... waited till the comet had finished its work. Then:

"Now, Daddy, let's forget comets for the moment. This morning I paid off Bettinson; I've got his receipt and we shan't have to clear out!"

If the entire population of the planet Mars had suddenly appeared at the open windows and demanded an eight-course dinner, John James Harrington could scarcely have looked more amazed and delighted.

"My dear," he exclaimed, "d'you mean—?"

He couldn't finish. He could only stare.

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golden badge of servitude winked and glittered in the sun. But at the sudden change in Uncle Ebenezer's face, it fell back slowly to her side.

"You're—you're—married!" he spluttered.

Marjorie stiffened in a moment! She had hardly been prepared for this. According to all her preconceived ideas, Uncle Ebenezer should have gasped it out, not hissed it out like a tyrant Emperor ordering a slave to be flung to the lions. He should have bowed his head, covered his face with his hand, turned away, murmured that his heart was irrevocably broken . . . All the same, she was conscious that this was a distinctly easier situation to handle. Now at the aspect of his enraged face, reminding her very forcibly of a setting sun before a heavy storm, she drew herself up to her full sixty-four and a half inches, eyeing him with an expression that would have chilled boiling water.

"I said so!" she answered, and waited.

She hadn't long to wait. The events of that morning had helped to fray Uncle Ebenezer's temper—never of the best—and Marjorie, now permanently removed from him, had administered the finishing touches

Marjorie heard him to the end. "I'm sorry I mistook you for a gentleman," she said. "I can't think how I came to do such a thing."

"Why have you never told me of this

before?" he raved. "You've led me to believe all along—"

"Am I responsible for your mental vagaries?" with supreme disdain.

Uncle Ebenezer choked.

"You—you told me not a fortnight ago, that there was no one else."

"Has it occurred to you," murmured Marjorie, with the delightful frankness of youth, "that it might be possible to find things in trousers slightly more attractive than yourself—even in half that time?"

"The whole thing's preposterous!" he stormed.

"But there's one thing that would have been twice as preposterous," she flashed back, with an angry little toss of her head. "And that would have been if I'd married you. You asked me last time if I'd think it over, and I said I would. Well, I did . . . And I came to the conclusion that if I went beyond the thinking stage it would serve me right. Now let me pass, please!"

Head in the air, cheeks flaming, she walked past him toward the house, leaving him pawing the air like an angry cockroach.

As she reached the terrace, her father looked up.

"You look hot!" he said, mildly.

"At the moment," retorted Marjorie, between her clenched teeth, "I could give the Burning Fiery Furnace ninety in a hundred and whack its head off. I'm going! I've had enough of this house!"

(To be continued.)



THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

A department which seeks out and investigates for the housekeeper new equipment of Canadian manufacture.

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

WITH warm weather upon us and summer vacations in the offing, our thoughts, naturally, turn to days spent in the wide open spaces; long, happy evenings with the company grouped around a blazing fire; still, starry nights with only the sky for roof—and camp cooking!

To some women their two weeks of "the only life" merely serve to provide fourteen days sorrowful retrospection on the electric refrigerator, electric stove, and the thousand and one other benefits they take so lightly for the remaining fifty weeks of the year. To others, camp life provides an outlet for their natural culinary ingenuity. Not that either of them would enjoy a complete reversion to the primitive. Civilization is too deeply ingrained for that, and practical comforts are as necessary when roughing it as they are at home. In this connection, adequate cooking utensils play a large part in preserving harmony in the camp.

The "Duro" aluminum camp cooking outfit, illustrated on this page, has been specially designed and assembled to provide every lover of out-door life with a cooking kit equal, if not superior, to that of the

most experienced and particular of campers. The set consists of cups, soup bowls and dinner plates for four persons, one three-quart stew dish with cover, one fry pan, one three-quart camp coffee pot, one detachable hot pan lifter for frying and sauce pan, and one special eleven-quart cook pot with locking cover clamps. The entire set weighs only six and a half pounds and all pieces nest securely and snugly inside the cook pot. The large pot cover is securely held by specially formed locking cover clamps. These hold the outfit securely when packed, and when not in use, fold back out of the way. Thus, the great essential of a camp cooking outfit is taken care of, for it is compact and easy to carry, taking up space of only 11 x 9 inches when packed.

The utensils which make up the "Duro" outfit are made of heavy gauge aluminum, to withstand the severe service of camp life, and the whole is obtainable with or without a protecting canvas bag. An outfit such as this should do much to lessen what is often one of the tedious annoyances of a "back-to-nature" vacation.



The "Duro" aluminum camp cooking outfit, when packed, fits into the eleven quart pot. The entire set weighs only six and a half pounds. The cover of the pot is securely held down with locking cover clamps.

To Those who Believe the Doctor Knows Best



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HERD & CHARTON, INC., MONTREAL

"I shouldn't think you did. And I'll tell you something else, old man. If I had married him I'd have worked overtime to try and persuade your dear old comet to take the wrong turning!"

A THOUGHTFUL student of human nature once laid down the axiom that there was no fool like an old fool. Possibly, Parker, valet of Ebenezer Hoddinott was of the same opinion two mornings later. For the space of one hour and twenty minutes, old Ebenezer had been posturing in front of the long mirror in his bedroom like a debutante preparing for her first Court, while Parker had been skirmishing around him as if he were the assistant surgeon at some highly important operation, handing his master relays of ties and collars and offering respectful suggestions as to their relative values. Later on, he was to retail in the servants' hall to a giggling audience, the worried uncertainty of old Ebenezer as to "whether a sailor's knot and a double collar, or a bow tie and wing, suits me better, Parker." Also the retort that was "on the tip of me bloomin' tongue—'If you wear no blinkin' collar and tie at all, I reckon 'ow she ain't likely to notice it!'"

Now, however, Parker stood there, head on one side, apparently seriously worried also on these minor points on which the fate of nations might depend. Then, at last, he assisted his master on with his coat, smoothed out sundry invisible creases, massaged him delicately with a clothes-brush, and, finally—with that firm untruthfulness that a large salary always demands—declared him perfect. And Uncle Ebenezer Hoddinott, having given one last fond look at himself in the glass, received from his valet a handkerchief like a miniature perfume factory, and ambled down the staircase with the happy eagerness of a trained animal that has gone through all its tricks and is only waiting to be fed.

For fifty-nine years, Uncle Ebenezer had been a bachelor from choice—though it hadn't been his own choice. Now, however, he was confidently expecting to change his condition. He had known Marjorie for three years, during which time he had assailed her with proposals as regularly and persistently as if she had been a Bisley target, and he a prospective King's Prize winner. Latterly he had fancied that she had shown signs of wavering, and the bombardment had increased. Then the rumor had come to him that her father was in financial difficulties. Upon receipt of this knowledge, he had bought up his heavy artillery. Now, at last, it had seemed to him that he was nearing his goal. He had ordered a special lunch and a special suit for the occasion. The announcement of the forthcoming marriage was drawn up ready for the morning papers, and all that remained was to put the necessary finishing touches to proceedings.

So now behold him straddling his own hearthrug like a somewhat podgy colossus. Here, Marjorie and her father were announced . . . but at this point, it becomes necessary to shift to the back door of Uncle Ebenezer's house, carelessly left on the jar by a thoughtless cook.

It being a well established fact that the sense of smell is immeasurably more highly developed in the canine than in the human race, it could scarcely have caused surprise if a certain large, hungry-looking, lean Alsatian hound had been seen sniffing outside that half-open back door of Uncle Ebenezer's, just at the moment when Marjorie and her father were announced. For lunch was all ready, and such messes of pottage were preparing as would have tempted whole bunches of Esau to barter innumerable birthrights. And this particular Alsatian dog was at least a lineal descendant of Esau. He had been out hunting since early morning—unsuccessfully, too. Therefore, outside the kitchen door he lifted up his nose and sniffed, and finding it very good, proceeded to make uninvited entrance just as a large and fragrant roast turkey was being borne along the passage toward the dining-room. As unerringly as a compass to the north, the Alsatian followed . . .

As the luncheon gong swelled up softly in

the hall, Uncle Ebenezer Hoddinott uprose and offered Marjorie his arm. "Allow me!" he smiled, and swelling with love and the vista of seven succulent courses, steered her toward the dining-room, followed by the Professor.

Now there is a time when ordinary language fails. There is a time when for apt and suitable description, the most painstaking and truthful of chroniclers finds himself entirely at a loss for words with which to envisage a scene. And such a time was now on the threshold of the dining room. Even Medusa could have dreamed of no better frozen, horror-struck petrification than that which, on the moment of entry, rooted our two to the doorway. For on Uncle Ebenezer's special padded chair at the head of the table, sat an Alsatian dog with muddy paws braced against a once spotless table cloth, jaws lavishly festooned with chestnut stuffing, and before him, amid a ruin of glasses and cutlery, all that was left of an eighteen pound turkey . . .

Uncle Ebenezer gave one yell and leapt forward. But the Alsatian came of a long line of ancestors, whose instincts, both predatory and self-preservative, had run on parallel lines. He took in the situation in a flash and acted accordingly. He knew what was coming to him, but he decided that if he was to go down at all, he would go down fighting. On his immediate left lay a fat and succulent ham to which he had not as yet turned his attention. A couple of priceless decanters lay in the line, but seventeenth century cut glass counted little to the canine mind at a time like this.

Crash! The turkey was dropped, the ham was between his teeth, 1854 claret was trickling down the table-side like a newly sprung mountain rivulet, and the Alsatian was streaking toward the open windows. But there he found Uncle Ebenezer, who had also reached the same spot in a bound—and in his hand a pair of fire tongs, which he had snatched up, en route . . .

What followed was short and sharp. Uncle Ebenezer had no long ancestry of wolf hunters behind him . . . therefore it was all over in a minute, and while he hopped round the room clutching agonizedly at a lacerated pair of grey striped three-guinea trousers, and a stream of expletives flowed from his tongue, the Alsatian (plus ham), was heading for greater London, breaking all existing records for long distance running.

THREE hours later, Marjorie and Uncle Ebenezer stood together in the rose-garden where, having left the Professor on the terrace, Uncle Ebenezer had skilfully steered her. Proposals, he argued, should always take place in rose-gardens.

Marjorie, herself, however, had done her best to avoid it, though all in vain. She had seen it coming after lunch in some of Uncle Ebenezer's ponderous compliments and amorous glances. But, eventually, she had decided that, like the bi-ennial visit to the dentist, it was better to face it and get it over. Therefore, she had reluctantly allowed herself to be led to the rose-garden, and was now, despite her previous resolutions, desperately endeavoring to stall off the inevitable by artless enquiries on the nomenclature of rose-trees.

"Let's talk of ourselves—yourself!" suggested Uncle Ebenezer, with the smile of an elephant about to toy with a ton of hay. "Far nicer and more beautiful, my dear, than any roses."

Marjorie attempted a return smile, feeling about as comfortable as a man who has just sat down on a tin-tack.

"You know," he went on, gaining confidence from her silence and venturing a poetic flight in consequence, "that there is yet one rose I would—er—love to add to my collection . . . one rose. Her name is Marjorie—"

"Oh, please!" hurriedly. "It's—it's awfully sweet of you and I'm tremendously flattered"—which wasn't strictly true, but Marjorie remembered to have read it once in a book and fancied it might soften things a bit, "but—but—well—I'm married, you see. I've been married four days!" She threw out a slim little hand, on which the

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Sprained Ankles

Continued from page 11

But he had grown sulky and would not repeat the question, mostly because everyone on the platform had stopped to listen.

BREATHLESS Lorraine came into the dining room. She had planned to be away when the train arrived, and she had also planned to be late for tea. Tony sat alone at the table. Madame's eye filled a small aperture in the doorway.

"Where have you been?" cried the young man before she could speak. "I searched everywhere for you . . ."

"No, that's exaggerating."

"Well, most of our old haunts, then."

"Only an unimaginative person would haunt what she had already explored," Lorraine told him. "I've been discovering new worlds. But how delightful to see you again! And where is Mrs. Gilbert?"

Tony grinned his appreciation of her correctness. "Doing Europe with my Aunt Christine . . . my wealthy Aunt Christine of whom you may remember hearing her speak affectionately. The matter didn't want to go, but she unmade all her plans, listened to the voice of wealth and wisdom, and fondly hopes she is feathering my nest. I trust she will enjoy her freedom as much as I shall mine."

"You should not speak of your mother that way."

"You shouldn't look that colder-than-Spitzbergen-way; for even the softest of velvety, pansy-brown eyes are unlovely when such desperate devotion to duty fills them. I say, Lorraine, have you seen the house?"

"What house?" she asked, knowing quite well.

"Why, our house—your house—the one you loved and felt loved you! Surely, you've not forgotten saying that you'd marry—"

"Oh, that one! No, of course, I haven't seen it. I only came this morning."

They wandered down to the beach that evening. The ebbing tide had left a message in long, flowing characters at their feet.

"Looks like a story," said Tony, stepping so as to avoid obliterating the wavering lines.

"It's a long one," suggested the girl, "a serial, running for miles right to the Cape."

"The plot," he supplemented, "deals with a girl who refused to answer letters . . . Indeed, she returned three unopened to the man who loved—"

"Oh, Tony," she interrupted hastily, "do paint that dear little cloud sitting on the claret-colored cliff, before it gets up and goes home."

He closed his lips tight and obeyed her, painting with such concentration that when she spoke, he did not answer. Lorraine smiled wickedly. Being totally ignored was not in line with her idea of an agreeable evening.

"How clever of you to paint upside down," she said, brightly, looking over his shoulder. "I've seen trick-artists do that sort of thing in vaudeville. It's always so interesting to see what develops when they turn the canvas right. Won't you hold yours up the other way, just for a second, so I can see what it's going to be?"

"You know it isn't upside down," growled the artist. "Go away, and let me paint in peace. You've done nothing but torment me ever since we met. I can't be tormented now. I'm putting my very soul into this picture."

"But how interesting! Is that your soul down there in the corner? Hum . . . a little thin, isn't it?"

At that, he splashed great daubs of red and blue and orange on the canvas, achieving somewhat to his own surprise, a gloriously convincing Mer Bleu sunset. It was that picture which found its way into the Academy and established his reputation.

Lorraine's three days stretched into a week. She read and he painted as before. Together, they visited most of their favorite haunts, including the quaint old church whose walls memorialized the six weeks

sojourn of a native artist in Italy.

She refused, however, to revisit the little white house on the hill. Nor would she explain to Tony the reason. Even to herself she would not analyze it, for that would have been to revive memories which were as salt on an unhealed wound, and longings that could never be fulfilled. Beyond an occasional reference to the three unanswered letters Tony Gilbert made no attempt to repeat last year's importunities. He seemed to have outgrown his midsummer madness, for which Lorraine was glad . . . at least she tried to be.

BUT one day, she came upon it unexpectedly. Seen from a knoll that lay some distance inland, she did not recognize the place. Tony enjoyed a solitary little smile.

"Rescue," cried his companion, "there's a house in the offing! I have no idea where we are, but should say we've struck one of the outposts of civilization. How many posts has civilization, by the way? Does science make the answer clear?"

"Abundantly," replied Tony. "When you're a big girl, you shall learn all about it. Meanwhile, it looks as though we should have to ford yon streamlet. I shall carry you!"

"Nonsense! I'm going to wade."

"My word," breathed the young man, as he watched her pull off her shoes and stockings, "how white your legs are!"

"What did you expect them to be—Scotch plaid, or Roman stripe?"

"Don't be so clever. It's vulgar. I suppose in a bathing suit, one takes lovely legs for granted—"

They plunged through a shadowy little copse and came out immediately behind the house. Lorraine caught her breath and stopped dead.

"Somebody's living in it," she said, trying to speak in her natural manner. "Lucky folk . . . I say, Tony, there's a coincidence! Do you remember I suggested mauve checked gingham curtains for those upper windows? I said they'd match the lilacs, and so they do . . ."

She rattled on scarcely pausing for breath, determined that he should not suspect how much more vivid was her recollection of his words than anything she had said.

"It really has a most hospitable look, don't you think?" And then having run out of comments, she cried, "I'm simply dying to get inside!"

"Right-o! Turn faint or sprain your ankle. We've never failed."

"No! I'm tired of being the weak and clinging vine. You sprain yours and lean on me . . . Come round by the front gate. It's more polite and besides, we'll be more apt to catch their attention. I can't see a soul at the back, can you?"

The words had scarcely left her lips when Tony stumbled and fell. What he said picking himself up, was very savage and very wicked. He limped after the girl, his lip caught between his teeth.

She glanced over her shoulder and giggled. "Too prompt, old dear! I don't believe anyone saw you. Do it over again when we're in view of the bay window . . . Now!"

"This is good enough," mumbled Tony, stopping to wipe the moisture from his face.

"It's perfectly wonderful," whispered Lorraine. "I had no idea you were so accomplished! Are you a musician, too; and can you sculpt as well? Really, your expression is perfect. I do hope they've got us under their binoculars." She squeezed his arm. "A marvellous groan! Do it again, much louder . . . That's fine! I'm jealous, Tony. My poor efforts are quite eclipsed." Then, with a change of manner, "Oh, you poor boy! This is most unfortunate! Lean all your weight on me. Can you make the verandah? Perhaps the good people who live in that house—" she was almost shouting the words—"will let me get some cold water and bathe your poor foot . . ."

They proceeded up the path and with a splendid groan Tony sank down on the step. Lorraine attacked the knocker, admiring it even as she did so. Its clatter echoed hollowly through the house.

"Everyone's out," she said, forgetting her part. "Isn't that just our luck?"

"Maybe this key will fit the lock," suggested Tony, in a smothered sort of voice; and hobbling across the verandah he flung open the door and motioned her in.

"But I say," she cried, hanging back. "We mustn't do this . . . it's house-breaking. Oh, Tony, what a perfect home!"

He pushed past her, caught her hand and pulled her into the room. She struggled. This invasion of the actual house was bad enough, but far worse was the invasion of that place of her dreams. She kept saying she wanted to go, that it was wrong for them to be there.

Tony tried to answer, made a curious little sound and sank to the floor at her feet. She stared at him in amazement, slow to grasp the significance of his strained, colorless face until her eyes fastened upon the tell-tale bulge on his ankle.

"Tony, my dear . . . you are hurt! Why didn't you tell me? And to think I was laughing . . ." Tenderly but quickly, she uncovered his foot, found a basin and began to apply cold water to the dark swelling.

He opened his eyes.

"Lorraine, you mustn't do that!" His voice was sharp, almost angry. "It's nothing . . . the merest wrench . . . For heaven's sake, Lorraine, don't kneel at my feet . . . I won't allow you—"

She paid no heed. Her hands touched him caressingly. "If I only had a First Aid kit," she said.

"There's one somewhere about," he told her. "I think it's in the chest by the window."

"How did you know?" she demanded, returning with the box.

"Because I ordered it put there. This house is mine—at least, it's yours, if you'll take it." Her expression of stupefaction brought a smile to his lips. "The fact is, Aunt Christine is making me quite a princely allowance. It was her idea that I come here and live—until I'd painted myself out. There was such an absurd craze for my Mer Bleu pictures . . . I told the old girl all about you, and . . . Oh, my dearest, my lovely Lorraine, you said you'd marry anything but an—"

"It's you who are marrying an imbecile," she said.

The Family Purse

Continued from page 48

ered under one roof," one of them phrased it.

If the truth were known, hubby himself might be even more guilty of free-and-easy spending habits. The difference is that nobody can check him up. If he were to keep as strict accounts as he advocates for the house, he would probably find that his desire to be a good fellow, together with the same impulsive, unpremeditated and unnecessary spending he so decries in us, would explain the disappearance of an amazing

amount of coin of the realm.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The personal allowance is no longer reserved for women; it should be a mutual affair and is just that in many homes where the family purse is administered on a true partnership basis. Otherwise there can be no true budget and no comprehensive idea of where the money goes, if a man refuses to set himself any limits for his personal expenses.

Women Begin to Speak Their Minds

Continued from page 6

other points outside Ottawa, or from the eastern townships and the city of Ottawa itself.

The types of women represented proved interesting. Among the rank and file of both French and English speaking delegates in attendance, large numbers, of course were drawn from the class known as "housewives" or heads of homes. But there were considerable numbers, too, of others who came from the business or professional world, there being present women from the legal, medical, journalistic, teaching and nursing professions, besides a large injection of officialdom in the persons of the wives of members of parliament and of cabinet ministers, with two women members of provincial parliaments. Of these latter were Mrs. Edith Rogers, M.L.A., of Manitoba, a popular, useful lady who has sat firmly for one of the Winnipeg constituencies for the past seven years, and the Hon. Mary Ellen Smith, M.L.A., of British Columbia, who represents a Vancouver constituency, and who, as the wife of the late Hon. Ralph Smith, a former Minister of Finance, in the Laurier Government, is a veteran hand at the political game. As well as being an experienced clubwoman, Mrs. Smith is the mother of a mature family, head of a home and a very charming example of the "womanly" woman of that beloved England from whence she came originally to this country.

It is indeed a hopeful augury for the new national federation of Liberal women that "Mary Ellen," as she is so affectionately known to many, was prevailed on to accept its presidency, for she is in the closest touch with the psychology of both the eastern and western women, is intimately acquainted with the problems of the French women of Quebec, and has that wide spirit of tolerance which goes with a knowledge of affairs, humanity and the world.

If one pauses to mention the classes of women who were not adequately represented at the convention, an enumeration is in no way intended as any kind of criticism of the excellent work done by the Provisional Committee, but rather emphasizes the difficult circumstances which made it impossible that a completely representative gathering should have been achieved. Among those unrepresented were the wives of laboring men, factory and store workers, the armies of stenographers and other business women now in our midst, and the farm women.

Another class which might well be said to have received no recognition or representation at the convention was that of which Miss Agnes Macphail, the lone, lone woman federal member of parliament, is representative. Apparently Miss Macphail's liberal views on many subjects, as well as her alignment with the Progressives, precluded her being invited either to address the assembly or to attend its social functions. A somewhat timorous and "fearsome" policy, for it was remarked that the only Liberal courageous enough to ask the able Miss Macphail to even a tea party was the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King. He bade her attendance at the memorable reception which he so graciously extended the delegates at Laurier House on the opening day of the convention. At this function, where a number of the wives of the Cabinet Ministers very happily assisted the bachelor Premier to withstand the surging crowds of Liberal women who wanted to shake his hand and to view the historic shrine of Sir Wilfred and Lady Laurier, Miss Macphail was greeted by many delegates. They were glad to meet the one woman who, despite the handicaps of sex in the political game, and especially that of living in Ontario (the most conservatively-minded part of the Dominion save rural Quebec), has been able to reach the capital as the chosen representative of a constituency.

THE business of the convention met many difficulties. It was necessary that official proceedings should be in both French and

English and this necessitated a chairman of each persuasion. Beginning, however, with the national anthem and "O Canada" sung in both French and English, there was apparent a spirit of good will between both sections of Canadian women. This good will survived all difficulties, though it did not preclude the unavoidable cumbering of proceedings.

Then the agenda was overcrowded, although, through inspiration or desperation, the sessions had been limited somewhat strictly to discussion of organization problems alone, rather than to any "addition or amendment" of existing Liberal policies. This crowding would not have been so serious if the whole of the first afternoon had not been devoted to social functions, and if the Constitution Committee had had in hand those typewritten copies of the proposed creed and bylaws of the new federation which, both discretion and valor indicated, should have been in the hands of the delegates on the first day.

But the Committees, too, had their difficulties, many of which arose from the bilingualism necessary, and still others from the fact that their personnel had been drawn from all parts of the Dominion and that localities differing so greatly in their needs also differed in their points of view, as well as their methods of work.

The agenda, therefore, was never covered, for it was found necessary to spend one whole session over the constitution, which contained a number of contentious clauses. Nor was it found possible to present the report of the Resolutions Committee, or to hear the official pronouncements of a number of brilliant women who had come to represent their provinces at the convention. Despite all of these serious drawbacks, however, most of which arose from the fact that this was an initial venture, much of value emerged at the conference.

Many women for the first time at any such gathering spoke their political minds, and spoke them just the more freely because they were untrammelled by the presence or prejudices of men, or by their own phobias in connection with the same.

But not from all parts of Canada did they speak equally freely. The degree of frankness varied, being most marked among the delegates from Quebec and the western provinces, and least noticeable in those from Ontario, with the Maritimes holding the happy medium.

A NOTICEABLE feature was the intensity of political feeling and conviction expressed by speakers from Quebec, where women still lack the provincial franchise, where they labor under what they consider to be many mediaeval restrictions on their economic freedom, where their legal status is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and where the age-long, ingrained prejudices of men, combined with the unenlightened condition of much of rural Quebec have, so far, precluded the extension of political or other rights to women. By a strange anomaly, however, they enjoy the federal vote!

Among the notable women from that province who fearlessly presented cases or discussed organization problems were the able and urbane Professor Carrie Derrick, of McGill University; Dr. Ritchie England, veteran social worker and clubwoman; Mlle. Idola Saint Jean, a feminist out for a very wide programme of direct action of women in the political arena to secure better public health and welfare machinery; Mrs. Kent L'Esperance, Mrs. O'Dell, Mrs. John A'Hearn and Mme. Beaulac, all of Montreal. The general tenor of their remarks indicated a spirit in conformity with that of Madame Pierre Casgrain, whose pleasing personality and patient work in the chair, often under very trying circumstances, was of the greatest assistance to her co-laborers at the helm, Mrs. C. Thorburn and Mrs. W. R. Motherwell.

"What this convention means," Mme. Casgrain said, "is that Canadian women,



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WAY TO END A CORN

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A Magazine for Canadian Women



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Name

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Fill in
and
Mail the
Coupon

We Will
Send You
Complete
Information

Sunnyville Town and the People in It

Continued from page 15

discovery, and got so excited that all the way to Blue Eyes' house he kept shouting, "Now I am a millionaire! Now I am a millionaire!" so loudly that even the newspaper reporter heard him, and printed the news in his evening paper.

Not very long after this Mr. Grouchy was going home, when a little boy rushed up, and, offering him a paper, said: "Have you heard the news about Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Grouchy did not want to know anything about Mr. Brown, but he could not help it very well, because in great big red headlines there was written—"IN TWINKLING OF AN EYE MR. BROWN BECOMES A MILLIONAIRE."

Mr. Grouchy was not quite so well pleased over this as you might expect, for he would much sooner have had a son-in-law who was a billionaire, but he said: "I might as well let Mr. Brown marry Blue Eyes. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But he will have to make me a millionaire too." So saying, he went off to see Mr. Brown.

When Mr. Grouchy got to Mr. Brown's store, what was his amazement to see Blue Eyes and Mr. Brown sitting arm in arm behind the counter, drawing pictures. "Ah-ha!" he almost shrieked, "what is this I see?"

And Mr. Brown, his knees knocking together, said bravely, "Please Mr. Grouchy, I am a very rich man now, and I am going to marry Blue Eyes, and we have just been drawing plans for the castle we are going to build."

"Well," said Mr. Grouchy, "I don't really want you as a son-in-law at all, but seeing you are so rich I suppose I shall have to put up with you. But if I allow you to marry my precious daughter, Blue Eyes, you must do some things I ask you to first."

"Oh, yes, indeed I will," said Mr. Brown. "I would do anything to marry Blue Eyes."

"Well, then," said Mr. Grouchy, "you must first of all go and have a shave and a hair-cut, and then you must give me your box of gold, and I will leave you enough to get married on."

Poor Mr. Brown! He was very sad at this news, and he handed Mr. Grouchy his box with tears in his eyes.

When Mr. Grouchy had almost emptied the box, he handed it back to Mr. Brown, and said, "Now, Blue Eyes, I hope you and Mr. Brown will be very happy, and that you will build a nice castle." Which was a very mean thing to say, as he had taken most of their money.

When Mr. Brown did actually count up his gold he found such a small amount left that he was only able to rent a small house at the back of the gasoline station, which was rather disappointing after planning for a palace.

But, anyway, he went off and had a shave and a haircut, and Blue Eyes put on her new dress, and they were married and went off for their honeymoon in Mr. Brown's grocery car, feeling very happy in spite of not being quite so rich as they had expected.

Later on, we shall tell you more about Mr. Brown and how he grew very rich, and built theatres, and houses, and churches for Sunnyville Town, and if you cut out and build the houses which we have given you this time, and paste them as suggested on a firm ground, and keep them carefully, we shall soon give you more houses and buildings, so that in time you will have collected a whole village.



Fat Does Depart Without Starving



Slender people all about you can tell you how to lose fat easily and pleasantly. They have done it, and without abnormal exercise or diet.

They used Marmola prescription tablets, the scientific method. They used them to correct a gland deficiency which makes many over-stout. Just as modern doctors do.

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Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

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Use Evan Williams Shampoos
to keep it silky and healthy.
"Camomile" for fair hair. "Graduated
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“HEESHADES”—ARE USED EVERYWHERE IN BEAUTIFUL HOMES



FOR forty-five years Heeshades have created beauty in the Canadian home. And now has come the latest addition to the Heeshade family, the

SUPER-ART CAMBRIC WINDOW SHADE

introducing a new note in the treatment of windows, in keeping with the modern demand for colour harmony in the home.

More than thirty beautiful tints have been created—adaptable to your most exquisite decorative effects.

Super-Art Cambric Window Shades combine beauty, utility and durability — proof against sun and moisture. Their lovely tints retain their brilliance and lustre after years of steady use.

Sold by all better class dealers. Our book of suggestions on beauty in window treatment awaits your acceptance. Write us for colour samples and name of your nearest dealer.

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OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST MODERN WINDOW SHADE FACTORIES IN THE LAND

The Most Important Decorative Feature of the Home is the Window

from the outside it is the index of the home within... from the inside it is the point to which the eye instinctively travels.

Most important of all, it is the medium by which the daylight is translated in terms of colour to make or mar your room.

Well-distributed light from softly tinted shades gives the mellow luminous tones that create an atmosphere of restful charm.

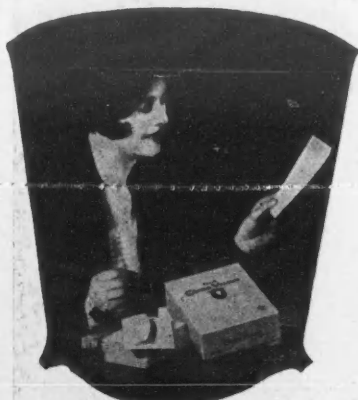
The clever woman carries the ensemble idea into her home by using the Super-Art Cambric Window Shades, giving the room the exquisite air of colour harmony and perfect taste.

Super-Art Cambric Window Shades have no equal. The rich colours retain their original lustre. They are washable, sunfast, durable and weatherproof.



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Mention number of patterns in which you are interested and Miss Lee will tell you the shop nearest you where they may be obtained.

All packages contain sufficient boiling dye floss to complete the pattern.

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conscious of their strength, eager to propagate ideas and ideals which are endeared to them, have the courage to proclaim in the face of public opinion, friendly or unfriendly, the capital interest they take in the nation's welfare. We have the right to play our part, and we intend to use it."

"What can be said for an allegedly Liberal Government," asked Professor Derrick, "which refuses to extend the provincial franchise to women, refuses to give married women with property the municipal vote, and to amend the many ancient laws which treat women as irresponsible children? Such men are making their province an island of mediaevalism in a sea of progress."

THEN there were the open-minded, courageous speakers from the west who are so able on the platform, who say what they think and who usually think as they act, in a definite clear-cut way. These included the Hon. Mary Ellen Smith, of Vancouver; Mary Macallum Sutherland, of Shellbrook, Saskatchewan, now defined as "housewife" but formerly an editor on the Grain Growers' Guide, of Winnipeg, and always a political thinker as well as an orator of unusual ability; Mrs. A. M. Young, the president of the Women's Liberal Association of Saskatoon, who has done highly successful work as a campaigner in practical politics in her riding; Mrs. L. S. Sifton, of Moosejaw, who acts firmly on her conviction that women ought to take their part at riding conventions of their party, and in the selection of candidates; Mrs. Edith Rogers, M.L.A. of Winnipeg, who, at the end of the war went into the Manitoba legislature on a wave of popular enthusiasm for her magnificent work for the soldiers' wives and dependents, and who has since remained firmly fixed in the affections of the electorate; Mrs. E. C. Rossie, of Regina, and Mrs. W. R. Motherwell, of Melville, Saskatchewan. Mrs. Motherwell is the official speaker for that province. Mrs. Alexander Allan, of Calgary, was sent from Alberta for the same office. Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, of Winnipeg, leader of the Current Events Club and other organizations in Manitoba, though not of that original group of clever suffragists who won the vote in that province first in Canada, has since proven herself a notable political leader, with shining parts as a platform speaker with much to say that is eminently worth while.

These women delivered messages of moment to the convention. Mrs. Macallum Sutherland, in both her address on "Rural Organization" and in her graceful words of thanks to Mr. Mackenzie King at the banquet in his honor, which was attended by eight hundred and fifty men and women, defined Liberalism as "the party condemned to progress," and offered much practical advice as to organization tactics.

Mrs. Young advocated complete financial independence of women's political organizations from those of the men, and expressed the opinion, gained from experience, that local literature was better than the often dull stuff sent from headquarters. She advised women not to take politics or themselves too seriously. Mrs. Rogers besought the women to stand behind women, to elect more of their own sex to parliaments, and to read the daily press thoroughly if they wanted to be conversant with public affairs.

FROM down in the Maritimes, where politics are discussed from the cradle to the grave by all citizens, spoke up Mrs. C. J. Stewart to the effect that "We women in Prince Edward Island are pretty good vote-getters, and campaigners, because we talk politics all the year round. Our only grievance is that although we are the home of the perfect potato, of the silver fox, of Liberalism and of unmatched scenery, yet we have none of our own sex in the house of parliament, and we feel that we get little justice from the political organizations controlled by men."

Other prominent women from "down by the sea" with interesting points of view included Mrs. J. W. V. Lawlor, of New Brunswick; Miss A. M. Hatfield, who described the admirable type of provincial organization in that province; Mrs. G. M.

Duffy, of Charlottetown, who is a passionate advocate of greatly extended governmental care of public health and of the direct action needed by women in order to achieve it; Mrs. A. J. Haley, from Saint Johns, and Mrs. J. A. Hanway, of the Nova Scotia Provincial Association.

AMONG the prominent women from Ontario who exercised a definite influence on the convention, may be mentioned Mrs. C. H. Thorburn, of Ottawa, the vigorous chairman; Mrs. Annie C. Hall, President of the Ontario Women's Liberal Association; Mrs. Grant Needham, of Toronto, who, in dealing with "Citizenship," pointed out that while in Canada only one woman sat in our House of Commons, in England, where the women were much closer students of politics, there was an ever increasing number of powerful women representatives; Mrs. J. H. Spence, President of the Toronto Women's Liberal Association, who asked for support of the Old Age Pension Scheme; Mrs. H. J. Cloran, executive of the Ottawa Association, who presented the returns of the Striking Committee; Mrs. Don. MacLean, of London, where they take their politics very hard, and who, in her excellent advice on general organization, stressed the need for much greater recognition from the men, and of a national woman organizer. Then there was Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, of Windsor, a prominent worker with a broad view, and Mrs. Norman F. Wilson, of Ottawa, who so adequately presided at the banquet to the Premier.

MERE male speakers with specific places on the convention programme included, besides the Hon. the Premier, Mr. Mackenzie King, three of his Cabinet Ministers—Hon. Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Finance; Hon. Robert Forke, the genial Minister of Immigration, who vividly pictured the miseries of his position because of

the advocates of the "open door" policy on the one hand and the "little Canadians" on the other; and the Hon. Peter Heenan, Minister of Labor, who made an appeal to women to support the federal Old Age Pension scheme.

The genial Mrs. Heenan also enlivened proceedings by stating that "neither politicians nor their wives could ever sleep day or night," and impressed on the convention her agreement with Mrs. Smith that in local organization lay the real secret of successful activity in practical politics.

SO FAR we women have been pretty well chloroformed in politics," said the Hon. Mary Ellen Smith in accepting the presidency of the National Federation of Liberal Women which finally emerged from the convention, "but we ought now to refuse all anaesthetics. As women we want to go on record as constructionists with a definite place in national affairs. We want to raise the status and advance the political education of women; to aid in securing, as well as maintaining, good government. And, above all, we wish to encourage a sound, broad spirit of Canadian nationality within the British Empire."

Mrs. Norman F. Wilson, the Honorary President added to this:—

"We are gathered here not to seek high places, but to create a healthy interest in the study of public affairs and in the Liberal policy, which we think is the best for Canada. The man-made civilization of the East has failed, and we hope in this newer land to build a better one in which we may all work together. We do not expect to dictate, but wish to learn and to make the best use of the powers which God has given to us—and there are some problems to which women bring a more intimate knowledge than men."

On these two high notes the convention ended.

The Well-Behaved Shower and other household conveniences

THERE is something positively repulsive about the mere thought of a cold tub! "Cold tub"—the words conjure up a harrowing vision of an unsympathetic body of water grimly waiting to engulf into its chilly depths, one's shrinking and comfort-loving person. Of course, there are some hardy souls whose proud boast it is that, winter and summer alike, they never miss their daily plunge. All power to them! But for the most part we are not made of such heroic stuff.

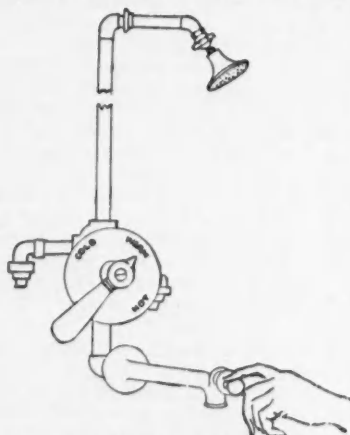
Fortunately for us, however, we are faced with no such alternative, for the delights of showering are now familiar to everyone. A shower is somehow different! For one thing you can grade the water in such a way that even the most super-sensitive of mortals is able to pass through the gradual transition from hot to cold, with barely a

shudder; and now that the chief drawback to the shower has been removed, there is no reason why one should not be installed in practically every home.

No more need for unsuspecting persons to be drenched by an impromptu shower, while innocently, if unwisely, engaged in testing the water's temperature—the newly developed Mueller one-dial tube and shower fixture with Autubathic control, is claimed to have changed that. With this device, when about to take a shower, it is only necessary first to turn the lever on the dial indicator, thus releasing the water through the bath spout. When the desired temperature is secured, pull out the knob on the end of the spout. The water is immediately diverted through the shower head—at the desired heat.

The shower finished, and the water turned off, the Autubathic control on the spout automatically closes again, leaving the shower ready for use. As an added precaution, a special by-pass drains all water from the shower column when the valve is closed, thus leaving no cold water in the shower pipe to surprise the unwary.

To those who like to take their morning ablutions in comfort, this one-dial control fixture is a veritable boon.



Showing the Autubathic Control on the Mueller One Dial Control Tub and Shower Fixture. Developed by Mueller Limited, Sarnia, Ont.

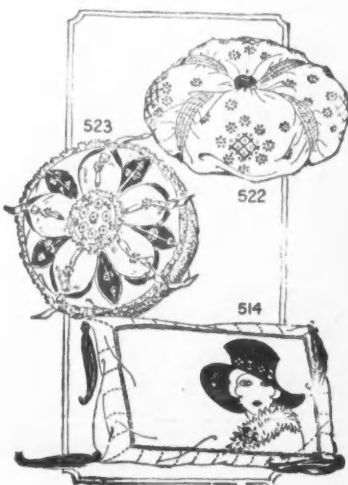
WHILE dealing with such important little household conveniences, have you seen the attractive little Perfection hot pad sets? They are made in sets of three and covered with a bright chintz, fitting cosily into a bag of matching material, which hangs on a convenient hook near the stove. They are necessities when handling hot plates, handles and lids. Another charming little kitchen accessory is the jaunty chintz cock lifter which roosts on the lid of a kettle, and lends an impudent air to even the dullest kitchen.

Gifts for Brides and Graduates

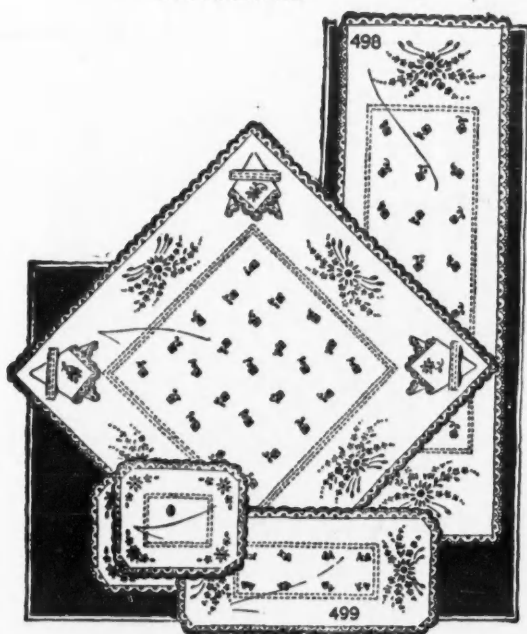
By VIVIAN LEE

522—Voile boudoir pillow in rose, orchid or maize already shirred. Dainty embroidery in soft pastel shades. Priced at 60c. each. Boil Fast thread.

523—Hand-tinted boudoir pillow of dainty blue, apricot or orchid lawn. Just the kind of pillow you will love to embroider. Priced at 75c. each. Boil Fast thread.



Each package contains the stamped piece and an instruction sheet which tells you just where to use the correct Boil Fast flosses which are also included.



514—Red sateen oblong pillow. Hand-tinted, with felt for appliques. Priced at \$2.00 including Boil Fast thread.

497—Oyster white linen bridge set of square and four napkins. Hand-tinted with little all-over blue flowers and stamped for easy embroidery in shades of blue, green and gold. Priced at \$1.75, including Boil Fast thread.

498—Scarf to match bridge set, size 18 x 48 inches. Priced at \$1.25 including Boil Fast thread.

499—Buffet set to match bridge set and scarf. Priced at 75c., including Boil Fast thread.

460—The really feminine sort of nightgown albeit "tailored" all ready made for you. Peach voile with blue voile yoke and bindings stitched in place. Stamped for dainty sprays of colorful embroidery which are the trimming shown on the yoke. Sizes 15 to 16 and 16 to 17. Priced at \$2.00 including Boil Fast thread.

461—Everything's a set—hence delightful step-ins that match nightgown. In sizes 36 to 38 and 40 to 42. Priced at \$1.50 including Boil Fast thread.



These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 56, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.



Smiles lurk in the corners of youth's merry lips, ready to reveal sparkling teeth, blossom-sweet breath

Its salty tang protects youth's lovely mouths

"My friends admire
my teeth"

writes Mrs. Waldick
of Toronto

Gentlemen:

I want to tell you how much I like Pebeco Tooth Paste. I have been using it for several years now. It has kept my teeth in marvelous condition. When I go to the dentist he finds almost no work to do and I used to need quite a lot of fillings every time.

I enjoy the fresh clean taste in my mouth too. My friends admire my teeth and ask me what tooth paste I use.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. H. Waldick

A MESSAGE of health is in the very flavor of Pebeco,— cool, stimulating.

Pebeco owes its incisive flavor to its special salt which summons a healthful supply of the mouth fluids. Energetically they banish acids and purify every cranny of your whole mouth.

A famous physician found that one of the greatest causes of bad teeth, spongy gums, unpleasant breath was a scarcity of these mouth fluids. So he developed the formula of Pebeco to keep the mouth fluids healthily active.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco and discover how fresh and clean your mouth feels. How your teeth sparkle! The morning brushing protects for hours. At bedtime you disarm the burglar acids for the night.

Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited for the owners of the Canadian trademark "Pebeco."



Free Offer:

Send coupon today
for generous tube.

Keeps
the mouth
young . .

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Dept. CC-4, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, 8
Please send me free your new large-size sample tube of
Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

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Street.....

City..... Province.....

(THIS COUPON NOT VALID AFTER JUNE, 1929)



DO YOU REMEMBER the time when your mother (or was it your grandmother?) offered you the munificent reward of a penny for every ten flies you captured or killed? A whole penny for ten measly flies that you really enjoyed chasing? A penny that would buy 3 dill pickles—fished up dripping and luscious out of a barrel by your friend, the grocery man—or a whole bunch of licorice shoe strings!

Here's a vacation job for your boy..

he'll like it!



Nature doesn't change. Women still hate flies. And boys (or girls either) still find joy in the chase of them. And flies continue to breed.

But the device for getting rid of flies—and mosquitoes and ants and roaches and other household pests—has advanced enormously in a few short years. Gone is the old rolled-up newspaper with which we used to swat flies. Gone is the punk we used to burn to keep off the mosquitoes.

And in their place is the new scientific, sure-death—FLIT.

So here is a good Saturday morning and vacation job for the modern boy.

Get him a can of Flit and a Flit Sprayer. Show him how to pour the Flit into the fill cap of the Sprayer. Teach him to close up all the doors and windows and fill up room after room with the Flit Spray. Show him how to pump the Flit Spray out and upward until the air becomes permeated and the last bug succumbs. (It takes about ten minutes per room.) Teach him to spray Flit into the cracks of the walls, into the closets, under the sink, into and around the

garbage pail. Teach him to make the evenings on the porch pleasant for the whole family by keeping the Flit Sprayer handy at all times.

It's sport for the boy—this playing with the Flit gun, and watching the enemy insects drop dead. And it's a good lesson for him in home cooperation. And it's a useful occupation for him.

But it is solid comfort for *you* to know that your home will be free—and always kept free—from germ-carrying flies and mosquitoes, from filthy roaches, ants, and bedbugs (yes, anybody might be afflicted with them). To know that true sanitation reigns in the home you are responsible for.

And we'll leave it to you to say how much you pay him for the job. Be sure he uses Flit, because it has the killing strength. It kills the insects in sight and out of sight. It is guaranteed to do so by one of the largest corporations in the world—or money back. Flit is fatal to insects but harmless to you. It does not stain. For sale everywhere.

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Canadian Women Know Values

—but do you *know* you are getting the highest possible value when that so-important *Diamond* is bought?

You *do* know you are getting the highest value possible when you buy a BLUEBIRD DIAMOND Ring.

You know you are buying it at the nationally advertised price, with a guarantee certificate and registered number on every ring.

Why *guess* you are making a wise Diamond purchase when you can *know*?

Bluebird Diamond Rings are sold only by exclusive retail jewellers, whose personal guarantee combined with the maker's, is double assurance of highest value.

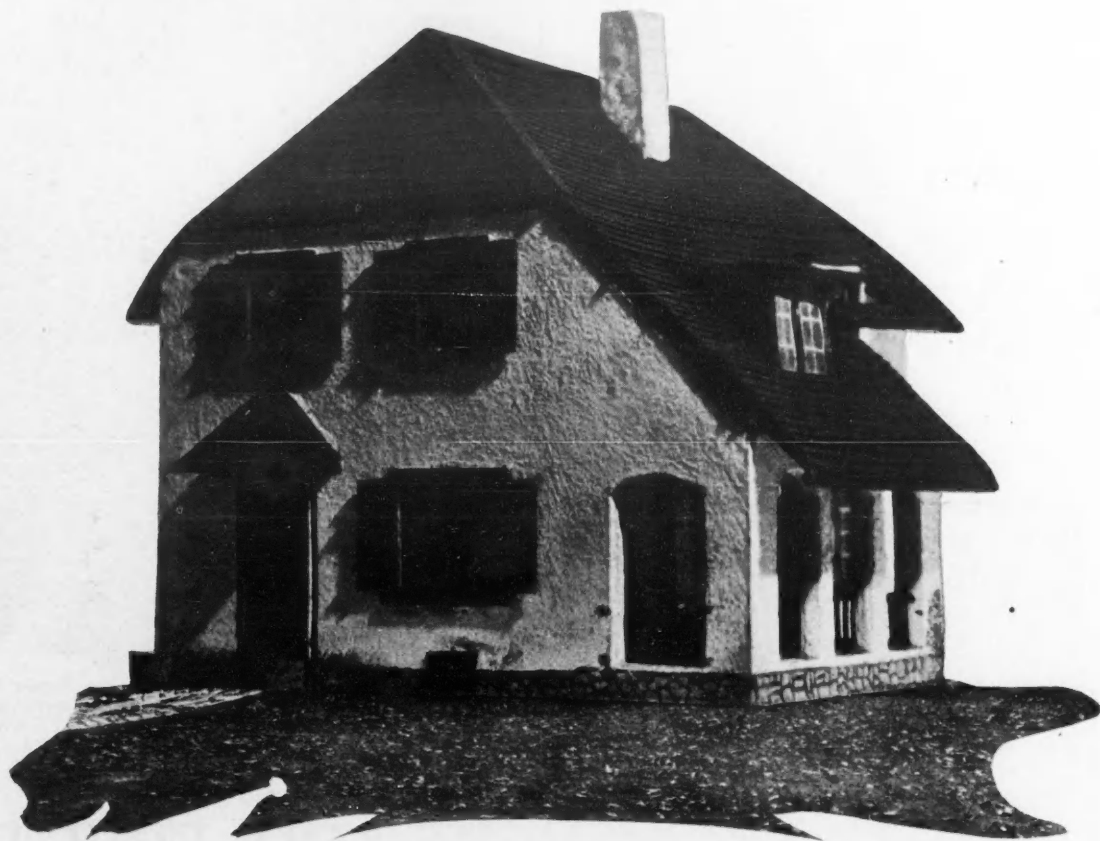
Newest Designs — Especially
Selected Diamonds of
Highest Quality

From \$50.00 up at STANDARD prices.

Send 10c in stamps and name of your jeweller for fascinating booklet, "The Book That Lovers Love."

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Dept. C, Federal Bldg., Toronto, 2





A FIRST HOME FOR THE BRIDE AND GROOM

A Six-Roomed House of English Precedent

THE needs of the small family, where a medium-priced home is desired, have been kept in mind every step of the production of the plans of this attractive little six-roomed home of English precedent. A cozy, homey effect is obtained by carrying the main roof over the verandah porch, and such little details as—hood over main entrance uniform with roof gable, wrought iron brackets supporting hood, battened shutters, sunken dormers, and the iron railing on the porch, which produce an altogether delightful and harmonious exterior.

Outline of Specifications

Foundation Walls—Stone, or brick, faced with variegated stone from ground to floor line.

Cellar Floor—Cement.

Walls—Stucco on hollow tile or brick.

Roof—Wood (asphalt or tapered asphalt) shingles, Boston hips wooden ridge.

Trim—Stock.

Frames, Doors and Windows—Stock frames; front door to detail, balance stock; casement windows; battened shutters.

Color—Gray-white stucco, variegated colors and sizes stone base; frames, shutters, front door and exposed rafters stained brown. Sash and French doors painted ivory white. Gutters and conductors painted black. Roof stained reddish brown.

Floors—Oak or birch, in grade preferred.

Inside Finish—As desired.

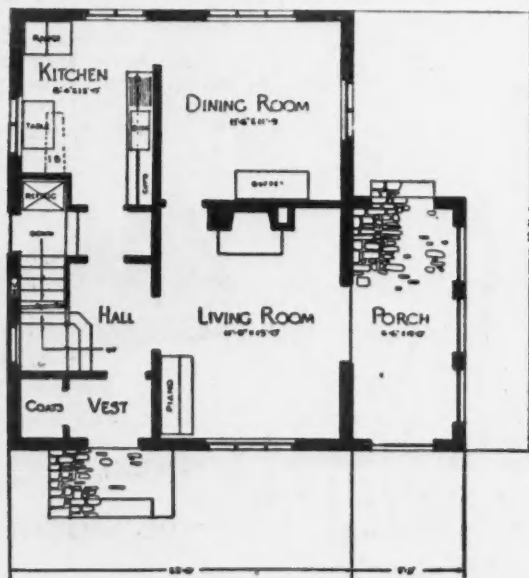
Heat—Hot air, hot water or steam.

The roomy, open porch—6 feet 6 inches by 15 feet—is particularly well-located under the main roof, with French doors leading from the living-room, where it has so much privacy that it serves as an outdoor living-room in summer.

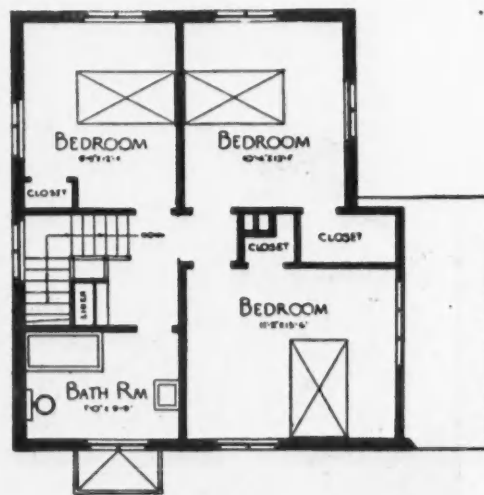
The hall is practically square, lighted by casement windows on the upper and lower stair landings. Every room has cross ventilation, and yet each room has all the necessary wall space for furniture. Attention should be given to the

large living-room, where all doorways and openings are centred—its generous brick fireplace, triple casement windows overlooking the front garden, double French doors leading to the porch, and door leading to the dining room.

The dining-room is especially well-lighted with windows overlooking the rear and side gardens. The kitchen is furnished with a service door, and every other provision has been made for comfort and convenience.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

This photograph is of a tiny model made to scale for The Chatelaine from the accompanying plans and specifications. Architect's complete floor plans and working drawings are obtainable by writing to The Home Service Bureau, c/o The Chatelaine, 143 University Avenue, Toronto. This is House-plan No. 11. Complete architectural drawings, \$30.00. Estimated cost to build, \$6,300.00, including hot water heating.

"Oh, I'm sure I'd never want to serve prunes—they always make me think of poor boarding houses," interrupted Peggy.

"They are delicious when well-cooked. Try this simple method. Wash the prunes thoroughly in warm water, then add cold water, using only enough to cover them well. Soak them over-night and cook them slowly in the water in which they were soaked. They should not boil, but merely simmer. I often put them in the double boiler, so I may be sure they will not cook too quickly. If cooked over direct heat, they should be closely covered. When they are tender and the skins well filled out, add sugar (one half cup to one half pound of prunes) remove from the fire and add one tablespoon of lemon juice. Personally, I prefer them without any additional sugar, the natural fruit sugar they contain making them sweet enough for many people. Often I add a few thin slices of lemon to the prunes instead of the lemon juice. Cooking them in this way, the prunes are plump and tender, and because they are not soaked in too much water, the juice is rich and full-flavored. I'm sure you'll like them done this way."

"You mentioned cooking the apples," said Peggy. "How do you do that?"

"Well, there are several simple methods, but baking is easy. Wipe and core sour apples, place in an agate or glass baking dish and fill the centres with sugar and one teaspoon of lemon juice or sugar and cinnamon (one teaspoon cinnamon to one cup sugar). Pour one half cup of water around the apples (if you are cooking six) and bake in a moderate oven about 350 degrees Fahrenheit until soft, basting every ten minutes. This will take from twenty to forty-five minutes depending on the kind of apple. Place in a serving dish, pour juice over them and serve hot or cold.

"Then, there is apple-sauce. Wipe, core and pare six sour apples, cut in quarters, add one-half cup water and cook in a granite saucepan. When they begin to grow soft add one half cup sugar, cook until very soft, run through a sieve or colander and add flavoring. This may be one tablespoon lemon juice, or one quarter teaspoon cinnamon or a few gratings of nutmeg. Very often I cook the apples with the skins on them, then in pressing through the sieve the skins are removed. This is a saving both of time and food, especially when using the small apples early in the season.

"You will notice that the sugar is not added until the cooking is nearly completed. The reason is that sugar is changed to a less sweet product (reducing sugar if you want the chemical term) when heated with the fruit acid."

"What do these fruits add to the diet, Ann?"

"Most fruits are from eighty to ninety per cent. water, which is a necessary part of the diet. Then, they supply valuable organic acids and minerals and two different vitamins; then starch is mainly changed to sugar during ripening, so sugar is the only food-stuff found in them, in any quantity. One of their big factors is that they provide necessary bulk in the diet, and of course you know that their delicious flavor and juices stimulate the appetite and quench the thirst.

"Next in the breakfast menu will come cereals. There is no need to say anything about the ready-cooked ones, for they need no preparation. The uncooked cereals are naturally much cheaper and give a hot breakfast dish which is especially attractive in winter. They are easily prepared, but do remember this—they must be thoroughly cooked, which doesn't mean heating for about ten minutes. They need cooking for from forty-five minutes to three hours depending on the kind of cereal and to do this with the least trouble they should be cooked over boiling water in a double boiler. These cereals contain large quantities of carbohydrate—to be specific, starch—and need long cooking to soften the cellulose walls of each starch cell, expand the starch grains, rupture the cell walls and cook all the starch enclosed in the grain.

"This simple table will give you the proportions for different cereals:

Cereal	Water	Salt	Time of Cooking
Rolled Oats—1 cup	2 ½ cups	1 ¼ tsp.	1 ½ hours
Cornmeal—1 cup	4-5 cups	1 ¼ tsp.	3 hours
Cream of Wheat—1 cup	4-5 cups	1 ¼ tsp.	¾ hour
Oatmeal—1 cup	4 cups	1 ¼ tsp.	3 hours

"Look over the cereal to remove foreign substances. Boil the water, add the salt, and slowly add the cereal. Cook for five minutes over direct heat and finish over boiling water for the required length of time. In the case of a fine cereal which is apt to lump when added to the boiling water, reserve one cup of cold water from the entire amount and use this to moisten and rub the cereal smooth. Add to the boiling water, cook five minutes, stirring vigorously to prevent lumping, and complete over boiling water. Cereals may be cooked well in a fireless cooker—in this case use less water, but first give them the five minutes cooking over direct heat. If cereal is cooked at night, pour a little water over the top to prevent a crust forming.

"I know you're going to ask me about the part cereals play in the diet, Peggy, so I'll answer your question before it's asked. These contain carbohydrate or starch in large quantities (carbohydrates give heat and energy) and proteins (which help to build as well as giving energy. They also contain small amounts of fat, mineral matter and one vitamin. Whole grains, I mean those with the outer coats remaining on them, are better sources of minerals and vitamin B than those which have been too much 'refined.' Finally, cereals give that necessary bulk for the digestive tract.

"Now, would you like to learn about cooking eggs, Peggy?"

"Oh, yes—I know we'll often have boiled eggs for breakfast."

"Please don't say 'boiled eggs' " Ann begged. "It fills me with horror to hear that term! Years ago, when I was a student I remember the experiments we performed when learning to cook eggs. We put small quantities of the white and of the yolk in two different glass tubes and heated them carefully in water. They became firm and coagulated at a temperature below boiling, at the simmering point of water to be exact, and they were smooth and firm enough to eat. But when the boiling point was reached, both the white and yolk became tough and hard, and were much more difficult to digest. The conclusion is simple, isn't it—cook eggs at the simmering point; never at boiling temperature.

"Here are some simple ways of cooking eggs for breakfast:

Eggs Cooked in Shell—Boil water, one pint for one or two eggs; put in the eggs, cover and place over a low flame so the water does not boil. For soft cooked eggs leave them in, four to six minutes for one or two eggs, and five to eight minutes if there are several eggs. For firm, cooked eggs, leave them in, the water ten minutes. For hard, cooked eggs, as used in salads and sandwiches, put in cold water, heat gradually to boiling point, remove to a low heat, cover and leave for twenty minutes. Plunge in cold water to cool.

Poached Eggs—Break each egg into a saucer, slip the egg into boiling water which is at least one and one half inches deep. Cover and place over a low heat to keep the water hot but not boiling. When the white is firm and a film has formed over the yolk, the egg is cooked. Take up with a skimmer, drain, season and serve on slices of toast.

Scrambled Eggs on Toast—Three eggs, three tablespoons milk, one tablespoon butter and one-third teaspoon salt. Break the eggs, beat slightly, add milk and salt. Heat a pan, put in the butter and when melted add the mixture. Cook until creamy, stirring gently all the time. Do not allow the egg to cook too long or it will become "watery." Toast and butter three slices of bread, remove crusts, moisten slightly and pour the eggs on toast. Serve at once.

Creamy Egg—Three eggs, three-quarters teaspoon salt, one tablespoon of butter, two-thirds cup of milk, pepper and toast. Beat eggs slightly and add the butter, seasonings and milk. Cook in a double boiler drawing the egg from the sides and bottom

See also page 72



Write for Free Booklets

"The Art of Correct Tea Making" tells how tea experts make tea to bring out its full flavour. Every tea drinker should have this information. Much pleasure in tea drinking is lost through improper preparation.

To obtain above booklets, simply write your name and address clearly on the margin of this advertisement and mail to Salada Tea Co., 461 King St. W., Toronto. They will be sent immediately.

If you have never tried SALADA, state the kind of tea you use and the price you pay and we will also mail you a 19 cup trial package of SALADA which you can test in your own tea pot, at our expense.

SALADA TEA COMPANY
OF CANADA LIMITED

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Children Love KLIM

HEALTHY, happy children, playing contentedly all day long. Their growth and development depends greatly upon their food. That's why milk—Nature's most perfect food—is so universally recommended. Give them milk in its purest form—Klim!

The new Klim is full cream milk, from selected dairy cows, in the form of powder. In its making the water was taken out of the milk. Replace it, and you have pure fresh milk again. Ready for use whenever required—pure—dependable—unvarying in flavour. Klim keeps without ice. Your grocer has Klim.

Send for free book, "Your Child's Diet."

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LIMITED
115 George Street, Toronto



Her Baby Wakes up Laughing and Cooing

"I started using Eagle Brand for my five months old baby two months ago. Now she wakes up laughing and cooing and is more than satisfied. No more getting up nights, as she gets only one bottle, going to bed, and no more till 7 a.m. She won a third prize at a recent baby show and I know Eagle Brand helped her to win. She weighed 6 lbs. at birth but is now over 13 lbs. If any mother would like me to tell her about Eagle Brand I would be pleased to do so. I only wish I had known about it sooner as it cannot be too highly recommended".

"Mrs. W. J. P.
Ontario."

(Original letter on file)

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easily and quickly, use
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No disagreeable dust or odor

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ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.
NEW YORK
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DEMAND THE
GENUINE
BLUE BAND
SILVER WRAPPER

CLEANS
SCOURS
POLISHES



Bride's Progress

Continued from page 7

"Ann, what are all these pieces of equipment? I've been in plenty of homes where these things were never used."

"This oven thermometer is certainly useful and makes successful cake baking a certainty. It is splendid in roasting meats, too. Nearly all recipes now give both time and temperature of baking so you can be sure of the result. There are thermometers for deep fat, and for candies and frostings too, which eliminate all guesswork. The broad-bladed, flexible spatula is to lift cookies from a baking sheet and scrape cake batter from a bowl. You see all my knives have stainless blades and are in a variety of sizes—the saw-edged bread knife is the only one that isn't stainless, but it doesn't descend to cut anything but bread!"

"Why do you have so many different spoons?" asked Peggy.

"The group of round aluminum spoons are for accurate measuring, even the quarter teaspoon is included; I prefer wooden spoons for stirring and the cleft metal one is the very best for creaming butter and sugar in cake mixtures. Be sure to buy several measuring cups, aluminum ones last longer, but glass ones are splendid in measuring liquids. A flat cookie pan made to fit your oven is a great time-saver, as so many little drop cakes can be baked on it at one time, and a wire cake cooler will keep your loaf and layer cakes from being "steamy" on the bottom. The big vegetable sieve is the best method I know for straining both fruits and vegetables. It is easy to clean, too.

"Fancy cake and sandwich cutters and jelly moulds give variety to your foods, though you could hardly call them necessities. It is such fun, though, to have hearts for Valentine's Day, and shamrock sandwiches at a St. Patrick's party; and there are fascinating little 'bridge-sets' to cut diamonds, hearts, clubs and spades.

"A pair of scissors to be kept in the kitchen will be used a dozen times a day. A small, thin board is the best thing I know on which to dice salad materials. And I've nearly forgotten the piece of equipment I use three times every day—my dish drainer! It holds the plates, cups and saucers upright and by spraying them with scalding water they do not need to be dried and I always feel they are scrupulously clean. A rubber tube fastened to the hot water tap and fitted with a fine spray accomplishes the rinsing very quickly and easily."

"I haven't mentioned the cooking utensils you will be sure to buy—vegetable and soup kettles, double boiler, frying pans—many of them are made, now, in charming colors. These other small articles I've shown you, make cooking easier and more interesting, and change it from a dull task that must be done each day to a real science.

"What do you want to learn to cook first, Peggy?"

"Well, Bob likes chocolate cake with a fluffy, white icing—couldn't I start with that?"

Ann laughed. "You're like all brides, you want to make the 'frills' first. Now let me tell you, my dear, a good cook is one who can prepare meats well, serve full-flavored vegetables, nourishing soups, thoroughly cooked cereals. Cakes, pies, candies—yes, they are attractive and I hope you'll learn those, too, but let us start on the essentials.

SINCE breakfast is the first meal of the day, why not begin there? First come fruits—and as a certain amount of raw fruit is necessary in the balanced diet, this is a good place to introduce it. Alternate whole oranges, grapefruit and orange juice, with plenty of good Canadian apples—sometimes these may be cooked to give variety to the menu, but serve them raw most often. Then, there are the fruits in season—berries, peaches, pears and melons, but, of course, they are on the market for only a comparatively short time. And don't forget stewed prunes, and sometimes stewed apricots and figs."

"It Spreads or Slices"



You're proud
to serve it!

Chateau Cheese adds just the right flavor to savory salads, delicious sandwiches—jolly "night-cap" spreads.

You never tire of its delightful flavor. Spreads easily and slices to wafer thinness.

Try Chateau Cheese. Write for the free sample individual package.

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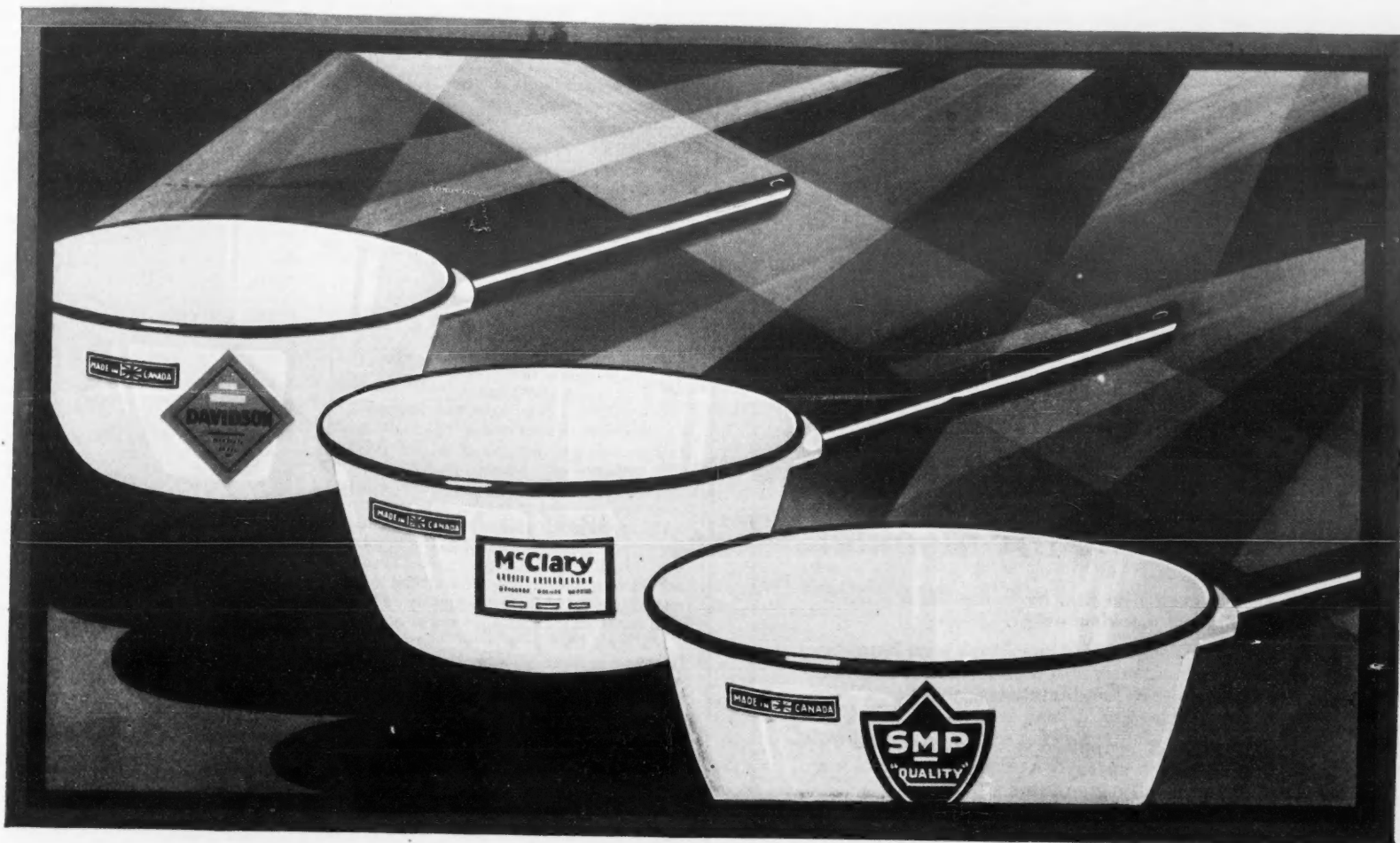
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Always have the magic
WRIGLEY package in
your pocket.

Soothes nerves, allays
thirst, aids
digestion.



After
Every Meal



Do you cook your food in *Clean* pots and pans?

WHEN you buy kitchen utensils, choose enameled ware. Be sure the utensils you select bear either the "SMP," "McClary" or "Davidson" trade marks as shown on the sauce pans above.

The hard, baked surface of this enameled ware is as smooth as the finest china. There is no metal exposed to touch the food. Nothing to absorb moisture, flavors, taints or stains.

This fine enameled ware cannot rust, corrode or decay. It lends itself with ease to

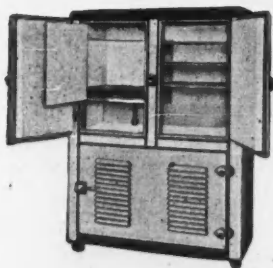
cleaning. Use only soap and water. No need to scrape and scour.

Enameled ware brings a note of cheer and brightness to your kitchen. New, up-to-date shapes; moderate prices.

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Look for the "SMP," "McClary" and "Davidson" trade marks on all goods you buy for your home in hardware, departmental, furniture and electric stores. Be sure to see the beautiful SMP Refrigerator and the new McClary Electric and Gas Ranges. They are now on display at all leading stores.

For FREE descriptive literature on SMP Refrigerators and McClary Electric and Gas Ranges write to: Dept. 2, General Steel Wares, Limited, Toronto



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LIMITED**



McClary Electric Range—smart and up-to-date in appearance—a rapid cooker; roasts and bakes to perfection.

FAMOUS OLD CANADIAN NAMES WITH A GUARANTEE BEHIND THEM

Marketing Guide for Summer

JUNE - JULY - AUGUST

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Spring Lamb	June—July—August	Omit roasts. Use chops and kidneys. Good summer method of cookery is boiled shoulder or leg with caper sauce.
Veal	Obtainable during these months, but not as cheap as in the spring.	Omit roasts. Use in jellied moulds with salad.
Beef	June—July—August	Omit roasts. Use broiling cuts. Pies baked in batches save evening cooking.
Pork	Obtainable during these months, but not at its cheapest.	It is best to omit fresh pork in hot weather. Cold candied ham or smoked ham sliced for broiling with chives are recommended.
Liver	June—July—August	Pan broiled liver with onions, or fried liver with curried rice make substantial luncheon dishes.
Heart	June—July—August	Stuffed, carefully cooked at low heat and sliced cold.
Tongue	June—July—August	Cold jellied tongue. Or especially good boiled, sliced, breaded and served with tomato sauce to which has been added onions and green peppers.
Kidneys	June—July—August	Timbales of tongue may be made some time in advance, and reheated.
Sweetbreads	Chilled sweetbreads, only are on the market at this time of year.	Broiled with green peppers and served attractively on toast with brown sauce an excellent luncheon dish.
Beef Brains	June—July—August	Broiled with bacon, or breaded, or served in patty shells. Also delicious in a number of salads, combined with celery, cucumbers, asparagus, tomatoes and hard boiled eggs.
		Creamed on toast, in timbales or patties. Also good with scrambled egg as a light luncheon dish.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Cod	June—July—August	Boiled with egg sauce, steaks may be pan broiled.
Haddock	June—July—August	Stuffed and baked. Planked fillets. Roe is good substitute for shad.
Halibut	June—July—August	Steaks may be pan broiled, or halibut may be boiled, chilled thoroughly and served as a salad with potato balls, green peas and sections of tomatoes.
Flounder	June—July—August	Fillet the flounder, dip in egg and bread crumbs, fry and serve with sauce tartare.
Mackerel	June—July—August	Pan broiled. Also good in salads.
Smelts	July and August	Breaded and fried in deep fat served with sauce tartare.
Salmon	June and July	Boiled, with egg or Hollandaise sauce. Delicious in salads with cucumbers and dill pickles, or served in aspic. Left-overs may be used in patties.
Gaspe Salmon	June	Fresh herring are best pan broiled or served au gratin.
Herring	June—July—August	Most delicious baked
Lake Trout	June—July—August	Pan broiled or creamed
Sea Trout	June—July—August	Pan broiled
Speckled Trout	June—July—August	Baked or planked. Also good in salads.
Whitefish	June—July—August	Fried or fish soufflé.
Perch	June	Fried or fish soufflé.
Pickrel	June	Fried or fish soufflé.
Bass	Last half of June, July and August	May be broiled or fried. Good with spanish sauce.
Maskinonge	Last half of June, July and August	Pan broiled
Doe	June—July—August	Broiled or fried.
Porgy	June—July—August	Broiled or fried.
Oysters	June—July—August	Cocktails, fried, patties or Pigs in Blankets, made by wrapping each oyster with a strip of bacon and broiling.
Clams	June—July—August	Clam chowder or raw on the half shell.
Scallops	June—July—August	Breaded and fried in deep fat. Tartare Sauce.
Crabs	June—July—August	Cocktails, fried, devilled or combined in various salads.
Lobster	June—July—August	Salads, lobster mayonnaise.
Shrimp	June—July—August	Salads, or creamed with green peppers and served on toast.
Frog's Legs	June 15 to July 15	Breaded and pan broiled.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Chicken, broilers	June—July—August	Broiled, or chicken Maryland, made by dipping cut-up chicken in flour, egg and bread crumbs, frying and finishing off in hot oven. Serve with rich cream sauce.
Chicken, roasters	June—July—August	Omit roasts if possible.
Chicken, stewing fowl	June—July—August	Boiled chicken with white sauce, chicken pie, curried chicken with rice, chicken timbales, chicken salad, jellied chicken. Casserole cookery is ideal for summer.
Duck	June—July—August	Anything but roast duck is sacrilege. Roast in summer only for occasions.
Gosling	June—July—August	Broiled or planked
Turkey	Obtainable during these months, but the real season is later.	Boiled with chestnut sauce. Omit roasts.
Squab	June—July—August	Fried.
Pigeon	June—July—August	Braised
Eggs	June	Curried eggs make an attractive luncheon dish. Scrambled eggs or omelet may be combined with sweetbreads, beef brains or left-over meat, or with various vegetables such as asparagus, tomatoes, celery and so forth. Hard boiled eggs may be cut in quarters lengthwise, arranged attractively on watercress or lettuce leaves and served with Russian dressing. Stuffed or devilled eggs also make good salads.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Asparagus	June	Served hot with melted butter, or with cream sauce on toast. Thoroughly chilled, it makes an excellent salad.
Lettuce	June—July—August	Salads, sandwiches, garnishing.
Endive	June—July—August	Salads.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Romaine Lettuce	June—July—August	Salads, garnishing.
Watercress	June—July—August	Salads, sandwiches, seasoning, garnishing.
Parsley	June—July—August	Seasoning or garnishing.
Radishes	June—July—August	Raw as a vegetable and also used in garnishing salads.
Scallions	June—July—August	Raw as a vegetable and in salads.
Spinach	June and July	Creamed on toast makes a satisfying luncheon dish. Season cooked spinach with butter, salt, pepper and lemon juice. Press tightly into a greased mould and chill thoroughly. Unmould and serve with cold sliced meat and mayonnaise, garnish with hard boiled eggs and pimento.
Dandelion Greens	June	Cooked as a vegetable like spinach or beet greens.
Cucumbers	June—July—August	Raw with vinegar, salt and pepper. In sandwiches and in a great variety of salads.
Tomatoes	Out door home-grown during July and August. Hot house home grown or imported during June.	Salads and sandwiches. Fried with bacon for breakfast, stuffed for luncheon dish.
Green Peppers	June—July—August	Salads, seasoning and garnishing. Cooked stuffed peppers make an appetizing luncheon dish.
Green Peas	June—July—August	Boiled and served with butter, or creamed in timbales. Also used in salads.
String Beans	June—July—August	May be used in the same ways as green peas.
Beet Greens	June and July	Cooked with butter, salt, pepper and a dash of vinegar.
Carrots	June—July—August	Raw Carrot Salad. See May Chatelaine.
Beets	June—July—August	Cooked hot with butter, cold with vinegar and combined in salads.
Turnip Greens	July and August	The same as beet greens.
Cabbage	Last half of June, July and August	Cold Slaw. Use raw cabbage in as many forms as possible. It is a particularly valuable vegetable. Cabbage salad may be arranged in a great variety of ways. Hot slaw with spiced beef or bologna.
Swiss Chard	July and August	Leafy part may be cooked and served like spinach, stalks like asparagus. Very good in salads.
Brussels Sprouts	July and August	Boiled with white sauce.
Potatoes	Home grown during July and August. Imported during June.	Small young potatoes are particularly good covered with melted butter and sprinkled with parsley. Cold boiled potatoes may be combined with other vegetables in making many salads.
Sweet Potatoes	Obtainable during these months, but not as cheap as later on.	Baked or glazed.
Egg Plant	July and August	Sauted.
Cauliflower	July and August	Cold boiled in salads or cooked with white sauce.
Celery	July and August	Raw as a vegetable or in salads. Outer stalks may be cooked and served with white sauce.
French Artichokes	June—July—August	Cooked and served with melted butter or cooked, chilled and served with mayonnaise.
Corn	August	Boiled or roasted and served with butter.
Summer Squash	August	Pare, remove seeds and membranes. Dice, cook in boiling salted water. Serve with butter. Squash Patties are made by cooking as above, mashing and beating in one well-beaten egg. Shape into cakes, dip in cracker crumbs, egg, and cracker crumbs, then saute.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Pineapple	June	Appetizers, salads, sherbets, beverages, desserts.
Rhubarb	June and July	Sauce, pies, salad.
Strawberries	July and August for home grown berries.	Shortcake and cake icing. Fruit cups and salads. Ice cream. Sandwiches.
Cherries	Last half of June, July and August.	Fruit cups and salads. Garnishing.
Apricots	Last half of June and July	Preserves. Sherbets. Ices.
Gooseberries	July	Spiced, pies, desserts, jam.
Black Currants	July	Preserves, jelly, jam, beverages.
Red Currants	July	Excellent for jelly. Large berries are good raw with cream and sugar.
Red Raspberries	Last half of June and July	Fresh with cream and sugar. Serve very cold in chilled cantaloupe halves. Jams, preserves and raspberry vinegar.
Blackberries	July and August	As other berries, blackberry parfait is made by arranging a bed of thick custard or ice cream with fruit on top. Sprinkle with sugar and put a spoonful of whipped cream on top.
Blueberries	Last half of July and August	Shortcake, pie, fresh with cream and sugar.
High Bush Cranberries	July and August	Preserves, jelly, catsup.
Watermelon	June—July—August	Chilled and sliced. Diced with lemon juice and sugar. Diced with ice cream.
Honey Dew Melon	June—July—August	Cut in halves or quarters and served on ice.
Casaba Melon	June—July—August	Chilled thoroughly and cut in sections.
Plums	Last half of July and August	Preserves, jams, raw fruit.
Saskatoons	August	Fresh with cream and sugar, preserves.
Cantaloupe and Muskmelons	Home grown in August	Small melons served in halves, larger ones in sections. Melons should always be served very cold.
Peaches	All Summer Peaches imported.	Fresh, fruit salads, shortcake.
Pears	All Summer Pears imported.	Fresh pears are delicious cut up and sprinkled with sugar, served the same as fresh peaches. Pears are also used in fruit salads.
Grapes	All Summer Grapes imported.	Eaten fresh, used in salads and beverages.
Apples	July and August	Eaten fresh, baked, apple sauce, pies.
Oranges	June—July—August	Fresh fruit, salads, beverages.
Grapefruit	June—July—August	Cocktails, fruit cups, salads; beverages, fresh fruit.
Lemons	June—July—August	Beverages, sherbets, flavoring, garnishing.
Bananas	June—July—August	Fresh fruit, salads.
Prunes	June—July—August	Salads, desserts.
Raisins	June—July—August	Flavoring in various desserts and salads.

coarse strainer—and this is where I use one of my favorite pieces of equipment, the vegetable sieve. It is a quick and easy matter to press vegetables through it by means of this wooden pestle. It is quite as useful for fruits, as well. There should be two cups of corn pulp and stock which is combined with one teaspoon salt, three tablespoons flour and two tablespoons butter to make a thin sauce. After the milk is added, the soup is reheated and served at once. If it is to be kept hot until time to serve, be sure to use a double boiler so the milk will not be scorched.

"Here is a chart giving the proportions for several good cream soups—and remember in all the recipes, the measurements are strictly level.

"From these general recipes you could easily make other soups—cream of spinach, onion, asparagus, cauliflower, or combinations of peas and carrots, potato and tomato or potato and celery. Always use the vegetable waters in the soups for these contain many valuable minerals boiled out of the vegetables. It is easy to save enough vegetable and vegetable water from to-day's dinner for to-morrow's cream soup. Serve the soup with crisp crackers or croutons—the latter are easily made and will use up a piece of stale bread you might have on hand. Cut slices of stale bread about one-third inch thick, then cut into cubes. Brown these in a hot oven on a flat baking sheet. A large quantity may be made at one time and then crisped in the oven before serving each time."

NAME	LIQUID	INGREDIENTS	SPECIAL DIRECTIONS
Cream of Corn	2 cups milk 2 cups corn water and pulp	3 tbsp. flour 2 tbsp. butter 1 tsp. salt 1 tsp. grated Onion	Cook 1 can corn and grated onion in 2 cups boiling water for 20 minutes. Press through strainer to make pulp.
Cream of Celery	2 cups milk 2 cups celery Stock and pulp	2 tbsp. butter 4 tbsp. flour 1 tsp. salt Onion juice	Cook one and one-third cups celery in three cups water, until very soft. Press through strainer to make pulp. Outer stalks and green leaves of celery may be used.
Cream of Pea	2 cups milk 2 cups pea-stock and pulp	2 tbsp. butter 2 tbsp. flour 1 tsp. salt 1 tsp. sugar	Cook 1 can peas or 2 cups green peas in 3 cups boiling water. Press through strainer to make 2 cups pulp. String beans may be used instead of peas to make string-bean soup.
Cream of Carrot	2 cups milk 2 cups carrot stock and pulp	2 tbsp. butter 4 tbsp. flour 1 tsp. salt 4 slices of onion	Cook 2 cups of diced carrots with the onion in boiling water to make the stock and pulp.
Cream of Potato	4 cups milk or milk and water	1 1/2 cups rice potatoes 2 tbsp. butter 2 tbsp. flour 1 1/2 tsp. salt 1/2 tsp. pepper 2 slices onion 1/2 tsp. celery salt 1 tsp. chopped parsley Few grains cayenne	Scald milk with onion and add to potatoes. Make white sauce with remaining ingredients. Strain. Add parsley just before serving.
Cream of Tomato	2 cups milk 2 cups tomato pulp and stock	1/4 tsp. soda 2 tbsp. butter 4 tbsp. flour 1 tsp. salt 1/2 bay leaf 1 tsp. minced onion 1 clove 1/2 tsp. pepper	Simmer 2 cups of tomatoes and seasonings for 15 minutes. Thicken with blended flour and butter. Strain. Add soda, combine with milk and serve at once.

In each of these recipes the flour, butter and vegetable stock are made into a thin sauce and the milk added after the flour is well cooked.

"Bride's Progress" will continue through the days of Peggy's initiation, in following issues, and there will be much information given for housekeepers, old and new.



Necessities

I saw her on the homeward bus
We took together every day,
And furtively I watched her thoughts
Go dream-swept far away.
One night a bit of paper strayed
Right to my feet perceptibly,
And as I picked it up I read—
"Butter and eggs, a pound of tea—"
And just below the little list
A thread of jewel-lighted words
Held in the lilt of poetry,
Songful as dawn-enchanted birds....

She rose to leave and looked about
With searching, eager, anxious eyes—
"Somehow I think this must be yours—"
I said—"It is so young and wise
To set down daily needs of life
So bound together as you do—"
And thus we loved—because she said—
"To think that you are like that too!"

—Amy Campbell

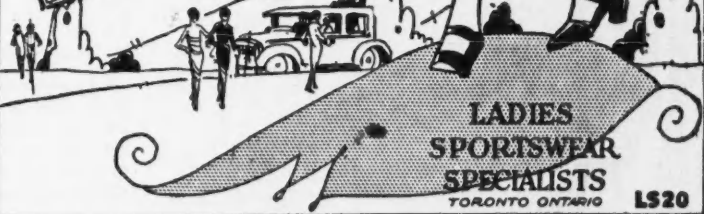
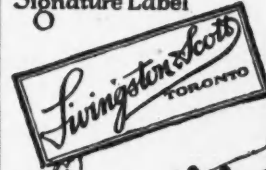
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We Knew She Had Never Taken
a Lesson from a Teacher!

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Gershwin"—we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played Anitra's Dance—played it with such soul fire that everyone averted forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

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of the dish as soon as it coagulates. Continue until the whole mixture is creamy. Do not stir too continuously, nor cook too long or it will curdle. Serve on toast.

This is a creamier mixture than the scrambled egg but a little more difficult to prepare.

French Omelet—Three eggs, one-third teaspoon salt, three tablespoons of milk, one tablespoon of butter and pepper. Beat the egg until the yolk and white are blended, add milk and seasonings. Put butter in a hot omelet pan and when melted add the egg mixture. As it cooks lift up the edges to allow uncooked part to run underneath. When the whole mixture is creamy, increase the heat to brown the omelet underneath. Fold and turn on a hot platter.

Foamy Omelet—Four eggs, two teaspoons of butter, four tablespoons of milk, one-half teaspoon salt and pepper. Beat the yolks until creamy; add seasonings and milk. Beat the whites until stiff but not dry. Heat an omelet pan, put in butter, lift and turn to butter the sides and bottom thoroughly. Cut and fold the whites into the yolk mixture, turn into the hot pan, spread evenly and reduce the heat. When the omelet is set put it into a hot oven to dry slightly on top. Fold, turn out, garnish and serve at once.

This omelet makes a larger amount from the same number of eggs, than does the French omelet, but the latter is richer.

Bread Omelet—Foamy omelets are exceedingly light and will fall unless eaten as soon as they are cooked. Bread omelets are more satisfactory as they are less apt to fall.

Make a foamy omelet but before combining the whites and yolks add one-third cup of fresh light bread crumbs to the beaten yolks.

"Eggs are a valuable source of the best grade of protein in the diet and supply mineral matter and two vitamins. When properly cooked they are easily digested. Combined with the fact that they are easily prepared you can see what an important part they play in the daily menu. And they are quite as useful in the luncheon or supper menu as in the breakfast."

"YOUR next meal," continued the instructress, "will be luncheon, I suppose, though practically the same things may be served for supper, if you prefer having your dinner at noon. So many luncheon dishes have cream sauce as their foundation that I think we might learn that first. The general proportions are one cup milk, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, one quarter teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper. This makes a thin, white sauce of the right consistency for cream soup foundations—and cream soups are a very necessary part of a luncheon menu. This recipe, using two tablespoons butter and two tablespoons flour, makes a medium white sauce, which is often served on vegetables, with fish, chicken or hard cooked eggs on toast—and there you have some simple luncheon dishes."

"Now, for the method of making white sauce. Melt the butter, add flour and seasonings and stir until thoroughly blended. The butter acts as a separator which prevents the starch grains from forming lumpy masses, and allows each little cell to swell, burst, and thicken the liquid around it. The milk is added gradually and the mixture stirred constantly until it thickens, then cooked in the double boiler over boiling water until all the taste of raw starch is gone. If the milk is heated first the sauce may be made more quickly."

Peggy spent some time practising the preparation of the cream sauces until she found she could always make them smooth and creamy; for variety she made several richer sauces by using twice as much butter, and in one case used cream instead of milk. "That one is only for company," she said. "I could never afford to use so much cream on ordinary occasions!"

"I'm ready to learn about cream soups now—I think they are the most delicious part of the luncheon."

"Cream of corn soup is always a favorite," began Ann. "Add two cups of water to one can corn and one teaspoon chopped onion. Cook twenty minutes. Press through a



KURLASH is an absolutely harmless device for giving the lashes of the eyes that sweeping upward curl that nature intended. The effect is entirely natural and lasts from one to three days.

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Coat No. 9426
This cashmere coat emphasizes the flare by means of the applied bands forming cuffs and by the long back panels falling free from the shoulders. The scarf collar is adjustable. Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 65 cents



Frock No. 9418
This taffeta frock uses shirring on the blouse and slightly raised girde, which ends in loops. The circular skirt is full in the back and straight in front; sleeves may be omitted. Sizes 14 to 44.
Price, 65 cents



Blouse No. 9427
Skirt No. 8767
The skirt of this printed crêpe model is pleated in back and front, while the blouse features the raised waist-line. Sizes 14 to 42; skirt, 27 to 35.
Price, 40 cents each



Lounging Pyjamas No. 9345
Shantung in two tones fashions this suit with wide trousers, a sleeveless over-blouse, and a straight coat. Sizes 14 to 40.
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Lounging or Beach
Coat No. 9034
For lounging or beach wear is this very attractive kimono-cut coat of shantung trimmed with painting motif No. 506. Sizes, small, medium and large.
Price, 65 cents; motif, 40 cents

**Evening Frock No. 9424**

The lace inserts on the bolero and skirt of this semi-sheer crêpe evening gown follow the new, soft, fluttering mode of the season. The shoulders are shirred, and there are pinch tucks at the waist-line.

Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 65 cents

**Evening or Bridal Frock No. 8900**

This evening or wedding gown gives thought to the picturesque robe de style of other days. It is of crêpe satin, with a lace collar, a full skirt shirred and joined to the fitted bodice, and an uneven hem-line. It may be made sleeveless for evening wear. Sizes 14 to 42.

Price, 65 cents

**Bridge Jacket No. 9428****Frock No. 9353**

The collar of this lace jacket with sleeves is mono in front and raglan in back ends in a tie in back. The one-piece frock with side cascades may be made with or without sleeves. Sizes 14 to 42.

Price, Frock, 65 cents;
Coat, 40 cents

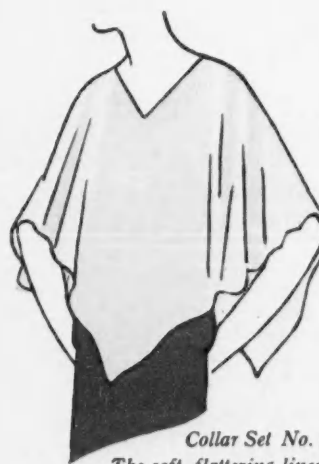
**Collar Set No. 9429**

The classic surplice collar in this set of four is given new chic by the use of wide scallops and a tied girdle.

Sizes small, medium and large.
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**Collar Set No. 9429**

The very newest version of that delightful accessory, the kerchief scarf, as worn by smart women here and in Europe, is tied in a bow in front. This design is included in the set of collars, with the three others shown.

**Collar Set No. 9429**

The soft, flattering lines of this deep, pointed cape collar prove it an exponent of the new femininity in dress. This is one of the set of four.

**Collar Set No. 9429**

This set of collars includes four different styles. The one shown above is the always-becoming cape collar, which may be longer in back than in front.

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Négligée No. 9165
This graceful negligée of crêpe satin with kimono sleeves is trimmed with puffings to match. Sizes small, medium and large.
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This two-piece lounge suit of plain and printed radium has one-piece pyjamas. Sizes small, medium, and large.
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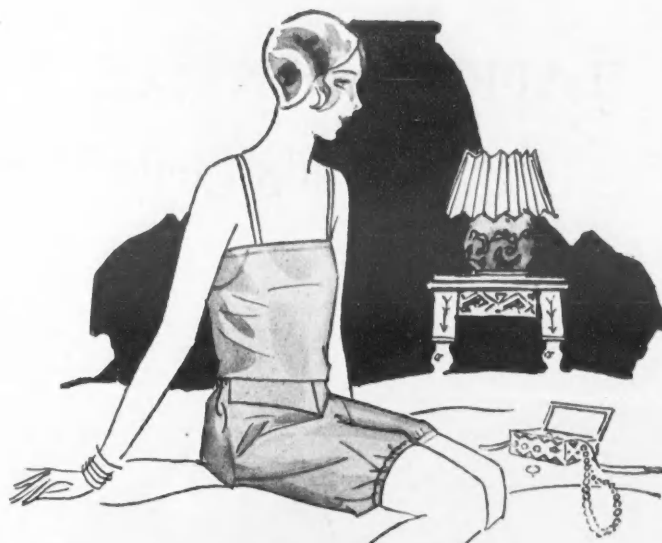
Pyjamas No. 8615
Radium trimmed with contrasting bands fashions this pyjama suit. The jacket has patch pockets. The trousers may be gathered into an ankle band. Sizes 16 to 20.
Price, 40 cents.

For
the
Boudoir



For
the
Beach

Lounge Robe No. 9125
For the woman preferring tailored lines is this smart double-breasted robe of flannel. The notched collar, lapels, tie-belt, and patch pockets are pleasing details. Sizes 16 to 44.
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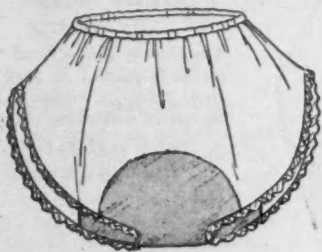
that Shadowproofs and Wrinkleproofs



The Shadowskirt

that wrinkleproofs, too

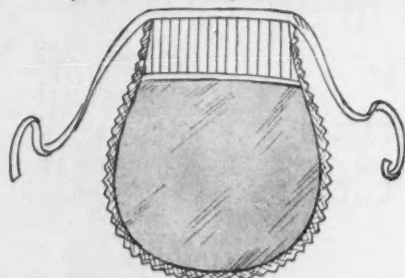
Wear it under your sheer summer frocks, to keep them fresh, crisp and unruined. A light little step-in petticoat of cool lingerie fabric with lower back panel of fine rubber. Much lighter and less bulky than a double panel slip or petticoat. Daintily made, flesh color, from \$1 up.



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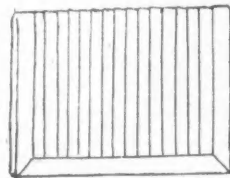
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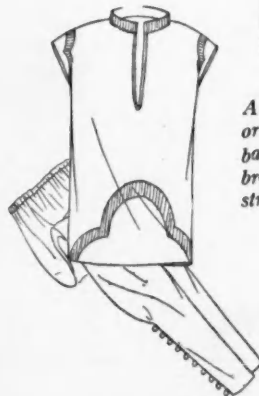
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Set of collars, ties and shoulder flowers, consists of a round flat collar with knotted tie; a round collar with Windsor tie; a shaped collar with bow for the triangular neckline; and two petal shoulder flowers. Sizes small, medium and large. Price, 40 cents.

Collar Set No. 8481

A set of five collars consists of a shaped collar with cascade jabot; a sailor collar with tie; a vest with turndown collar; and a vest with box pleat closing and turndown collar.
Sizes small, medium and large.
Price, 40 cents.

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 56, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Evening Frock No. 9425
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Frock No. 9423
The blouse of this chiffon frock has sleeves giving a dolman effect, while the skirt is slashed and shirred in front to make an uneven apron with a tied girdle. Sizes 14 to 38.
Price, 65 cents

Frock No. 9419
The skirt, the bolero, and the sleeve frills of this one-piece frock of chiffon are of pleated lace. The deep, shaped girdle ties softly on the left side. Sizes 14 to 40.
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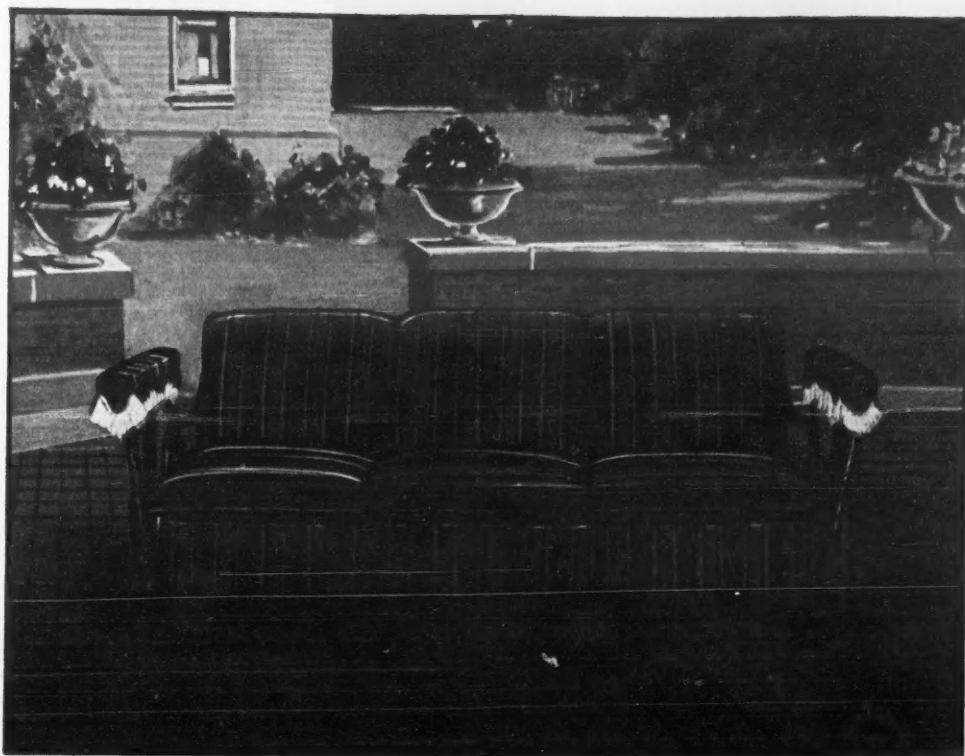
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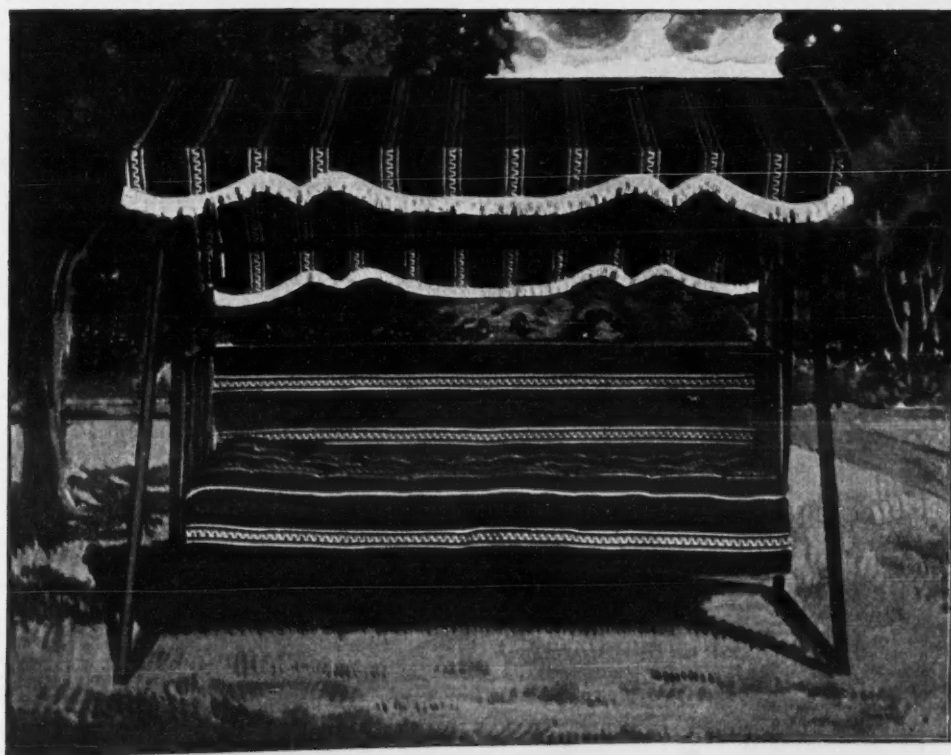
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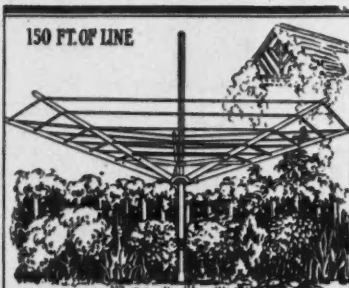


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Volume I

JUNE, 1928

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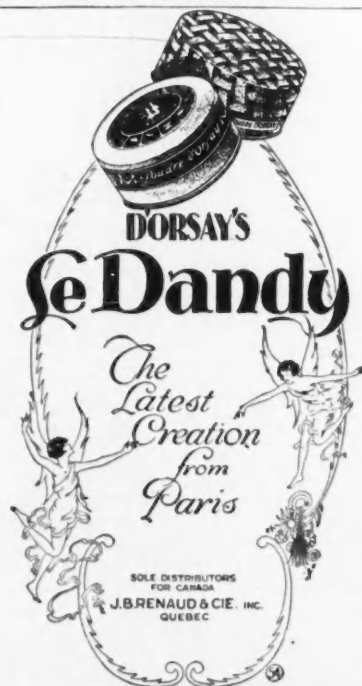
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